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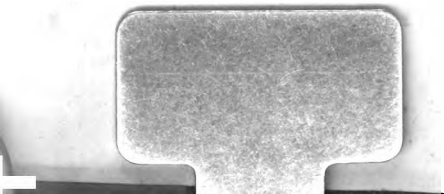

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"Why, you're not half as big as your own broom!" [*See page* 8.

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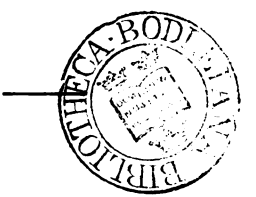
EARLY DAYS,

FOR 1876.

SECOND SERIES.—VOLUME XVI.

"And they brought young children to Him, that He should touch them: and His disciples rebuked those that brought them.

"But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."—ST. MARK x. 13, 14.



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EARLY DAYS.

TOMMY AND HIS BROOM:

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE snow had been falling all night, and in the morning London was covered with a white mantle, its ugly roofs and smoke-blackened buildings shining with snowflakes and fringed with icicles. Even the squalor and dirt of the little court on which Tommy's eyes looked this wintry morning were quite hidden by the beauties of the snow, for there was such a grace in the fantastic manner in which the flakes had chosen to drift and arrange themselves, that even deformity was turned into loveliness.

But Tommy, as he gazed with delight at the scene before him, by no means regarded it from the ornamental point of view. At eight years old circumstances had made him strictly utilitarian, and to his eyes the snow appeared as a providence, filling his little heart with hope and strong ambition. Not of snowballing, nor of sliding, nor of any similar sports, was this ambition born; it had a far more practical source in Tommy's bosom. It was not that he by any means disliked such things, but that life had grown far too grave a matter for them to have room in his mind. No, Tommy had something else to think of; and, hurrying on his small amount of clothing, he roused his mother, who, after a weary night of watching, had fallen asleep.

It may be as well to state that the abode in which lived our hero, his mother, his sick father, and his two little sisters, was of the very narrowest dimensions, consisting only of a small, very small, room, one-third of which might fairly be said to belong to the great family bread-winner, a mangle.

"Mother," said Tommy,

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creeping gently up to her side, "O there is such a beautiful lot of snow!"

But snow to Mrs. Solly was only another vexation added to her life, already too full of troubles; it was bad for the mangling business, bad for her consumptive husband's cough, and, therefore, bad for her prospects of getting out again to char, since, whilst he remained so ill, she could not leave him, and if she could not quit his side, who was to feed them all?

"Is there, child?" she answered with a heavy heart. "Well, we can't help it. But, if this hard weather lasts, I know what will become of us. There isn't a handful of coal for the fire to-day, even."

"Never you mind, mother," said Tommy, in all the vigour of hope,—for already the child had learnt the art of consoling and strengthening others,—"I'm going to take the broom and sweep some doorsteps, and you see if I don't bring home a pocketful of money. There are so many doorsteps, you know, and they all want sweeping; so I shall be sure to get plenty of work."

"But you're not big enough," suggested his mother, doubtfully.

"See if I'm not!" cried Tommy, with pride.

"But the broom is so bad, and we haven't a spade, and if we had, you couldn't manage to use it."

This objection sounded a little more forcible, and Tommy, fetching the broom out of the corner, surveyed it with scrutinizing eyes.

"It isn't so *very* stumpy," he said, hopefully, for nothing could damp his ardour; "and the people will be sure to lend me a spade."

"But," continued Mrs. Solly, half-willing and half-reluctant, "your boots are all in holes, and you'll get your feet so wet. Every one will say it is a shame, and that I ought to have kept you at home."

"They don't know anything about it, or they wouldn't," replied Tommy, resolutely bent on his project. "I like wet feet, and they never hurt me. What are we to do if I don't earn some money?"

This argument being unanswerable, after eating a hearty breakfast off a slice of the last loaf, Tommy departed in high faith and confidence, shouldering his broom bravely.

It was a very stumpy old broom, but Tommy believed

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in it notwithstanding, and it seemed to him that only to appear on the field was to conquer. Lustily he shouted as he went up and down the first street that possessed doorways of sufficient importance to require sweeping, "Want your door done?" and was very much surprised that no call answered his own. Besides this totally unexpected lack of demand for door-sweepers, Tommy encountered another obstacle quite as unforeseen, and more threatening to his future prospects. The supply was over-abundant, and competition was rife in the market. Little boys and big boys, little girls and great girls, men with spades and shovels and magnificent brooms, were shouting, "Want your doorway done?" quite as vigorously as Tommy. A new trade was suddenly born of the snow, and it seemed to the child as if the whole world had taken to it. Why, there were as many sweepers as there were doors to sweep almost! and then most of them had much better tools to work with than his stumpy broom, besides finding strength in union by banding together in twos and threes.

Poor Tommy, as he waded perseveringly on, felt himself grow smaller and smaller amongst his many competitors, and by degrees his cheery cry dwindled down to a very flat key indeed. Disappointment in his little heart was rapidly turning to despair, when a happy thought struck him—for he was a boy of resources, and strong of purpose—he would go to those houses from which he was in the habit of fetching mangling, and where he was a known and respected character. Briskly he turned his steps in the direction of the nearest, hope winging his feet.

"Want your doorway done?" he inquired, eagerly, of the servant who answered the bell.

"What will you do it for?" she asked, smiling, for Tommy was a favourite of hers.

"Do it cheap—do it for twopence!"

"Very well; you may do it."

After borrowing a spade, Tommy, delighted at his success, set himself bravely to work to shovel away the snow. It must be confessed that the spade being as big as himself, he laboured under difficulties. But what matters difficulty to a resolute spirit? Tommy worked away with a will, and was making, in his own eyes, considerable progress, when the door behind him suddenly

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opened, and a sharp voice said,—

"Why, Jane, how could you be so foolish as to set that mite of a child to work? Here, my dear, take this, and go home; your mother ought to know better than to send you out such a morning as this."

The spade was taken out of one hand, a penny put in the other, and the door closed before Tommy could speak a word!

Then, no longer shouldering his broom, but trailing it behind him, he turned away crest-fallen and ashamed. That most dreary and hopeless of all feelings, *disbelief in one's-self*, was creeping into his heart; and not shouting his trade question, but silent and subdued, Tommy went upon his way sorrowing. Was he really to return home with an empty pocket? In one word, was he to be a bread-winner or not?

You must remember that this was no light question of personal ambition. At eight years old, Tommy had, by painful experience, attained to an acute knowledge of the value of a penny, and of the necessity of the simple daily prayer his mother had taught him: "Give us this day our daily bread."

Half-inclined to return home, half-induced by some undefined feeling that his failure was not complete until every possible effort had been tried, he went on until he reached another of his calling-places, and, ringing the bell with timid fingers, asked meekly if he might sweep the steps.

"*You* sweep the steps!" cried the servant; "why, you're not half as big as your own broom!"

Tommy turned away with two big tears in his eyes at this second stroke of ill fortune, and was just shutting the gate behind him, when a sharp tap at the window arrested his steps, and, looking up, he saw the lady of the house beckoning him.

"Well, Tommy," she said, opening the door, "and what is it you want this morning? Is your father any better?"

"No, ma'am; he's a deal worse. If you please, I came to sweep the steps. I'm plenty big enough,—I am indeed, ma'am! Mother hasn't any money, and I came out to earn some," he answered, in a mingled voice of protest, indignation, and entreaty, for Tommy, like the rest of the world, felt it very hard to have his powers so undervalued.

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"Give him the shovel, Mary, and let him try. He'll do it well enough, I've no doubt, and every one must have a beginning."

So Tommy—his courage and hope again in the ascendant—a second time set to work, and although he found the task much more difficult than he had fancied—for the snow would persist in sticking to the stones—he contrived to do it with the utmost satisfaction to himself. This satisfaction was not without its drawbacks, for his rival sweepers would not allow him to work in peace, but made jeering remarks at him as they passed, such as, "Don't shovel yourself away in the snow, young 'un;" "I s'pose you'll have done by this time next winter."

These and such like observations our hero received with all the contempt they deserved, setting them down to jealousy. Two rosy little boys in scarlet frocks were looking on at him admiringly from the window, and every now and then Tommy spared time to look up and smile. He regarded them as mere babies, quite unlearned in the ways of life, which was, indeed, the truth, although their days numbered almost as many as his own. Very proudly, when his work was done, did he take back the shovel, and wait for his wages. Good fortune, which, after all, generally follows perseverance, and is not so much a thing of chance as we believe, now waited upon our hero. He was taken into the kitchen, dried, warmed, and fed, and had threepence given him for his labour. Never did a threepence look so charming in Tommy's eyes; for had he not earned it by the sweat of his brow? It represented—at least, that and the other penny together—a whole loaf of bread; and would not that be sufficient for the day?

But this was not all. At parting the lady gave him a plate of meat for his father, and half-a-crown. Tommy's heart danced, and his eyes glistened with a gratitude his tongue could not express, and he scampered off as fast as his legs would take him through the snow to carry the joyful tidings to his mother, feeling himself a hero indeed. How can it be told what that half-crown purchased? Delight for Tommy, coals for the fire, bread for the children, tea and butter for the sick man, and rest in the household for one day at least.

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The snow came every day for a fortnight, and provided them the means for getting bread. To be sure, Tommy did not get half-a-crown every day, but he got something much better, a business connection, with a strong fund of self-help for future occasions in life. The lady whose doorstep he had swept took a kind interest in the boy, and procured him others to sweep, besides bestowing many gentle words and many meals upon him.

As this is a true history, it must be confessed that when a thaw set in, and Tommy found his occupation gone, our hero cried. He would have liked a whole year of snow; but he soon brushed away his tears, and set bravely to work again in fetching and carrying for his mother's mangle. At present his whole soul is possessed with a secret ambition, and every halfpenny he gets on his own account is stowed safely away in a place known only to himself. He is heard to make many inquiries as to the price of spades and brooms, for Tommy is looking forward to opening his next campaign with a spade that may do him honour, and a broom of unlimited powers.

[Our young readers are indebted for the foregoing pleasant story to the courtesy of the Rev. E. Ellis, LL.D., the Editor of the *Churchman's Penny Magazine*.]

ANECDOTE OF GROTIUS.

THE celebrated Grotius, one of the most learned men of his age, was, in his last illness, attended by a friend who desired him, in his great wisdom and learning, to give him a short direction how he might live to the best advantage. To whom Grotius only said, "Be serious. This is my parting advice to you, as what comprehends everything I have said,—Be serious."

A HOME-LESSON.

IF I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,

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Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning,
That never come home at night!
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the some-time guest;
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah, lips with the curve impatient!
Ah, brow with that look of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate,
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

"MERCY."

WHEN Napoleon was First Consul of France, a beautiful girl, about fourteen years old, might have been seen one morning at the entrance of one of the French palaces. Her tears and bitter sorrow touched the heart of the porter, who was a tender-hearted man, and he allowed her to proceed. She went straight to the Consul; and as he, surrounded by his ministers, was walking through one of the apartments, the girl, in the deepest grief, threw herself at his feet, crying, "Mercy, Sire! mercy for my father!"

"And who is thy father?" said Napoleon, graciously; "and who art thou?"

"My name is Lafolia," replied she; "and my father is condemned to die."

"Alas, my child!" said Napoleon, "this is the second time thy father has rebelled against the State. Indeed, I cannot help thee."

"Ah, Sire!" wept the poor girl, "I know it; I know he has transgressed the law. But, the first time, he was innocent; this time I plead, not because he is guiltless—I plead for mercy, mercy! O mercy, for him!"

The lips of Napoleon trembled; tears filled his eyes; and taking the hand of the child in both of his, he drew her near him, saying, "Yes, my dear child, at thy request I will forgive thy father. It is enough; arise, and follow me."

From this touching incident, we may learn after what manner the sinner is forgiven. The young girl said, "I pray not for right; I plead for mercy—for grace." Had she pleaded for right's sake, her case would

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have been utterly hopeless. He must still have said, "Alas, I cannot help thee!" God cannot help the sinner who brings his own righteousness to Him; He has no remedy for such cases. But instead of your righteousness, plead God's grace.

THE POWER OF LIGHTNING.

I ONCE witnessed an instance of the effect of lightning on a fine large thriving oak-tree in Richmond Park. Soon after the tree had been struck, I went to examine it, and found that all the main branches had been carried away, one large limb being sixty paces from the tree. The tree itself, which might have contained from two to three loads of timber, was split in two, and every atom of bark so completely stripped from it, that on removing the turf which surrounded the butt of the tree, the bark had disappeared even below the surface of the earth. Not one of the small shoots or branches could be found, but the ground was strewed with a quantity of black brittle substance, which pulverized in the hand on being taken up. The tree was standing near some others, which were uninjured. A person who was close to the spot at the time, informed me that the noise and crash were tremendous, and that the destruction of the tree was instantaneous. When one considers that though some of the large limbs were found, yet that others, as thick and thicker than a man's leg, had disappeared, and had probably been crushed into powder, some idea may perhaps be formed of the effect produced by lightning.

JESSE.

CLEVER FISHES.

MANY of the methods which man has found most effective in hunting, or in that inhuman occupation, war, are employed by fishes. There is scarcely a sport which men practise, or a weapon of offence which they use, to which they do not present a parallel. Mr. Francis, in "Frazer's Magazine," gives many instances in illustration of this fact, from which the following are taken.

Daggers, spears, and swords are all possessed by fishes in a very high state of natural perfection, and even guns are

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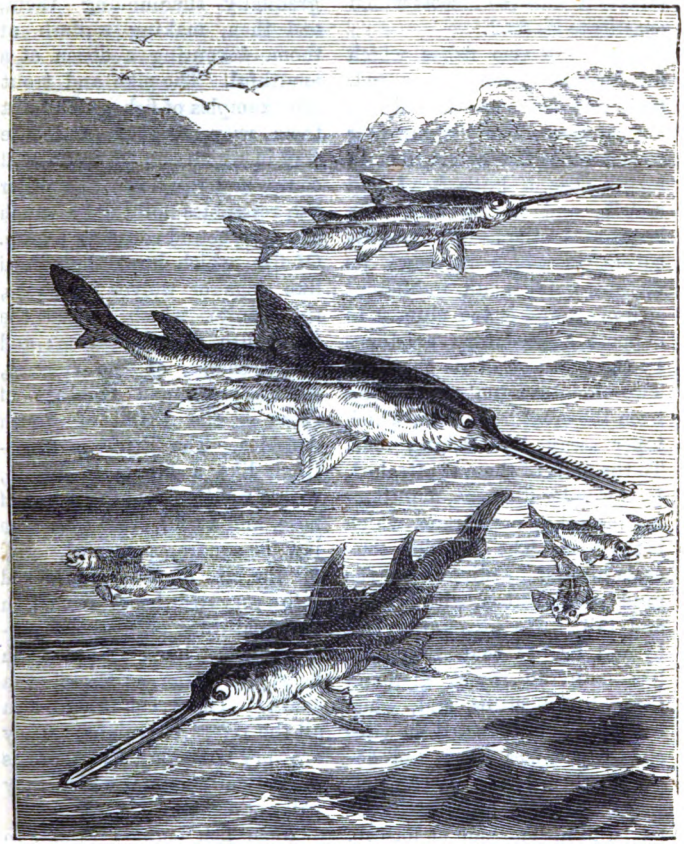

represented among them. The Chætodon, a fish which is found in the Eastern seas from Ceylon to Japan, has the power of propelling a small drop of water, with considerable accuracy and force, through its nose, which is a kind of beak. With this

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missile it kills the insects which constitute its food.

There are also fishes which fish for their game with a rod, line, and bait, as skilfully as any angler. The Fishing-frog is sometimes five or six feet in length, has a huge head and mouth, and is provided with large sacs attached to its gill-covers, in which it stows its victims. It is an indifferent swimmer, and is too clumsy to support a predatory existence by the fleetness of its motions. Two elongated tentacles spring from the creature's nose, which taper away like fishing rods. To the ends of these is attached, by a slender filament, a glittering morsel of membrane, which is the bait. The Lophius conceals himself by stirring up the mud on the bottom with his fins and tail. He waves the bait to and fro, so that it appears like a living insect glancing through the water, and, when the prey are attracted, he rises suddenly, seizes them, and deposits them in his bag-net, where they remain, to be transferred to his stomach at leisure.

There are also fish which hunt their prey singly or in pairs, or even in packs, like hounds. Porpoises have been seen driving sand-eels together, gradually surrounding them, and then, making a dash at them, devouring a dozen at a mouthful. The pike and trout are examples of fish which hunt their prey singly; and the way in which one of these will course and run down a smaller fish resembles nothing so much as a greyhound coursing a hare. Of fish which hunt their food like dogs or wolves in packs, the Bonito, which chases the flying-fish, is an instance; and one, perhaps, of the fiercest, most savage, and resolute of these is the Prirai of South America. The Prirai is something like a bream in figure, with a fighting-looking kind of nose, and a cold, cruel eye. The jaw is square, powerful, and, for the size of the fish, locked into a very large head. Although the creature is only about sixteen inches long, it has teeth nearly as large as those of a shark. These fish abound in all the rivers of Guiana. They are very voracious, and there is scarcely any animal which they will not attack.

Some fish employ others to hunt their prey for them. There is, for instance, the little Pilot-fish, which leads the shark to his prey. This has been disputed, but it appears, in some

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cases, to be beyond doubt. Probably the Pilot-fish accompanies the shark, principally for protection, and is on the look-out for its own dinner.

Many weapons of offence and defence are possessed by fishes. The sword is represented by the blade of the sword-fish. This fish possesses a tremendously powerful weapon, backed as it is by the great weight and impetus which it can bring to bear on its thrusts. Akin to the sword-fish in its offensive capabilities are the saw-fishes: one of this species, called *Pristis Antiquorum*, is represented in our Cut. Though their weapons resemble rather such as are used by certain savage tribes than civilized saws, yet they are terrible weapons, and the Indians who edge their spears with sharks' teeth, almost reproduce the weapon of the saw-fish. The weapon of the narwhal, which is found chiefly in the Arctic seas, is a very complete and efficient spear, composed of the hardest ivory, and tapering gradually to a point. Of daggers, there are many specimens, more particularly among the family of the Raudæ; and fearful weapons they are, some of them being serrated and barbed, and capable of inflicting terrible lacerated wounds. Many other fish are furnished with spines, either upon the fins or as horns, or in sharp projections from the gill-covers.

Perhaps one of the most formidable weapons possessed by any fish is the natural pair of shears formed by the jaws of the shark. The only similar weapon of offence that can be cited, as used by man, would, perhaps, be the spiked portcullis. The knout also has a rival in the tail of the thresher or fox-shark. The upper lobe is greatly elongated, being nearly as long as the body of the fish, and very muscular. It is curved like the blade of a scythe in shape, and the blows which it inflicts with this living flail can be heard at a great distance. The lasso is represented in the foot of the cephalopod, to which nature has also furnished another curious weapon of defence in the shape of a bag of black fluid or sepia, commonly termed the ink-bag. The cuttle, when closely pursued, sends out a cloud of this substance to hide him from view.

The remarkable electrical powers of many fishes have often been noticed and are well known.

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BENEFITS OF UNION.

"YOU do no work," said the Scissors to the Rivet, "we don't want you!"

"Where would *your* work be if I did not keep you together?" said the Rivet. "There's nothing done by the sharpest without union."

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

LITTLE children, bright and gay,
What mean your happy songs to-day?
"Ah," you say, in gleeful mirth,
"'Tis the birthday of the earth!
We are praising God above,
For all His kindness and His love,
For our home and parents dear,
For this bright and glad new year!"

Infant songs are sweet to-day,—
But, children, you must also pray,
Asking God to guard you here,
Making this a *safe* new year.
You must ask for grace within,
To follow God, forsaking sin,
Living as His children dear,
Making this a *holy* year.

Little children, bright and gay,
I would not make you sad to-day;
Yet I must repeat it here,
This may be your *last* new year.
But if Jesus be your Friend,
You have a life that will not end,
And a home, where comes no fear,
Fairer than the fairest here:

Holy children, bright and gay,
Are thronging there from day to day,
And their harps would welcome you
With a chorus loud and new.
These are happy children there,
And beautiful the robes they wear!
Thus the day they left us here
Was the brightest of their year.

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RABBI AKIBA:

AN EASTERN STORY.

"Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God."—PSALM CXLVI. 5.

SO convinced was Rabbi Akiba of this Divine truth, so fully persuaded was he that from the fountain of goodness no real evil can flow, that even under the greatest afflictions and sufferings he was accustomed to say, "Whatever God does is for our good." The ancient sages of Israel have recommended us to adopt the same maxim; and they have illustrated it by the following narrative.

Compelled by violent persecution to quit his native land, Rabbi Akiba wandered over barren wastes and dreary deserts. His whole equipage consisted of a lamp, which he used to light at night, in order to study the law; a cock, which served him instead of a watch, to announce to him the rising dawn; and an ass, on which he rode.

The sun was gradually sinking beneath the horizon, night was fast approaching, and the poor wanderer knew not where to shelter his head, or where to rest his weary limbs. Fatigued, and almost exhausted, he came at last to a village. He was glad to find it inhabited, thinking where human beings dwelt there also resided humanity and compassion: but he was mistaken. He asked for a night's lodging—it was refused. Not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would accommodate him. He was therefore obliged to seek shelter in the neighbouring wood. "It is hard, very hard," said he, "not to find a roof to protect me against the inclemency of the weather; *but God is just, and whatever He does is for the best.*" He seated himself beneath a tree, lighted his lamp, and began to read the law. He had scarcely read a chapter, when a violent storm extinguished the light. "What!" exclaimed he, "must I not be permitted even to pursue my favourite study! but God is just, and whatever He does is for the best."

He stretched himself on the bare earth, willing if possible to have a few hours' sleep. He had hardly closed his eyes when a fierce wolf came and killed the cock. "What new misfortune is this!" ejaculated the astonished Akiba. "My vigilant companion is gone. Who then will henceforth

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awaken me to the study of the law? but God is just: He knows best what is good for us poor mortals." Scarcely had he finished the sentence, when a terrible lion came and devoured the ass. "What is to be done now!" exclaimed the lonely wanderer. "My lamp and my cock are gone—my poor ass, too, is gone—all is gone! but praised be the Lord, whatever He does is for the best." He passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning went to the village to see whether he could procure a horse, or any other beast of burden, to enable him to pursue his journey. But what was his surprise not to find a single individual alive!

It appears that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night, killed its inhabitants and plundered their houses. As soon as Akiba had sufficiently recovered from the amazement into which this wonderful occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up his voice, and exclaimed, "Thou great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, now I know by experience that poor mortal men are short-sighted and blind; often considering as evils what is intended for their preservation; but Thou alone art just, and kind and merciful! Had not the hard-hearted people driven me by their inhospitality from the village, I should assuredly have shared their fate. Had not the wind extinguished my lamp the robbers would have been drawn to the spot, and have murdered me. I perceive also, that it was Thy mercy which deprived me of my two companions, that they might not by their noise give notice to the banditti where I was. Praised, then, be Thy name, for ever and ever!"

LITTLE ALICE AND THE BIRDS.

FAR in the winter, as I happen to know,
One night there came down a very deep snow,
And so, when the hours of morning came round,
A mantle of white cover'd all the cold ground.

Icicles hung from the eaves as they dropp'd,
And little birds froze as they nestled and hopp'd;
Hush'd even their voices and silent their glee,
For snow-wreaths enmantled both trellis and tree.

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They flapp'd their bright wings and nodded their head,
As they sorrow'd and sigh'd for the dying and dead,
And wonder'd and wonder'd, if God, who is good,
Would not provide them with shelter and food.

And then it so happened, as often it may,
That God *will provide* in a singular way,—
Not only for birdlings that sing in the grove;
But for *children as well*, because He is love.

"O come to the window, O come now and see!
Dear mamma, some birdies; yes, one, two, and three,"
Said dear little Alice; "and why are they here
Drooping and dozing so tame and so near?

"Perhaps they are hungry and need to be fed;
Then may I not give them some crumbles of bread?"
As she danced all about with childish delight,
With cheeks all aglow, and eyes shining bright.

So out from the window the crumbles were scatter'd,
The birds came and picked and chirrup'd and chatter'd;
And so they kept coming there, day after day,
Till all the cold snow had melted away;

When forests in foliage and flowers were dress'd,
And they must away, to build their wee nest.

But ere they flew off they held a great meeting,
And each to the other gave right hearty greeting;
But the best thing they sung, or twitter'd, or said,
Was, "Hurrah for sweet Alice who gave us the bread!"

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JOHN LOCKE.

JOHN LOCKE, says Lord King, his biographer, was the eldest of two sons, and was educated with much care by his father, of whom he always spoke with the greatest reverence and affection. In the early part of his life, his father exacted the utmost respect from his son, but gradually treated him with less and less reserve, and, when grown up, lived with him on terms of the most entire friendship; so much so, that Locke mentioned the fact of his father having expressed his regret for giving way to his anger, and striking him once in his childhood, when he did not deserve it. In a letter to a friend, written in the latter part of his life, Locke thus expresses himself on the conduct of a father towards his son:—

"That which I have often blamed as an indiscreet and dangerous practice in many fathers, namely, to be very indulgent to their children whilst they are little, and as they come to ripe years to lay great restraint upon them, and live with greater reserve towards them, which usually produces an ill understanding between father and son, which cannot but be of bad consequences; and I think fathers would generally do better, as their sons grow up, to take them into a nearer familiarity, and live with them with as much freedom and friendship as their age and temper will allow."

The following letter from Locke to his father, which is without a date, but must have been written before 1660, shows the feeling of tenderness and affection which subsisted between them. It was probably found by the philosopher among his father's papers, and thus came again into his possession:—

"*December 20th.*

"*Most dear and ever-loving Father,*

"I did not doubt but that the noise of a very dangerous sickness here would reach you, but I am alarmed with a more dangerous disease from Pensford, and were I as secure of your health as (I thank God) I am of my own, I should not think myself in danger; but I cannot be safe so long as I hear of your weakness, and that increase of your malady upon you, which I beg that you would, by the timely application of remedies, endeavour to remove. Dr. Meary has more than once put a stop to its encroachment; the same skill,

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the same means, the same God to bless you, is left still.

"Do not, I beseech you, by that care you ought to have of yourself, by that tenderness I am sure you have of us, neglect your own and our safety too; do not, by a too pressing care for your children, endanger the only comfort they have left. I cannot distrust that Providence which hath conducted us thus far, and if either your disappointments or necessities shall reduce us to narrower conditions than you could wish, content shall enlarge it; therefore, let not these thoughts distress you.

"There is nothing that I have which can be so well employed as to his use, from whom I first received it; and if your convenience can leave me nothing else, I shall have a head, and hands, and industry still left me, which alone have been able to raise sufficient fortunes. Pray, Sir, therefore, make your life as comfortable and lasting as you can; let not any consideration of us cast you into the least despondency. If I have any reflections on, or desires of free and competent subsistence, it is more in reference to another (whom you may guess) to whom I am very much obliged, than for myself: but no thoughts, how important soever, shall make me forget my duty; and a father is more than all other relations; and the greatest satisfaction I can propose to myself in the world, is my hopes that you may yet live to receive the return of some comfort, for all that care and indulgence you have placed in,

"Sir, your most obedient son,

"J. L."

This great man, it appears, originally applied himself to the study of physic; and he became essentially serviceable in his medical capacity to Lord Ashley, afterwards the celebrated Earl of Shaftesbury, to whom he was introduced in 1666, and who was led to form so high an opinion of Locke's general powers, that he prevailed upon him to take up his residence at his house, and urged him to apply his studies to politics and philosophy. This proved the stepping-stone to his subsequent greatness; and it is gratifying to know that his career, literary and political, was closed as honourably as it had been commenced. In his latter days he lived wholly in retirement, where he applied himself to the study of the Scriptures, till, in 1704, after nearly two years'

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declining health, he fell asleep. He was buried at Oates, where there is a neat monument erected to his memory, with a modest Latin inscription indited by himself.

TEN REASONABLE RULES.

1 NEVER put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself. This will promote your independence.

3. Never spend your money before you have it. This will save you from many difficulties, and some temptations.

4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap. Many have been ruined by this.

5. Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, or cold. Banish it from your heart.

6. Never have to repent of having eaten too much. Temperance is health.

7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly. If you would lighten labour—love it.

8. How much pain have those evils cost us which never happened! Wait, then, till trials come.

9. Take things always by their smooth handle. Make the most of mercies, and do not exaggerate trials.

10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred. He that does this will save himself from much sin and many sorrows.

THE SAFE PILOT.

A SHIP was coming into port with a valuable cargo of merchandise on board, and a still more valuable freight of precious lives. When nearing the destined port, a heavy storm arose. There was no hope for the ship unless she could reach the harbour before the heaviest fury of the storm fell upon her. But, alas! her pilot was an incompetent one: he did not know the waters through which he professed to guide her. The peril was seen from the shore, and quickly a pilot-boat, with a few resolute men on board, set out through the furious sea to come to the crew's rescue. Soon a new pilot was on the deck, the old one displaced, and the men assigned to their various posts. The captain took the wheel, and followed implicitly the directions of the new leader.

The ship was headed directly towards the foaming breakers.

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"Shall I put about?" cried the captain.

"Steady," was the calm reply; and in a moment more came the order, "About ship!" The ship sailed steadily through a narrow pass, between two sunken rocks, and soon all danger was over, and the vessel safely anchored in the harbour.

O, what a crowding about that noble pilot who had risked his life to come to them—who had guided them so steadily and safely through the storm and the breakers! The captain left the wheel, and threw his arms about him in a transport of emotion. The passengers and crew were all eager to grasp his hand, and testify by words and gifts their gratitude to one who had saved them from death.

Do you not think that in the last day there will be such a gathering about the great Pilot of souls, who has brought His chosen ones safe into the heavenly harbour? Do you suppose they can ever forget that He not only risked, but gave His life to rescue them? We must begin this song of loving gratitude on earth, if we would share in the joy of Christ's ransomed ones in heaven.

GOD THE SOURCE OF ALL GOOD.

A LADY once applied to Mr. Reynolds on behalf of an orphan. After he had given liberally she said, "When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor." "Stop," said the good man; "you mistake—we do not thank the clouds for the rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank Him who giveth both the clouds and rain."

THE HOLLY TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves,
Order'd by an Intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

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I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize:
And in this wisdom of the holly tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear
Harsh and austere;
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude;
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities, I, day by day,
Would wear away;
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem, amid the young and gay,
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly tree.—*Southey.*

SHORT SENTENCES FOR YOUNG THINKERS.

I. No man cries stale fish.

II. He had need rise betimes that would please everybody.

III. Sins and debts are always more than one takes them to be.

IV. A skilful mechanic makes a good pilgrim.

V. All is soon ready in an orderly house.

VI. Three may keep counsel if two be away.

VII. Time is a file that wears and makes no noise.

VIII. Trade knows neither friends nor kindred.

IX. He that reckons without his host, will have to reckon again.

X. Who thinks to deceive God, has already deceived himself.

XI. When a man's coat is threadbare, it is easy to pick a hole in it.

XII. The plaintiff must prove.

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HARRY'S PRAYER.

LITTLE boy five years old had been crying all night long with the ear-ache. Did you ever have the ear-ache? Do you know how hard it is to bear such pain?

All night his mother watched by him, patiently trying one remedy after another until she became discouraged. Nothing seemed to do any good. Sometimes she rocked him in her arms, sometimes she carried him up and down the room, although he was a heavy weight for her. Then, when she became too tired to hold him, she laid her head beside his on his little pillow, and tried to charm away the pain by soothing him in the way that none but mothers understand. But the pain continued as bad as ever.

At last, just as the day dawned, a thought struck him, and he turned eagerly to his mother:—

"Why, mamma," he said, "we haven't asked God about it!"

He got up at once, and knelt in his bed and prayed:—

"O, Lord, please make my ear stop aching, 'cause I'm all tired out; for Christ's sake. Amen."

Then he lay down on his pillow, and with a sweet, trusting smile on his face, fell directly into a calm sleep which lasted till noon. His mother looked on reverently, and wondered at the child's simple but perfect faith. She had been for years a disciple of Jesus, often getting weary and discouraged by the way, but she had never thought of bringing her little trials particularly to Jesus, and would perhaps have thought it irreverent to have done so. The little child had become her teacher.

When he awoke he was free from pain, and he said,—

"I asked the Lord to make it well, and He did. Wasn't He good, mamma?"

Unlike many older people, who seem to forget the source of all their blessings, the grateful little boy "returned to give glory to God." He said, "Wasn't He good, mamma?"

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ALPHABETICAL BIBLICAL QUESTIONS.

A WAS by the Israelites destroyed with fire and sword;
B was a man whose sight was lost, but which the Lord restored;
C was a faithful Israelite who took a giant's city;
D was "full of almsdeeds," and for the poor felt pity.
E was taken up to heaven in garments white as snow;
F thought that Paul was innocent, and would have let him go;
G was by a stripling slain, whilst boasting of his power;
H was captured by the Jews, though strong with fort and tower.
I became an orphan as soon as he was born;
J was by affliction compelled to grieve and mourn;
K was a man who had a son than whom there were few higher;
L with his family escaped from dreadful death by fire.
M was by a king advanced to honour, power and might;
N of his vineyard was despoil'd, though precious in his sight;
O took a heathen city, and thereby won a wife;
P was a king whose heart was hard, who thereby lost his life.
Q was what the Israelites did in the desert eat;
R compelled her son some food before his sire to set;
S met with speedy death for having falsely spoken;
T would not his friends believe, until he saw a token.
U for having touch'd the ark immediately was slain;
V a queen of whose fair face her royal spouse was vain;
W being very scarce the people mourn'd again;
Z was where King David stay'd and his six hundred men.

S. R. T.

THE SWANS.

IT was just midnight when I passed by a beautiful pond. No light shone from the windows of the cottage just above, the maid had gone to rest, the voices of the children were hushed in sleep, the pale moon sent down her silvery light upon the large chestnut and oak trees, with which the pond was surrounded. So large were they, that they prevented the moonlight from coming on the water, except a little oval spot in the centre.

Where, thought I, as I approached, are the two lovely swans which frequent this place? I had imagined that they were gone to sleep in some dark recess, perhaps at the root of some

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tree: not they; out on the shining oval spot, far from molestation from man or beast, the snowy pair slept side by side. My little reader, as you float on life's sea remember the swans, keep far away from the dark places of sin, and live where the light shines from heaven.

H.

A LITTLE ENGLISH HEATHEN.

YOU have often heard of heathen boys and girls in foreign lands who are taught to worship gods of wood and stone, but I am going to tell you of a little heathen English girl whom I met a few weeks ago.

Mr. Mager, the governor, had asked me to conduct a service or two with the little ones at the Children's Home, Edgworth,* and whilst I was there, a School-Board officer brought to the Home a little girl whom he had found shamefully ill-treated, bruised, ragged and dirty. Edith's history was a very sad one indeed. She was born in Wales, and soon after her birth her father died and her mother married again; then her mother died, and her step-father married again. Thus she was left to the care of people who had no love for her, and who as soon as possible got rid of her. She was sent from place to place, and at last got into the hands

* A branch of the Home founded by the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, B.A.

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of some bad people at ——, who sent her out to work at a public-house, where she was scolded and cruelly beaten because she, a little, friendless orphan child only nine years old, could not work as hard and well as they wanted her to.

Can you think of any life more miserable than hers? She had no one to love or who loved her on earth, and she had never heard of the dear Father in heaven, and the tender Saviour who had died for her. Jesus, God, heaven, love, were words that had no meaning for her, and when asked about them, she could only shake her head or say, "I don't know."

But the Good Shepherd never lost sight of the lamb wandering so far from the fold; Jesus knew all about Edith, though she knew nothing of Him. Just when her life became almost too wretched to be borne, He sent a kind-hearted School-Board officer to rescue her from her misery and bring her to the Home. The Home was more than full, but Mr. Mager could not say No to such a case, and she was at once admitted.

I wish you could have seen her as she came in on the Saturday, and then again when she came to the Sunday afternoon service in the school-room. On Saturday she was dressed in rags so filthy that you would scarcely like to touch them with a pair of tongs; her thick, matted hair looked as though it had not been combed for a month, and her face wore that sad, frightened look only to be seen in children used to constant ill-usage. But on Sunday all was changed: soap and water, scissors, brush and comb, clean clothes and kindness, unknown till then, had made her quite another child. Already the scared look was almost gone, and for the first time perhaps for years she looked happy. And now Edith has begun a new life, in a new home, with new friends, who will watch over her, care for her, and teach her to love and serve the Saviour.

Dear girls and boys, there are many such heathen children even in this Christian land, needing only to be taken to good homes and trained there to become as happy and useful as you are. Will you not do what you can to help Mr. Stephenson and those who are working with him in their labour of love amongst Jesu's lambs? Some of you last Christmas morning sent your offerings,

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and I am sure your Christmas was all the merrier and happier because you felt that you had done something to help and cheer the dear children at the Home. None of you are too young to do something; a child's pence and a child's prayers are always acceptable in the sight of our Father in heaven, whose will it is that not "one of these little ones should perish."

RULES FOR TRAVELLERS.

THERE are two things necessary for a traveller, to bring him to the end of his journey: a knowledge of his way, and perseverance in his walk. If he walk in a wrong way, the faster he goes the further he is from home; if he sit still in a right way, he may know his home but never come to it. Discreet stays make speedy journeys. I would first then know my way ere I begin my walk. A knowledge of my way is a good part of my journey. He that faints in the execution, loseth the glory of the action. I will, therefore, not only know my way, but also go on in my way: I had rather my journey should want a beginning than come to an untimely end. If heaven be my home, and Christ my Way, I will learn to know my Way, ere I haste to travel to my home.

LITTLE ERNEST.

"SUFFER little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." When I read those blessed words of our kind, loving Saviour, I think of a little boy I once knew, but who is now one of that white-robed choir "around the throne of God in heaven."

Ernest C— was born in Wokingham, and when about five years of age, accompanied his brother to school, where he soon became the pet and plaything of the elder scholars. He had a bright little face, with deep thoughtful-looking eyes. Being very fond of hymns and poetry, he delighted his teachers by readily committing them to memory.

Sometimes he would stop his merry laugh, and a grave, quiet look would steal over him. When asked, "What is it, Ernest?" he not unfrequently replied, "I was *thinking*."

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I had no idea while teaching him to read, that he had a better Teacher—a Divine one—that Jesus Himself was teaching him lessons higher and deeper than ever I could; but so it was.

One afternoon his nurse, who generally called to take him home, was very late, and the two brothers were the last in the school-room. It was winter time, and it began to grow dusk, while one little star appeared shining in the sky. Drawing close to the window they stood watching it. At last one said, referring to the death of a neighbour,—"We shall never see Mr. B— any more, Ernest; they've buried him, he was put in the coffin we saw, and now he's down deep in a grave. It must be very cold and dark there." "No, you forget," was the reply; "*he's* not there, his body is, but he is somewhere else, perhaps up there where the star is;" then turning to me he continued, "Is Mr. B— gone to heaven, do you think?" The question was put so suddenly, that I was not prepared to answer; but I said, after considering awhile, "I don't know; I hope so: if he loved Jesus *he is*. You know when Jesus was on earth He told those who loved Him, that He was going to prepare a beautiful home for them, and one day He would come again and take them to live in it." A soft little hand was laid upon my lap, and the bright eyes were raised to mine, as he whispered, "I love Jesus, Miss M—; and I have asked Him if He will send down one of His angels to take me to live up there with Him, and I think He will, for I want it *so much;* I should like to go soon."

"Would you like to leave dear mamma, papa, and Bertie? How sorry they would be if little Ernest were to go to another home to live."

"But I ask Jesus to come for them too, soon, and then we shall all be—

'In heaven above where all is love;
There'll be no more sorrow there.'"

Dear little fellow, he helped me to understand that verse which says, "Except ye . . . become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of God." He never for one moment doubted that Jesus would do for him what he asked. Faith like his was what I wanted.

We had several conversations of a similar kind afterwards, and he always spoke of wishing to

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live with Jesus, and wondered *when* He would send for him.

In the early spring scarlet-fever broke out in the town, and I was ill for several weeks. When I had recovered sufficiently to make inquiries, I found that Jesus had answered Ernest's prayer, and had indeed taken His trusting little lamb to be for ever with Himself.

Dear young readers, do you love the Saviour? if so, He will, if you ask Him, prepare you for either a happy life on earth, working for Him, or a far better life in one of the many mansions above, where Ernest is.

I. V. Y.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

GOD shine upon the face
Of England's royal child;
Crown him with heavenly grace,
Clothe him with wisdom mild.

God bless the op'ning bud
Of England's royal flower,
And influences good
Encircle it each hour.

God bless the dawning ray
Of England's royal star,
Drive hurtful mists away
Which might its lustre mar.

Each virtue that appears,
In all thy royal line,
Throughout a thousand years,
God grant in thee to shine!

From Alfred great and wise,
To Albert wise and good,
Keep all before thy eyes,
In thee still flows their blood.

Their glory shines to thee
From many a beacon light;
Then let the people see
Thy glory answering bright.

But O! long live our Queen,
Long live her royal son,
Ere that full flame be seen
Which speaks thy reign begun.

Then may a people's prayer
Bring dews of blessing down,
And strengthen thee to wear
The burden of a crown.

—*Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A., in "Hand and Heart."*

KITTY KING.

CHAPTER I.—KITTY AND MUST.

A GREAT cry came from the nursery. It was Kitty's cry. "What is the matter with Kitty?" thought her mother, who was lifting down a tureen in the china closet. Presently Kitty came down-stairs sobbing. "I am afraid Kitty has somebody with her," thought her mother.

Kitty pattered along until she put her little curly head into

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the china closet. Her mother saw she was not alone; Ill-humour was with her. Her mother was sorry. "What is the matter, little daughter?" she asked. Bridget had called her from playing with her Noah's ark, and said she *must* have her face washed. "For papa to kiss," said mother.

"I hate *must*," said Kitty.

"Why so?" asked her mother.

"Must always makes me cross," said Kitty.

"Must only wants to make Kitty a good, clean little child," said mother.

"If you minded Must, you would love him dearly. Instead of that you take Ill-humour, who always quarrels with Must, and then there are sorry times. How nicely Must has washed Kitty's face."

"Is it nice for papa?" asked Kitty, going on tiptoe before the glass.

"Very," answered mother; "and who curled Kitty's hair?"

"Must did that," replied Kitty; "but he did it an hour ago."

The front door opened, and papa's step was heard. "There's my papa," said she, skipping into the hall and leaving Ill-humour far behind.

"My dear little daughter," said papa, lifting her up over his head, and then giving her a couple of kisses on her rosy cheeks.

"Do I look nice, papa?" she asked.

"I think you do," he said, looking at her hair and mouth and hands; "I think you do."

"Must does know, I believe truly," thought Kitty; "if I hadn't minded him, I should not have been fit for papa's kisses, after eating auntie's orange. O, I wish I could always mind Must, and not get cross as I do!" and a little sorry shadow came over her heart.

After dinner papa looked at his watch, and jumping up, said, "I must go."

"Does Must make you, papa, as it does me?" asked Kitty.

"Yes, my daughter."

"Don't you think Must is hard sometimes, *making* us when we don't want to, papa?" said she.

"Must is one of our best friends," answered papa; "it only urges us to do what we ought to do. Perhaps we might forget or put it off; but Must says 'Do *now*.' Should we not be very thankful for such a friend?"

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"Did God give us Must?" asked Kitty.

"Yes," answered papa; "therefore I think we should love to mind him."

When papa went, Kitty trudged up-stairs. She wanted to get her black dolly. Bridget met her at the nursery door, shaking her head and pointing her to go back.

"I want my black dolly," whispered Kitty.

"You must go away now," said Bridget; "your little cousin has just got to sleep. Your black dolly is in the crib. No, no; you must not try to get it."

Kitty grew red. Ill-humour was ready to join her. Then she swallowed the cry that came up in her throat. "I will try to mind Must," she said to herself. At this Ill-humour ran away, and little Joy crept up by her side, and put her arms lovingly round the child. They went down-stairs together, and Kitty took one of her picture-books and sat down on the rug at her mother's feet. Little Joy was with her all the time. At night, when mother undressed Kitty, the little girl laid her head on mother's bosom, and said, "Mamma, I *do* want to be a good girl;" for goodness *does* bring happiness; and when she knelt by mamma's side she put in her little prayer, "Dear God, will You help me to do as Must says, and not be naughty? 'cause I don't always want to, for Christ's sake." And the mother prayed in her heart that the sweet spirit of obedience might ever make its home in the bosom of her darling little one.

A SPONGE OR A FOUNTAIN?

WHICH would you be, dear children?

"O, a fountain!" say the children; "a fountain is so beautiful, springing up in the sunshine; and then the water is so delicious and cool to drink. I wouldn't wish to be a sponge."

Nor would I, and I will tell you why. A sponge absorbs or takes into itself every drop of water that touches it. It has thousands of little mouths all ready to swallow any liquid that comes in its way; and it will never give it without being compelled to by pressure.

But a fountain—O, how freely it throws its life out of its very heart for others! and not once or twice, but always. The weary and thirsty come and

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drink, and the little birds twitter and drink upon its edge, and there is the freshness of spring all around it.

The sponge is like the selfish heart that makes *itself* the centre toward which everything must come; but the fountain is like the unselfish, generous heart that spends itself for others and blesses all who come within its circle.

Who would not be a fountain?

CHRIST READING IN THE SYNAGOGUE.

BY His standing up our Lord signified His desire to read the lesson for the day. Portions of the Law were read by seven successive readers every Sabbath,—one priest, one Levite and five Israelites. And it was customary to *stand* at the reading of the Law and the prophets. To teach us reverence in reading and hearing the Word of God, Christ conformed to these rules. Christ did not read the Scriptures, as far as we can discover, in any other synagogue; the reason of which was that He belonged to the synagogue of Nazareth, and the Jewish writers tell us that the reading was not allowed to any but one who was a member of the synagogue in which he read.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

JESUS, guard me through the day,
Hear the simple prayer I pray;
Fill my heart with love to Thee,
Make me what I ought to be;
Every evil thought subdue,
Teach me work for Thee to do.

There are many whom I love,
Lead all to the land above:
To that home so bright and blest
Where Thy saints for ever rest.
Bless a little child like me,
Who would give his heart to Thee.

G. C.

THE LETTER'S JOURNEY.

YOU wonder how it is that the letter which your cousin Tom wrote yesterday could come so quickly and safely all the way from London. He put it into the post-office yesterday afternoon and thought no more about it; but there it was on the breakfast-table waiting for you this morning. Well, I will tell you about its journey; but first look at the picture (on

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page 37) of the old mail-coach. If you had lived at the time when your grandpapa was young, the few letters you had would have come by the coach. A pretty sight it must have been

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to have seen the smart carriage, with its driver dressed in scarlet and gold, and the four fine horses, enter the towns; but with all their galloping the horses could not manage to go more quickly than at the rate of ten miles an hour, so you see it was a great improvement when railways were made and letters could go by the mail trains.

If we were to look into the General Post-Office while the mail-bags were being made up what should we see? a very busy scene. After the letters are all taken out of the many boxes, they are emptied on to a large table, where they have to be "faced," that is, arranged tidily with the stamped face of the envelope uppermost. Then the "taxers" take them, whose business it is to see that the letters are not over weight. Then comes the stamping, which is a very curious process, done by a machine that looks like the upper part of mamma's sewing-machine, only at the end of the arm, where the needle should be, is the stamp which is pressed down with a handle on each letter, and that makes the post-mark and the funny device on the Queen's-head which prevents the stamp on the letter from being used again as a new one.

Now they are ready for sorting, and are carried into another room, down which are long rows of tables with shelves and little compartments or "pigeon-holes." These rows are called "roads." All the letters for the places on the Great Western line are put into one road, for the Great Northern into another, and so on. When the letters are sorted they are ready for the mail-carts, which you see in the picture on the previous page, waiting at the door to receive them. They are quickly driven to the station and put into the mail train. More sorting is done in the railway carriage. While the train is rattling along at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, a clerk is busily engaged putting together in separate bags the letters and parcels for the various places on the route. When the train gets within a few miles of a place, its letter-bag is sealed up and dropped from the carriage window into a sort of net which is placed for that purpose alongside the railroad. In the morning the mail-cart of the town or village fetches the bag from the roadside net to the post-office. There the letters

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are again sorted, and each postman takes those for the houses in his district.

So now you know something about all the trouble that was taken with the letter which your cousin wrote yesterday, in order that it might reach you safely this morning.

But the postmen's work is not over when they have delivered the morning letters; they have, at regular hours, to empty the pillar-boxes. Perhaps you have sometimes seen the postman unlock the little door in the middle of the pillar, take the letters out, put them in his bag, and carry them off to the post-office. Then, in most places,

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there are two or three deliveries in a day. In London there are so many that the postman seems to be on his feet all day. But in London and a few other towns the postmen have one great advantage,—there is no Sunday delivery, so that the postman has that day for rest, and can go with his family to the House of God. This ought to be the case all over England. The poor men who work so hard all the week should have their Sundays free. Some good people are doing their best to increase the number of places which give the postman a weekly rest. A little boy like you cannot do much to help them, for you neither write nor receive many letters, but you need never write one that would have to be delivered on Sunday, and if your papa has his letters brought to him on that day, you might perhaps persuade him to give it up, for "Every little helps."

G. E. S.

"JUST GOING TO."

THESE three little words seemed to be oftener on Alice Rayner's lips than any others. She was a bright, good-tempered little girl, and might have been a very useful one too, for she was really anxious to help her mother and be kind to every one. She had always a large store of good intentions which she was "just going to" carry out. But time could not wait for Alice, and whilst she lingered, the right moment would fly swiftly by, and then to her lips would rise the ready excuse that she was "just going to."

"Alice," said mamma one morning, "I am going to be busy upstairs for an hour, will you see that baby does not get into mischief?"

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"Yes, mamma," said Alice, just lifting her eyes for a moment from the new book which Aunt Mary had given her. So she gave her little sister a china doll to play with and went on with her reading. Presently little Pollie grew tired of sucking the head of the china lady, and crawled off across the passage into the kitchen. In a few moments a loud scream startled Alice, and hastening to the kitchen, she found that baby had pulled down a jug of boiling water, and had sadly scalded her poor little face, neck, and arms.

"O, Alice!" said mamma, reproachfully, "you might have prevented all this."

"I was 'just going to' her, mamma," pleaded Alice, sorrowfully.

"Yes," answered her mother, "how often I have warned you against that habit of 'putting off.' Now you see baby must suffer for days, perhaps weeks, through your carelessness."

Alice felt very sorry, for she really loved her little sister; but the habit of dawdling was so strong that even that afternoon papa's important letter was delayed, because, just as Alice was "going" to post it, she met a schoolfellow with whom she stayed talking so long that it was just five minutes too late for the post. The next day mamma asked Alice to bring in some butter for tea, on her way back from school. As she neared the shop Alice caught sight of Miss Smith's toyshop window and crossed the road to look in, "just a minute." After spending a quarter of an hour in rapt contemplation of its treasures, Alice turned to go home, completely forgetting the butter.

"Come, Alice, make haste!" called mamma from the window, as Alice sauntered up the garden path; "papa is ready for his tea and Lillie Allen is waiting to speak to you; give Jane the butter, and then come and speak to Lillie, for she says she can't stay."

"O, mamma!" said Alice, blushing, "I was 'just going to' get it, and then I quite forgot. And she told how the delights of Miss Smith's window had banished from her mind all thought of the butter. So Alice was sent back again to the town; although she went far more quickly than usual, she found on her return that her friend could not wait to speak to her, but had left with Mrs. Rayner an invitation for Alice to join a

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large picnic party, which was to start for the woods early the following morning. Nothing was talked of all that evening but the wished-for pleasure, and Alice went early to bed in order that the morning might seem to come sooner.

"Come, Alice! you had better get ready at once," said her mother, directly after breakfast; "you are to be at the railway station at nine."

"Yes, ma, I'm 'just going to,'" replied Alice; but she stayed to mend a glove which ought to have been seen to the night before, and lingered so long over her preparations that she had the mortification of seeing the train just leaving the station as she entered it.

Poor Alice! Her self-control gave way, and hurrying home she threw herself on the bed in her little room, and relieved herself by a flood of passionate tears. She blamed the railway officials for allowing the train to start just as she was "going" to get her ticket; blamed her friends for going without her, (although this was the only train by which the party could have gone that day); blamed her mamma for not hastening her, but at last was obliged to admit that, after all, it was her own fault. She thought of baby's scalded arm and papa's unposted letter, and many other mishaps which had resulted from her foolish and mischievous habit of delay. It was a bitter lesson; but that day's disappointment was never forgotten, and was of far more benefit to Alice than would have been the eagerly longed-for day in the woods.

G. M. A.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

"AUNT MYRA, Dell Casleton has the most beautiful hands of any girl I ever saw."

Aunt Myra turned round, pulled off her spectacles, and looked toward her niece inquiringly:

"In what respect?"

"In what respect, auntie? Why, in form, colour, shape of the nails, and all, of course."

"But is there not something else about them which makes them beautiful?"

"Why, what else could there be?" and Blanche looked at her wonderingly.

But Aunt Myra, instead of replying to the question, said,—

"I know some one who has

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more beautiful hands than Dell Casleton."

"Why, auntie, who can it be?"

"Floy Cartwright."

"Floy Cartwright?" and here Miss Blanche's nose had a decidedly upward tendency. "I don't think you really mean what you say, auntie. Why, Floy's hands are large, ill-shapen, and as brown as a berry."

"Yet to me they are among the most beautiful ones I ever saw."

"But nothing to be compared to Dell Casleton's."

"Far more beautiful," was the decided answer. "You, perhaps, do not know why I say so."

Not waiting for an answer, she continued:—

"I was spending the afternoon at Mrs. Casleton's, when Dell came home from school. Her mother said:—

"'Dell, will you not curl the baby's hair? I've been busy nearly all day, and haven't had time.'

"I could see that Dell was angry, by the unwillingness with which she obeyed. Willie was placed in a chair, and she commenced her work. But she had no patience with the tangled hair. Up and down, in and out, she jerked the comb. More than one cry from the little fellow told the pain he was receiving at her hands. During this time, Charlie, her other brother, had spied among her pile of books a large geography, and pulling it out, was now turning the leaves with childish delight. Dell turned round and saw him. Instantly it was snatched away, while her hand struck him a stinging blow on his cheek. Her mother reproved her, but she did not seem to mind it. Before long she said:—

"'Mother, may I have another slice of that fruit-cake?'

"'No, Dell, your father has not come in to tea yet. Be satisfied with what I have already given you.'

"A few moments after she left the room, I happened to go into the hall for a drink of water. I saw Dell coming out of the dining-room, a large slice of the cake in her hand. I went back softly, wishing to save her the pain and mortification of being discovered."

"O auntie," cried Blanche, interrupting her, "I had no idea that Dell could act so!"

"Nor I either, until I saw

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her. Now you know why I think *her* hands are not beautiful. Hands that deal falsely and unkindly, and are not loth to pilfer, are far from being pretty to me."

"But, auntie, tell me why you think Floy Cartwright's hands are beautiful?"

"Ah! Floy, dear little Floy! Sitting here at the window the other day, I saw her coming down the street. A poor, lame old man had dropped his crutch, and in his efforts to regain it, had fallen upon the pavement. Floy did not pass him by as others had done. No, her hands were quickly around him, while all her girlish strength was brought into requisition, as she raised him upon his feet, and handed him the crutch. He never noticed how large and ill-shapen the hands were, nor their sunburnt hue as his tear of gratitude dropped upon them. To him they were the most beautiful hands on earth.

"A little farther on a child was crying under the heavy weight of a basket of clothes she was carrying home. Floy's hands were instantly placed on one side of the handle. The child stopped crying, then looked up, smiling through her tears as she saw that another was helping her to bear the burden.

"Now, Blanche, I have told you why I think Floy Cartwright's hands are handsomer than Dell Casleton's. Hands that are ever ready to help in deeds of mercy, love, and kindness, are the most beautiful hands on earth to me."—*Sunday-School Visitor.*

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

ONE day the Duke of Buccleuch, a Scotch nobleman, bought a cow in the neighbourhood of Dalkeith, where he lived. The cow was to be sent home the next morning. Early in the morning the duke was taking a walk in a very common dress. As he went along, he saw a boy trying in vain to drive the cow to his residence. The cow was very unruly, and the poor boy could not get on with her at all. The boy, not knowing the duke, bawled out to him in broad Scotch accent,—

"Hie, mun, come here, and gie's a hand wi' this beast."

The duke walked slowly on, not seeming to notice the boy,

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who still kept calling for his help. At last, finding that he could not get on with the cow, he cried out in distress, "Come here, mun, and help us, and as sure as anything I'se *gie ye half I get*."

The duke went and lent a helping hand.

"And now," said the duke, as they trudged along after the cow, "how much do you think you will get for the job?"

"I dinna ken," said the boy, "but I'm sure o' something, for the folks at the big house are guid to a' bodies."

As they came to a lane near the house, the duke slipped away from the boy, and entered by a different way. Calling his butler, he put a sovereign in his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy who has brought the cow."

He then returned to the end of the lane where he had parted from the boy, so as to meet him on his way back.

"Well, how much did you get?" asked the duke.

"A shilling," said the boy, "and there's the half o' it to ye."

"But surely you had more than a shilling?" said the duke.

"No," said the boy, "sure that's a' I got; and d'ye no think it's plenty?"

"I do not," said the duke: "there must be some mistake; and as I am acquainted with the duke, if you return, I think I'll get you more."

They went back. The duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

"Now," said the duke to the boy, "point me out the person who gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap there with the apron," said he, pointing to the butler.

The butler fell on his knees, confessed his fault, and begged to be forgiven; but the duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign and quit his service immediately. "You have lost," said he, "your money, your situation, and your character by your deceitfulness: learn for the future that *honesty is the best policy*."

The boy now found out who it was that helped him to drive the cow; and the duke was so pleased with the manliness and honesty of the boy, that he sent him to school and provided for him at his own expense.

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TRUTH REWARDED.

TWO prisoners of war were once brought before Hegiage, an Arab chief celebrated for his ferocity. Both were condemned to suffer a painful death; but one of them on hearing his sentence pleaded for pardon, because on one occasion, when his neighbour Abdarahman had spoken abusively of Hegiage, he had taken the part of the chieftain. Witnesses being produced to prove the truth of his statements, his life was spared. Then turning to the other prisoner, the conqueror asked if he, too, had defended him against the accusations of Abdarahman. "No, your highness," replied he, frankly, "for I thought that you were in the wrong." After a few moments' silence, Hegiage inquired, "If I were to pardon you and set you free, would you still be my enemy?" "No, sire," replied the prisoner, simply. "Then," said the conqueror, "I spare that life which to you is less dear than virtue and truth." Thus honesty and straightforwardness excited admiration even in the breast of a savage. Try always, dear children, to speak the truth regardless of consequences. As far as the prisoner could see, the effect of his truthfulness would be death, but he remembered that "duties are ours, results are God's;" and the God who never forgets those who really seek to please Him, delivered him in that hour of peril.

MAGGIE.

SHORT SENTENCES FOR YOUNG THINKERS.

XIII. Pure religion is the foundation of peace.

XIV. Say well is good, and do well is better.

XV. Prayer prevails against temptations.

XVI. Seek till you find, and you will not lose your labour.

XVII. Use the means, and God will give the blessing.

XVIII. Make no friendship with an envious man.

XIX. Labour brings pleasure; idleness, pain.

XX. Not to be useful to any, is to be hurtful to all.

XXI. Contentment is the best fortune.

XXII. We increase our wealth by lessening our desires.

XXIII. Confidence is the companion of success.

XXIV. A moment of time is a monument of mercy.

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HOW A STRANGE MAN LIVED.

MANY years ago there lived in the city of New Orleans an eccentric man who was very rich, and had the reputation among some persons of being mean. He lived frugally, and spent sparingly. He was very diligent in attention to his business, and being a shrewd man he gained great wealth.

People wondered what he would do with all his money when death came, and he could no longer keep it. They thought it strange that he should spend so little on himself, and live as he did a life of self-denial that would have done credit to many a poor man.

But all the time this strange old man knew what he was about. He had great projects in his brain that no one but himself, and the lawyer who wrote his will, had any idea of. He cared not how much people laughed at him and called him stingy; he knew right well that when they should read his will after he had gone, they would form a different opinion of him.

By and by he died. It was in the year 1850, and he was over seventy years old. When his will was read, it was discovered that he had been toiling and saving for many years for the purpose of founding orphan asylums, one in Baltimore, where he was born, and the other near New Orleans, where he died. Thus the name of John M'Donogh passed among those who have been the benefactors of their race.

Over his grave in the city of Baltimore there is a fine monument erected by the city authorities. On it are engraved, among other things, the following rules, which were found in Mr. M'Donogh's handwriting. They were written when he was a young man, and he no doubt endeavoured to live up to them:—

"RULES FOR THE GUIDANCE OF MY LIFE IN 1804.

"Remember that labour is one of the conditions of our existence.

"Time is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to account.

"Do unto all men as you would be done by.

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"Never put off till to-morrow that which you can do to-day.

"Never bid another do what you can do yourself.

"Never covet what is not your own.

"Never think any matter so trivial as not to deserve notice.

"Never give out that which does not first come in.

"Never spend but to produce.

"Let the greatest order regulate the transactions of your life.

"Study in the course of your life to do the greatest possible amount of good.

"Pursue strictly the above rules, and the Divine blessing and riches of every kind will flow upon you to your heart's content; but first of all remember that the chief and great study of your life should be to tend by all the means in your power to the honour and glory of the Divine Creator.

"The conclusion to which I have arrived is that without temperance there is no health, without virtue no order, without religion no happiness, and the sum of our being is to live wisely, soberly, and righteously.

"JOHN M'DONOGH.

"*New Orleans*, March, 1804."

These are good rules, and any man who lives by them cannot fail to succeed in life. He may not become rich, as Mr. M'Donogh did, for some men never can get rich, but he will be happy and useful.

If any of our readers like to try the experiment, they will be interested to find that almost all of these rules, if not every one of them, are contained in the Bible. Take them one by one, and see if you cannot find some passage of Scripture that has the same good advice in it. Rules for our life that are founded on the Bible are certainly wise and safe.

BOTALLACK MINE.

DOWN by the Land's End, near the town of St. Just, in Cornwall, there is one of the most wonderful mines in England. Most people who come into that part of the country go to see it. It is known by the name of the Botallack Mine, and the metals found there are copper and tin. The wonderful thing about it is that it is worked, for the most part, under the sea. On the very edge of a high cliff the engine-house is built and the machinery

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erected. The workmen have to go about in places where you would think it very dangerous to go at all. There are paths leading to the different parts of the mine along the rocks, so close to the water that you can look down and see the waves

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dashing and foaming far below. The first time anybody goes there he feels dizzy as he looks over the edge and almost afraid to go by such steep and fearful-looking roads, lest he should fall over the cliff and be killed. Yet he may see men and boys running or riding as much at their ease as if they were on a good turnpike road. For they are quite used to it, and think no more of it than a slater does of being on the roof of a house.

In one part of the works there is a road called *an inclined plane*, made of planks set up so as to slope very much, and on them there are rollers, over which a sort of railway-truck is drawn by a rope attached to a steam-engine at the top. But strange as it is to see all these buildings and roads and ladders and carriages among such tremendous rocks and so close to the sea, there is something stranger still when you get down into the mine. As the miners have dug out the ore they have got deeper and deeper down, and, at last, below the bottom of the sea itself. For four hundred and eighty feet beyond low-water mark they have carried on the workings. In some places they are not very far from the water above, and they can hear the noise of the waves over their heads. When there is a heavy gale blowing, and the waves are breaking high up the rocks, the miners say that the noise sounds to them like thunder, and is very dreadful. Once or twice the storms have been so bad, and the danger seemed to the brave workmen so great, that they have had to leave their work and come up to the surface for fear the sea should find a way in through the roof of the mine and drown them. Generally they don't mind the noise at all, any more than you would be afraid to stand under a railway bridge while a train was rattling across within a foot or two of your head.

You may be sure it is very hard work going down into these mines and up again. It is said that some of them are so deep, and then extend such a long way under ground, that when a man has finished his day's work it takes him more than an hour to get back again to the top. At one place in Cornwall there are more than sixty miles of road cut out in working the mine far away below the ground. The great "shafts," or wells, by which you enter the mines are only a very little part of the whole. It used to be the fashion,

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and still is in some places, for the men to go all the way down on ladders, and in deep mines it was frightfully fatiguing. The men had to go stepping straight up or down for a very long time, only that here and there they had landing-places where they could rest on a floor of planks for a little while. Now, in the deepest workings they are lowered by machinery of various kinds, and drawn up again when their work is over. One strange thing about being down so deep is that it is terribly hot, hotter in some places than the hottest summer day, and when a miner comes up he may find it winter, with snow lying at the mouth of the shaft, while down below he has scarcely been able to breathe.

THE WREN'S NEST.

THE Wren has her nest in the stump of a tree,
With ivy and moss overgrown,
And the nest and the moss so exactly agree
That only the eye of the schoolboy can see
The dwelling to others unknown;
And the nest, so cozily built, he espied
All snug in the bark, with a hole at the side.

Mrs. Wren, who was sitting, disturb'd in her nest,
Look'd out at the door in affright,
And, like other good wives by trouble distrest,
Flew swiftly to tell Mr. Wren, and exprest
Her fears, and the cause of her flight.
And good Mr. Wren, who was out in the wood,
Gave his wife all the comfort he possibly could.

So they sidled and chirp'd, and at last back they flew
To their nest—all trembling with fear,
But O, the sweet joy their little hearts knew
When they found all safe in the stump of the yew,
All safe, and no enemy near!
And five eggs already hatch'd, out of ten,
Gave rapture to Mr. and Mrs. Wren.

So she enter'd her house, while Mr. Wren sung
His cheerful short song overhead,
And poor Mrs. Wren again found her tongue,
And cried to her spouse, "Bring food for the young,
The children are crying for bread."

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And while he was gone to search
over the lawn,
The other five wrens were happily
born.

So the little moss house in the
stump of a tree
Had ten hungry wrenlings, all
in one room,
And both parents work'd all the
time they could see,
Flying and singing, joyous and free,
To bring them their food to their
home;
And all of them lived, and were
fledged, and flew
From that cozy wren's nest in the
stump of the yew.

But my readers will wonder, when
this schoolboy went by
Why did he not rob the little
wren's nest?
To which I reply, that the boy with
keen eye
Was a good boy, and when he saw
Mrs. Wren fly,
And felt the warm eggs in her
nest,
He pitied her, helpless and scared
in dismay,
And neither eggs nor nest did he
carry away.

So Mr. and Mrs. Wren, in blissful
delight
Soon went with their children
abroad;
Through gardens and fields from
morning till night,
Leading them on in their timorous
flight
From their nest by the side of
the road;
And though they're so small and
have children by tens,
Happy as day are those two little
wrens.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

KITTY KING.

CHAPTER II.—KITTY'S BAD DAYS.

KITTY was naughty—I cannot tell you what she did—and her mother put her in the closet. It was not a dark closet; it had a window in it. She sat down on a trunk and cried, "Naughty mamma, to put her little girl in the closet, and shut her up all alone. Poor little girl with a naughty mamma. Good Kitty, naughty parents."

At last Kitty stopped. It was still, very still, and Kitty thought and thought. She was a good while thinking, and she thought until she thought it was "*naughty* Kitty" and "*good* mamma." Then she knocked at the door. That was what she did when she was sorry, and was ready to ask mamma's forgiveness. Nobody came to open it. She knocked again. No mamma came. Kitty heark-

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ened, and heard "nothing but still."

Had mamma *forgotten* her? Kitty's heart beat quick. She opened the door easy, and peeped out. Nobody was there. "Mamma," she called. There was no answer. The little girl stepped out. "*Dear* mamma!" She went into the passage and down-stairs, calling louder, "Dear, *dear* mamma!" Not a sound was heard. The chairs and tables of course took no notice of her. Kitty was frightened. "Has God took my mamma?" she thought. She ran into the kitchen crying, "Dear, dear, *bestest* mamma, here is Kitty," and crying very loud.

"An' what's the matter?" asked Bridget, taking her hands out of the suds. "Be ye kilt?" Kitty was sobbing as if her heart would break, when mamma came in from the back-door, where she had been talking with the man whitewashing. Kitty ran, and, putting up her little arms, clasped them round her mother's neck. "I's so sorry, mamma—so—so—" she said in a broken voice. "Forgive Kitty, I want to be good, I love to be good, I try to be good; only it is *so easy* to be naughty."

Poor child, she did find it hard to be good, for the next day she was in mischief again. "Mamma," said Kitty, after she was undressed, "this finger and this thumb have been naughty to-day."

"What have they done?" asked mamma.

"They took some raisins from your cupboard," said the little girl.

"Did they do it of their own accord? Did nobody tell them to do it?" asked mamma.

Kitty looked down. "I did not *hear* anybody tell them," she answered softly.

"Did they eat the raisins?" asked mamma.

"They put them in my mouth," answered Kitty.

"Were you not to blame to take them?" asked mamma; "Your fingers had no right to them, you know."

"They gave them to me," said the little girl.

"But the Bible says, 'If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off.' Must we cut off any part of this little hand?" asked mamma.

"What is 'offend'?" asked the child.

"Making you do wrong," said mamma.

"But it was only one finger and one thumb," said Kitty.

"They are two little thieves,

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then, for they took what did not belong to them. They can no longer be trusted; we must shut them up," said mamma.

Kitty looked very sorry, while her mother found some black cloth and wound round first the finger and then the thumb. Her hand felt very clumsy. She went to bed and arose in the morning with them still shut up.

"Shall I take this ugly black cloth off now?" she asked on going to be washed.

"O no!" said mamma; "we have no proof that they are sorry yet, therefore it is not safe to trust them; they may go directly to the cupboard again."

"I expect they are very sorry," said Kitty, in a pitiful tone.

"But they have not said so," said mamma.

Kitty went down to breakfast with the ugly black rags on. How she took her spoon I cannot tell. I do not think she ate much, for she felt very unhappy.

By and by the little girl came to her mamma with the tears rolling down her cheeks. "Mamma," she sobbed, "it was *I* made my fingers naughty—I, naughty, I am to blame."

"O, then," said mamma, "let us set the poor captives free," and off came the black rags directly. Mamma took the little fat hand in hers and said, "These fingers are pinching fingers, or stealing or striking fingers, or trusty good little fingers, just as Kitty likes. They are her little servants, whom God gave her to be usefully employed."

"And they shall be, mamma," cried the child. "They are not to blame: it is only I, naughty I. I am so sorry."

Mamma took Kitty aside, and they knelt down, and mamma prayed to God to forgive this little child for taking what did not belong to her, and then wickedly trying to throw the blame somewhere else. Kitty put up her hand for her mamma to kiss; and she tried to be a good mistress to her poor fingers after that.

THE BLIND RAT AND HIS LEADER, AND THE RAT THAT SAVED A MINISTER'S LIFE.

YOU may often have seen poor blind men who cannot go about safely alone, but have to be led, either by some friend or person hired for the purpose, or perhaps by a trained dog; but one would have thought a blind rat would

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be obliged to stay all his life in his hole, as of course he would have no money to pay a guide. You will be amused when you read the following true story of how a sympathising rat contrived to lead about his blind brother:

A gentleman named Mr. Ferryman was walking in the fields one evening, and saw a large number of rats migrating from one home to another. A "family removing," I suppose they were, though they were not troubled with luggage, and so had no need to hire a van.

Mr. Ferryman stood quite still and watched the whole family pass close by him. You may think how surprised he was to see an old blind rat walking along holding in his mouth one end of a piece of stick, another rat had the other end in his mouth, and so the two journeyed together, the rat who could see thus safely conducting his blind companion.

Another sagacious rat once saved a minister from being burned to death. The rat had been fed and petted by the minister till he grew quite tame and very fond of his master. He would run all over him, just as he pleased, and always liked to be with him. The minister was in the habit of reading in bed by the light of a lamp placed close beside,—a very dangerous practice, by-the-by, which I hope you will never follow. One night he had fallen asleep in this way, and was suddenly awoke by a sharp pain in his cheek, like a bite. He jumped up, and saw his bed-curtains in a blaze. He was just able to escape with his life, but his house was burned down. He never saw his little favourite again. The faithful creature had perished in the flames; but on his master's cheeks were the marks of tiny teeth, and he felt quite sure that the rat had seen his danger and bitten his face to wake him up that he might escape.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

SUFFER the little children
who are strong and well
and gay
To come to Me and learn how sweet
it is to praise and pray;
My blessing will no sorrow give, I
will their sunshine be,
My grace shall teach them how to
live. Come, happy ones, to Me.

Suffer the little children who are
weak and very faint

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To come and breathe upon My
breast their every childish
plaint;
My arms the lambs will gather, My
breast their fold will be,
I will bear them to their Father.
Come, feeble ones, to Me.

And let the little children who are
weak and suffering much
Come to their best Physician, My
garments let them touch.
I can give health, if that be best,
can bid the fever flee,
Or cause the sickness to be blest.
Come, suffering ones, to Me.

And let the little children who are
dying, fading fast,
Come to My arms for ever,—their
pains are nearly past.
Poor weeping mother, it is I; O,
do not troubled be!
It is sweet for holy babes to die.
Come, dying ones, to Me.

EMMA TATHAM.

HOW TO GET HEAVEN.

A LITTLE boy was walking in the fields with his mother one day. He looked up to the sky, and said, "O mother! heaven is so far off, I'm afraid I shall never get there."

"My dear," said his mother, "heaven must come to us before we can go to it."

He didn't understand what she meant. Then she told him what Jesus said when He was on earth. These were His words: "If a man love Me,.. My Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him." Jesus is willing to come into your heart. He is standing and knocking for you to let Him in. And when He comes in, He brings heaven with Him. He will make a heaven in your heart, if you will let Him come and dwell there; but if we don't let Him come and dwell in our hearts here, He won't let us go and dwell with Him hereafter. "Heaven must come to us before we can go to heaven."

THE POST IN OTHER LANDS AND OLDEN TIMES.

LAST month I told you a little about our English Postal System, and the various ingenious methods that are employed for conveying letters safely and quickly to their destination. Perhaps you would like to hear something now about the post in other lands, and in olden times.

If you have read your Bible

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carefully, you may have noticed that posts are mentioned two or three times in the Old Testament. We are told in 2 Chronicles xxx., that when Hezekiah "wrote letters" to "all Israel and Judah," asking them to come up to Jerusalem "to keep the Passover," that "the posts went with the letters;" and in Esther viii. 10, we read that Mordecai "sent letters by posts on horseback, and riders on mules, camels, and young dromedaries." Job says, (ch. ix. 25,) "My days are swifter than a post."

Now you must not think of a post-office in the land of Uz, and an express mail-train carry-

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ing the letters swiftly along, or of any regular system of posts. Job probably was thinking of the speed of a man mounted on a dromedary, hurrying along as fast as the animal's four legs could carry him. He would be the bearer of some special message. The dromedary was chosen for such errands rather than the horse, because, although the horse goes much faster for a time, it gets tired sooner, and needs more rest and food; so you see the dromedary though slower is much surer, and can really get over more ground in less time than the horse, owing to its wonderful power of keeping steadily on without stopping to take rest or to eat.

Cyrus, King of Persia, of whom you have read in the Bible as being so remarkably raised up by God to release His people from captivity, hit upon a plan for sending important letters more quickly than had ever been done in the East before. He found out how long a horse could keep up its greatest speed, then when it began to get at all tired, there would be a fresh horse ready to relieve it, which in its turn would be relieved by another, and so on, —fresh horses being placed in stables at convenient distances along the route,—so as to have the benefit of the full speed of them all. This method of posting was employed until quite lately in Persia and Turkey, and is still kept up in Syria. In Upper Egypt the post is carried by our steady friend the dromedary, who has been known to travel eighty miles a day by dint of sheer perseverance.

The letters that leave our own country for foreign lands, are taken by the mail steamers. They are put on board in different coloured boxes. Each place at which the steamer calls has its own particular colour for its letter-box, so that it may be quickly distinguished from the others when the place is reached. It takes only a week for the steam-packet to get from England to Canada, but many of the American letters have a very long journey afterwards, right into the Far West, where all the roads and rivers are quite covered over with snow and ice, and the only means of travelling is in sleighs.

You will see in the Cut on page 55, one of these post-sleighs drawn by six little dogs, and driven by an American Indian. No European could bear the exposure and intense cold, as most of the travelling

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has to be done by night, lest the dazzling whiteness of the light on the snow in the day-time, should injure the driver's eyes or entirely blind them.

Among the ice and snow of Northern Asia the reindeer is employed to draw the mail sledge.

Another curious kind of post-men are Tappal runners of India, who have to carry the letters through the thick jungle and districts where no vehicle can get along. Each runner is armed with a long pole, on which are a number of brass rings. As the men run the rings

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make a tinkling noise, which helps to frighten away the serpents that abound in the jungle. Two torch-bearers go with each party of runners, one before and one behind, and the whole company make the air ring with hideous cries and yells, which, with the blazing light of the torches, scare away wild beasts. This kind of travelling, as you may suppose, is dangerous work, yet the poor fellows are badly paid. Railways, however, are being made now in many parts of India. They are cut even through some of the jungles. The noise of the trains is quite sufficient to scare away wild beasts, so while they take away some of the *romance*, or, as you would say, the fun and adventure of postmen's work, they also save them from the terrible danger and difficulty of their jungle journey.

G. E. S.

THE SNOWDROP'S MISSION.

"WHAT use am I in the world?" piteously exclaimed a little Snowdrop one morning in early Spring. "It's so cold, and I'm sure I'm of no use."

It was indeed a cold and cheerless day, for hill and dale lay enveloped in a thick mantle of snow, and the cold wind whistled and moaned through the naked branches of the trees, shaking the tender leaves of the Snowdrop, as if intent on scattering them before its wintry blast; the wind seemed to be angry to see the bright harbinger of Spring, for it knew its blustering reign was nearly over, and that the white floweret was the promise of bright sunshiny days when the cold wind would be forgotten. So in revenge the wind gave the little flower some strong shakes.

"O dear me!" sighed the Snowdrop, "this is dreadful, to be blown about like this: what was I put in the world for?"

"Wait patiently a little longer," gently whispered an Evergreen growing near, who saw the drooping head of its little neighbour, "brighter days will soon be here."

The Snowdrop raised its head at these encouraging words, and began to anticipate brighter days, hoping she might be of some use in the world.

In a few days, as the Evergreen had predicted, the sun, so welcome after winter snows,

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shot forth his brilliant rays, and under their influence the snow and frost gave place to warmth and sunshine.

The little Snowdrop grew in a shady nook of a beautiful garden, overshadowed by majestic trees, but notwithstanding that the Spring had come it was the only flower there. One bright morning, just after it had been bathed in sparkling dew, and was looking more lovely than ever, a pretty little girl came tripping down the path, and her eye lighting on the little Spring flower she ran towards it, exclaiming in joy, "O, what a pretty little Snowdrop! it's the first I have seen this Spring." She stooped and picked it carefully, and ran back into the house to show it to her mother. It was placed in a glass of water, where it fell to wondering at the sudden change in its position, and speculating as to what might happen next.

* * * * *

In a small but pretty cottage lived a widow and her only daughter, a sweet child of twelve, who was now laid on a bed of sickness, and not likely ever again to trip about the cottage with her light footstep and ringing laugh, making sunshine wherever she went: she was her mother's joy and pride, and that mother's heart sank within her at the thought of her darling going from her, although she knew she would be safely folded on the tender Shepherd's bosom. She was sitting by her child's bedside one bright Spring afternoon, knitting, and watching little Minnie's slumbers, thinking of her own sad lot, and trying to pierce the veil of the future, which is so kindly hidden from us by an all-wise Father, when she saw Minnie's soft blue eyes raised lovingly to hers. "Dear mother," whispered the child, "don't be so sad, God will take care of you, and you will soon come to meet me there; I am very sorry to leave you, dear mother, but *so* glad to go home."

Her soft eyes closed as if in weariness and pain, but soon she opened them, and brightly said,—

"I should like to have seen the beautiful flowers once more, mother, but there are none yet, are there?"

"No, darling," replied her mother, "but they will soon be here in a week or two."

"Mother," asked the little girl after a pause, "will Amy come to-day? I want to see her *so* much."

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"Perhaps, darling," the mother answered, hoping little Amy might come to cheer Minnie's solitude, for Amy was Minnie's dearest friend; but she lived some distance from the village, and could not come very often to see her.

The next minute a rosy-cheeked child, about Minnie's age, with dark hair and sparkling brown eyes, burst into the room, and both Minnie and her mother exclaimed,

"O, Amy, how kind of you to come; we have just been wishing it so much."

She rushed up to Minnie and threw her arms lovingly around her fair neck, kissing her heartily, and then out of a little basket of fruit which she had brought for Minnie, she took a lovely Snowdrop and placed it in her little friend's hand.

"Look, dear," said Amy, "I have brought you a Snowdrop, the first I have seen this year; I found it in my garden this morning; it is not much, but I knew you would like it."

Little Minnie's "O, thank you, Amy darling!" came from a very grateful heart, as she gazed on the little flower; it was just what she had wished to see before she died, for she knew she should never again wander side by side with her dear little friend through fields and woods picking sweet wild flowers, and now she was content, with the Snowdrop at her bedside, to give up all hopes of seeing other flowers. Often and often in hours of weariness and suffering it stood there to remind her of the gracious Father who had made it and her. As she looked at its pure white petals, her thoughts would fly upward to the tender Shepherd who was soon to fold this little lamb to His bosom. Minnie and the Snowdrop faded together, one to pass into the bright skies and be welcomed by a loving Saviour, the floweret to lay pressed in the widow's Bible, from whence she would often take it, and weep over it as she thought of her lost Minnie, who treasured it to the last day of her life; and sometimes, with the withered Snowdrop in her hand, she would tell little children the sweet story of her daughter's life, and of the dear Saviour she loved and the bright heaven where she hoped soon to meet her.

Was the Snowdrop of no use in the world? I think it was of great use, for it brightened the weary life of a little sufferer. And cannot we, dear

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children, do some little act of kindness every day to cheer some sad heart, and shed a ray of sunshine wherever we go? I am sure the smallest of us can; let us try.

HELEN.

THE CUCKOO AND THE SPARROWS.

THE cuckoo, as perhaps my little readers may have heard, is such a lazy bird that she never takes the trouble to build herself a nest, or to hatch her own eggs, but drops them into some other bird's nest, generally a sparrow's, and leaves them to be hatched with the young sparrows. The cuckoo is larger and stronger than the little sparrows, and makes himself very disagreeable to them by stealing the worms out of their mouths, which the mother sparrow brings for her own little ones.

As the cuckoo grows bigger, he tries to turn the sparrows out one by one, so as to have all the nest for himself, and he generally succeeds; but sometimes the little sparrows are too sharp for him, they all unite in real earnest, and each one puts forth his utmost strength; so with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull altogether, they manage to put the intruder out of the nest, and so get rid of their great enemy.

Is not this something like the struggle that goes on in our hearts every day? The fight between the good nature and the bad.

I heard a cuckoo scream in a child's heart-nest one day, the cuckoo's name was Bad-temper. The little sparrows, Truth, Love and Obedience, were almost frightened to death, and huddled away trembling to one corner of the nest. They were too terrified to try to turn Bad-temper out, and forgot that if they did not, he would some day turn them out or starve them to death.

There was another reason why they did not fight against the cuckoo, and I should like you all to notice this: some of the sparrows had indulged him so long and become so used to him, that they had actually grown rather fond of him, and ceased to think of him as a hateful intruder. You know what I mean, dear children. If we give way to sin,—even what we call little sins,—we lose our dislike and fear of it; and sin is so strong in all our hearts,

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that unless we are really in earnest, and wish above everything to be rid of it, we cannot conquer.

But no little child, or grown-up person either, can conquer the great powerful cuckoo-sin for himself. We must pray very earnestly to God that He may, for Christ's sake, first show us how ugly and hateful sin is, and then give us His grace and strength to overcome it.

THE MINISTER OF THE SYNAGOGUE.

"And He closed the book, and He gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on Him."—LUKE IV. 20.

THE *minister*, or servant of the synagogue, appears to be the same whom the Jewish writers call the *chazan*. He seems to have been an inferior officer, who neither read nor taught, but who kept the synagogue. One of his functions was to take charge of the sacred books, to produce them from the chest, to deliver them to the reader, and to receive them back again.

He sat down, not in His own place, but in the desk where He had read the Scripture, by which it was obvious that He designed to preach, and their eyes were fastened on Him; for teachers instructed their auditories in a sitting posture. The custom of preaching from a text of Scripture, which now prevails throughout all the Christian churches, seems to have derived its origin from the authority of this example.

YOUTHFUL BIOGRAPHY:

WILLIE BANFIELD.

WILLIE BANFIELD was born on the 5th of June, 1859, in a little hamlet near the village of Trewoon, in the St. Austell Circuit. Poor Willie had had scarcely any religious instruction, having never heard the name of Him who loves little children and has bidden them to come to Him, except on very occasional visits to the village Sunday-school; but he was led in a remarkable manner by the Holy Spirit to seek and find the Saviour.

One afternoon, about two months before his death, as he sat alone in the kitchen of the

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farm-house in which he was employed, he thought he saw a bright light on the wall. Now this may have been the reflection of something outside the window, or the boy's fancy, for the Cornish peasantry are very superstitious, but the fright was the means of arousing Willie's conscience, and a very real light shone that afternoon in Willie's soul, for the Holy Spirit of God showed him that he was a sinner; and not feeling well at the time, he began to think very solemnly about death. When he reached home Willie said to his mother, "Mother, I shall die."

Soon after this Willie became really ill, and was very much distressed about his soul, crying constantly, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" His uncle, who had a short time before found the Saviour, told him to cry day and night for mercy. This only increased Willie's distress, for he knew nothing of the simple way of salvation, and in agony of soul begged his mother to send for Mr. G—, a devoted and experienced Christian, to pray with him. Mr. G— was soon at little Willie's bedside, and found his sorrow was of a godly sort. He explained faith, and showed him how to come to Jesus. Willie listened with intense eagerness to the instruction which was the blessed Gospel news that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." All night he repeated the words to himself, until he realised that God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned his sins and made him His child. The next day two of Christ's faithful followers visited him. When they entered the cottage the sound of joy and praise gladdened them. Willie had found the Saviour, and knew that very soon he would be folded in His bosom.

His illness was brief; but though in great pain, each day brought more joy in the hope of heaven. He would often say, "I shall soon be home." Once he said, "Mother, the angels are come, go down-stairs, it will break your heart to see me die." The night before his death he said to a lady who sat beside him, "The angels are come again. I shall soon be with Jesus." Thus his happy spirit was borne on angels' wings to heaven,—

"Glad the summons to obey."

He was not quite ten years old when he died. In less than one short week after finding the Saviour he was with Him in

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Paradise. Little readers, you have heard much more about Jesus than Willie had. Is the Gospel as good news to you as it was to him? and have you begun to love and serve Willie's Saviour?

J. M'K.

SHORT SENTENCES FOR YOUNG THINKERS.

xxv. Do nothing in thy passion; why wilt thou put to sea in the violence of a storm?

xxvi. Idleness is the sepulchre of a living man.

xxvii. Let your heart be close, and your countenance open.

xxviii. Conciliating manners command esteem.

xxix. Concealing faults is but adding to them.

xxx. Truth never fears rigid examination.

xxxi. Base manners will soil the finest clothes.

xxxii. Overcome evil with good.

xxxiii. Hasty climbers have sudden falls.

xxxiv. Nothing is impossible to a willing mind.

xxxv. It is a shame to be thought unworthy of trust.

xxxvi. The glory of a man is a good conscience.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR BIBLE READERS.

I.

Where in the Bible are the following familiar and often quoted expressions to be found?

1. I know not the day of my death.
2. Only this once.
3. I have learned by experience.
4. Be sure your sin will find you out.
5. Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil.
6. To obey is better than sacrifice.
7. Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.
8. Judge not according to the appearance.

The answers will be given next month.

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KITTY KING.

CHAPTER III.—KITTY A KITTEN.

"I WISH I was a kitten," said Kitty one day, pouting over her book; "then I shouldn't wear shoes or learn spelling, or have to behave myself. I shouldn't be naughty, and feel so sorry for it afterwards."

"That's 'cause you've got a soul," said Bridget.

"Then I don't want to have a soul," said Kitty, hastily.

"When you have the stomach-ache, do you want to get rid of your stomach, or the ache?" asked Bridget.

"Why, the ache, Bridget, of course; what could I do without a stomach? Maybe I ate something to hurt me," said the child.

"Sure," said Bridget; "and when you feel a soul-ache, it shows you've been doing wrong, and it hurts you; and it's that you want to get rid of, not your soul."

"Medicine won't cure that," said Kitty.

"The right sort will," answered Bridget.

"What?" asked Kitty.

"What do you and your 'ma do when you have done wrong?" asked Bridget.

Kitty thought, then she said, "We go and tell Jesus, and we pray for His forgiveness, and I ask Him for His Holy Spirit to help me to do right, and to *like* to do right; at least, I should, but I don't always."

"And that's the reason the Lord's called the Great Physician," said Bridget; "'cause He doctors the soul. Scripture tells about it. He has different sorts of medicines: sometimes 'tis forgiveness, sometimes His love, and sometimes stripes, according as we need; and we feel so much better after it."

Kitty still looked pouty. "Well," she said, "I *do* wish I was a kitten; I'd be one this minute if I could." For this little child, like many older people, thought more of escaping difficulties than of overcoming them.

"O, well," said Kitty's mamma, who sat sewing in the next room, and overheard the talk, "suppose you *be* one;

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you can give up all Kitty King's duties, and be a kitten."

"And do nothing but play all day?" cried Kitty, jumping up, and clapping her hands.

"Do nothing but what kittens do," said her mother.

"Then I'll mew at this old book," cried she, throwing it down on the floor; "and you can't ask me to pick it up, Bridget, because I'm a kitten."

"Sure," said Bridget; "and as your mamma has no little girl now, maybe she won't want me to stay; for she did not hire me to take care of kittens, but a little girl."

"No," added mamma, "kittens take care of themselves."

Kitty looked sober; but presently she got down on the carpet, went about on all fours, and capered round as much like a kitten as could be. She mewed at Bridget, but Bridget, not understanding cat-talk, took no notice of her.

Not long after, a lady called on her mamma, to ask her to go and see a beautiful picture of Jerusalem. "Mamma, you promised to let *me* go," cried Kitty, jumping up; "I want to see where the Jews lived."

"I promised to let my own little girl go," said mamma; "but it would be foolish to take a kitten; it cannot understand the beautiful picture; very likely it would only think of catching its tail."

Kitty laughed, for she saw that if she gave up her duties, she must be content to give up her privileges also.

At dinner, no Kitty's chair was set at the table, or her plate or napkin. She followed her parents to the dining-room, and, true to kittenhood, played about their feet under the table, and sometimes mewed to her papa. He stroked her hair, but said nothing, for kittens could not understand his talk.

Kitty wondered if she were to have no dinner. O, yes; her mamma directed Bridget to feed the kitten in the kitchen. How did Kitty like that? I do not know, or how she passed the afternoon; but at bed-time she wondered Bridget did not come to undress and wash her. "Bridget," she said at last, "isn't it my bed-time?"

"I don't know," answered Bridget; "kittens go to sleep almost any time. They don't need any help, your mamma says, to go to bed with."

Kitty looked almost ready to cry as she busied herself undressing and going to bed all

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by herself. But how *could* she go to sleep without her mother's sweet twilight talk, and their evening prayers together? And Kitty curled herself up on the bed, not like a little happy kitten, but a poor, unhappy little girl as she was.

Presently she called out in a distressed tone, "Mamma, mamma!" and her mother heard her, and came to her little daughter's bedside. "O, mamma," she cried, "arn't you going to pray with me? I'm Kitty King again. I'd rather be Kitty King with a soul, than eight kittens without one. Mamma, I'd rather *do* things and learn, and be papa's companion and have you talk with me about being like Jesus, and thank God for His goodness, and pray. I'd rather do *hard* things than play all the time. I'd rather mind everybody than have nobody to mind or to care for me. O, mamma, I'm your own Kitty again, your little daughter; teach me to be good, mamma, and help me to be God's good child!" and she laid her curly head on her mother's shoulder, while the tears ran down her cheeks.

And the little girl learned that day what older people are too slow to learn, that change of condition brings no escape from trial, and that the best way is to master evils, rather than to shrink from them.

GENTLENESS, AND ITS REWARD.

TWO boys applied for a place in a gentleman's warehouse. One was older than the other, and had some experience in the business. Being the son of a rich man he was well dressed. The younger boy was the son of a poor widow. His clothes were worn, but well mended and perfectly clean, and his face had a quiet, honest expression, which impressed a stranger favourably. Though the older boy came recommended from a gentleman whom the merchant highly esteemed, he decided in favour of the widow's son, much to the surprise of every one who knew him.

The two boys came together at the hour appointed, and the merchant was on his own doorstep at the same time. Just then a poor little shivering child crossed the street, and as she stepped on the sidewalk her foot slipped on the icy stones, and she fell in the half-melted

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snow. The older boy laughed at her sorry appearance—the water dripping from her thin, ragged clothes; but the child began crying bitterly, and searching for four pennies which had dropped when she fell. William, the younger boy, hastened to her side and helped to look for them. Two were found in the snow, the other two were probably in the little icy pool beside the curbstone. William bravely stripped up his sleeve, plunged his hand down into the water, and groped about until one of the missing pennies was found, but the other seemed hopelessly lost.

"I am afraid that can't be found, little girl," he said, pleasantly.

"Then I can't get the bread," sobbed the child, "and mother and the children will have no dinner."

"There is a penny," said William, taking one from a little purse which contained but few more; and then he made haste to wash his hand in the snow and dry it on his coarse white handkerchief.

The merchant had observed all this, and after some conversation with William, said he would be willing to take him for a time on trial. By the end of his month of probation he had become such a favourite with all parties that the agreement was renewed for a year.

The secret of William's success was his politeness and kindness. The merchant knew that the boy who would be polite to a poor ragged child would never be impolite to customers. Remember, that a boy who is uniformly polite in his behaviour, has ten chances of success in the world where a rude boy has one; and always try to carry out the Scriptural instructions, "Be pitiful, be courteous," and "Be ye kind one to another."

DON'T DESPISE SMALL THINGS.

SOME years ago, a gentleman who was visiting a farmer, took from his pocket a small potato, which somehow had got in there at home. It was thrown out with a smile, and the farmer took it into his hands to look at it. A curious little boy, twelve years of age, standing at his elbow, asked what it was. "O," said he, "nothing but a potato, my boy; take it and plant it, and you shall have all that you can raise from it until you

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are of age." The lad took it, and the farmer thought no more about it at the time. The boy, however, not despising "small potatoes," carefully divided it into as many pieces as he could find eyes, and put them into the ground. In the autumn the product was carefully put aside, and planted the following spring, and so on till the fourth year, when the yield being good, the actual product was four hundred bushels. The farmer, seeing the prospect that the potato-field would, by another year, cover the whole farm, asked to be released from his promise.

FLOWERS OFFERED IN THE BUD.

WHEN I was very young, I used to enjoy reading and hearing about little children who loved Jesus, and were early taken to live with Him in heaven, and this verse of Dr. Watts was a great favourite with me:—

"When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in His eyes;
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice."

But one thought often puzzled and troubled me, and perhaps the same difficulty may have occurred to some of the readers of the "Early Days" now. It was this:—Were the little buds always plucked off, and did they never come to blossoms on earth, but were they always sacrificed, and taken to heaven to open there? Or, in other words, Do good boys and girls always die young, and never grow up into good men and women? When I was a little older, I began to read the lives of good men and women, (I hope you will soon, they are so interesting, better almost than any other sort of reading, except the Bible,) and then I found the answer to my question. Many of them had begun to serve God in early childhood, and theirs were among the best and holiest Christian lives. This was just what I expected, and I think you would, too. Perhaps you remember several very good people about whom we are told in God's Word, who tried to please and serve Him as children.

"O, yes," I think I hear you say, "there was little Samuel;" and you know what an upright holy man he grew up to be, and how all the people respected and looked up to him, and how

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the Lord God used to speak to him, when almost everybody else was too wicked to understand His voice. Then there was Josiah, the boy-king, who, "while he was yet young, began to seek after the God of David his father;" and then set manfully to work to reform his kingdom, and bring his people to seek God, too. We could mention others, but above all, the "Holy Child Jesus."

There are many reasons why it is far better to give our hearts to God as little children, than when we grow older.

I want you to look at these two gardens: One is newly made. The beds are all laid out, but scarcely anything is planted in them. A few weeds are springing up, but they are fresh and slender, and may be easily removed. Now for the other. Is it a garden at all? It looks more like a wilderness. It is so overgrown with grass and weeds that you can't tell where the path ends and the beds begin. They are not little weeds here, but tall, thick thistles, with *such* roots and stems!

"Now, my boy," says your father, "you may have one of these gardens; choose which you like." I know which you will choose—the empty one. You will have comparatively little trouble with that, but the other will take days or weeks to put in order. The great weeds will have to be mown down or burnt up, and the ground all well dug over before anything can be planted.

Now these two gardens just show the difference between the heart of a little child, and the heart of a man or woman who has grown up in sin. O, I do want my dear little readers to turn to God before their hearts are all overgrown by the weeds of sin that are springing up so fast, and will grow stronger every day, until they give their hearts to Jesus, and ask Him to root them out.

"But arn't good children very stupid? Don't they think it wrong to play at jolly games, and feel they are wasting time unless they are reading the Bible and praying all day?"

O, no! it is Satan that tries to cheat little folks into fancying such foolish things. Christian children are quite as fond of fun and play as others, if it is not unkind or wicked fun; and I think few children really like that sort; it makes them feel so bad afterwards. Ah, children who love Jesus are far

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happier than those who do not; for they work and play, and do all for Jesus, and this makes them very bright and happy.

Did you ever hear any one say, "I am sorry I began to serve Jesus so soon; I wish I had worn Satan's yoke longer"?

O, no; but many say, "O that I had known my precious Saviour years ago! How could I live so long without His smile!"

"How old are you, my dear?" asked a minister one morning of a bright little girl who walked home from chapel beside him.

"Twelve, Sir," said the little maiden.

"Are you? I wish I was twelve."

"Whatever for?" asked the child, wonderingly.

"Because I didn't love Jesus when I was twelve. I didn't begin till I was sixteen, and now I can never love Him at twelve. I wish you would begin to love Him at twelve, for me, will you?"

The little girl looked very thoughtful, and then she said, "I'll try."

A few weeks after, she met her friend again.

"O, Sir," she cried, "I do love Jesus now, for you and for myself, too; and it makes me so happy!"

Little girls and boys, of twelve or younger, who read this, you will feel so happy all your lives if you begin to love Jesus now, and keep on loving Him.

If you had to go a long journey in one short day, at what time would you start—early in the morning, wouldn't you? and not go off a long walk first in another direction, and then, when the night was coming on, turn back, weary and footsore, to the right path.

But this is what many foolish people think of doing about their journey to heaven. O, it is much better to start in the early morning of life; to offer God the fresh young buds, and not the withering leaves. Don't wait till you have nothing left for God but—

"The dregs of a polluted life."

Just one word specially to you big boys and girls, who think you are hardly buds at all, and who have a sort of horror of being spoken to about religion, even by your mothers; and who, if the minister calls, walk out of the room for fear he should begin to ask you about your souls. Now, what are you afraid of? You mean

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to be good men and women when you grow up, I suppose, and, of course, you want to go to heaven when you die? But when are you going to seek religion—when you begin business? You'll need a confirmed trust in God then, but it will not be a good time to commence to seek Him. When you get settled in life? O, you girls will know what the cares of life mean then—the thorns that choke the good seed. No, no, begin at once; you will never find so good a time, and you will never regret your choice.

I well remember the deep impression made upon my mind, when about fourteen years old, by hearing a very earnest and devoted servant of Jesus give an account of his conversion at the age of fourteen. "I am thoroughly ashamed," he said, "when I think of so many wasted years of my life. I do most heartily regret that I did not begin to serve God much earlier." I could tell you other instances of the same kind, but I must end my little sermon, or you will all be tired of reading it.

As the months go on, I may give you a few little accounts of some of the children who gave their hearts to God in early life, and grew up to be remarkably good men and women.

"Little children, happy children,
With your bright and winsome ways,
Faces glowing with the radiance
Of your happy early days,—
Little tender-hearted maidens,
Merry boys with sunny brow,—
I would ask you one short question;
Answer me, I pray you, now!

"Life is lying all before you
With its pathways yet untrod,
One that leadeth to destruction,
One that leadeth up to God:
Each of you must choose a pathway
For your little feet to go;
Upward to a home in glory,
Downward to a death of woe!

"Little children, have you chosen
What your future life shall be?
Have you tried to look beyond it,
Or its far-off end to see?
Jesus Christ, the children's Shepherd,
Waiteth long to know your choice;
He alone can safely guide you;
Listen to His warning voice!"

G. E. S.

MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in a narrative of his personal history, gives the following caution to youths:—

"If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such readers remember that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in

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my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and I would this moment give half of the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by so doing I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

SYMPATHY.

ALL my young readers know what sympathy means. They know how nice it is when anything has made them very glad or very sorry, to go to a brother or sister or friend and tell all about it, and find an ear ready to listen, and a heart that understands just what they feel.

I wonder if any of them have ever thought how pleasant it would be to be the owner of that listening ear and loving heart which give so much pleasure and soothe so much pain. Perhaps some of you have begun to love Jesus, and you wish you could do something for Him, but you suppose you must wait for this, as for so many other things you want to do, till you are "grown-up." But I will tell you something that the very youngest of you can do, this very day if you like. Try to enter into the joys and sorrows of others, and you will be surprised to find how much even a child can do to brighten people's lives. When you see them in trouble you can do more than just feel sorry for the moment, you can go to them and try and speak to them just as you would like if you were in their place.

Suppose when you come down in the morning you find your little brother crying because he cannot find his pocket-knife, you can tell him you hope he will find it, and you can help him to look for it. And even if it is not found, he will feel comforted to think that you share his trouble. Perhaps one of your school-fellows has rather a tiresome habit of talking always on the same subject. Instead of getting impatient you can listen quietly, just showing by a word now and then that you take an interest in his plans and pleasures.

Some children, ay, and older people, too, are so full of themselves, that they cannot listen for five minutes together. Something will always remind them of their own doings, and then they will interrupt their companion, and their tongue will rattle on so fast that he will see plainly that there is no

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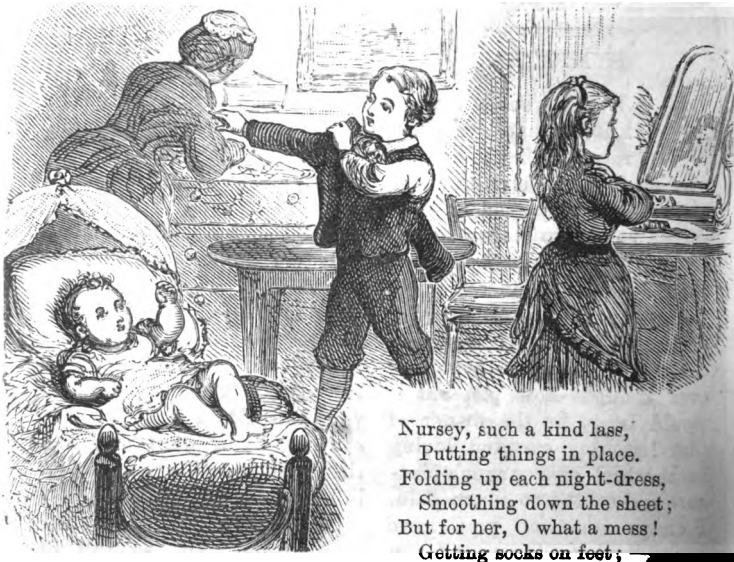
chance of getting sympathy from them. You have felt vexed sometimes when others have treated you like this. Take care that you are not the offender. These ways of showing sympathy may seem very trifling in themselves, but they are not too small for Jesus to see and be pleased with; and let us never forget that—

"Little things, on little wings,
Bear little souls to heaven."



EARLY DAYS.

BABY in the cradle,
Kicking up his toes,
Johnny by the table,
Getting on his clothes;
Alice at the looking-glass,
Gazing at her face,
Nursey, such a kind lass,
Putting things in place.
Folding up each night-dress,
Smoothing down the sheet;
But for her, O what a mess!
Getting socks on feet;
Putting on the little shoes,
Each a tiny pair,
Soon when from the nursery
To patter on the stair.

Breakfast in the parlour,
Little doggy Muff,—
Not the least a snarler,
But a little rough,—

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Skips about and barks about,
Dodging round the table,
Pushing up his funny snout
As far as he is able.

Then upon his hind legs
Sits he up so prim,—
This is how the doggy begs,
Give a piece to him!

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PRAY ABOUT EVERYTHING.

I SHOULD like the little readers of "Early Days" to form a habit, while they are young, of praying about everything. I once knew a little girl whose good mother very frequently took her, with her sister, to their room to pray with them. She taught them always to take every little want and trouble to God in prayer. One day the little girl was dreadfully frightened by a bad boy, who took delight in teasing little children; and for weeks the poor child dare not go near the boy alone.

One day, some time after this, her mamma asked her to go to a shop which was close to the house where this boy lived. O, how fast her little heart began to beat!

Her kind mamma saw her hesitation, and asked, "Are you afraid to go alone, my dear?"

The little girl was just going to say, "Yes, mamma," but she remembered what she had been taught so often about God's willingness to hear prayer; so she said, "I will ask God to take care of me, and then I shall not be afraid, mamma."

She ran into another room, and kneeling down, prayed, "O God, take care of me, and may I not be frightened, for Jesus Christ's sake!" Then with a light heart she skipped away, quite believing that God would hear her prayer; and He did hear her, for He not only took care of her, but gave her courage.

Some little people are afraid of being left in the dark when in their beds: now if they would do as this child did, I think they would soon cease to fear. Dear children, do not think anything too trifling to tell Jesus.

E. A. H.

TO EVERY ONE HIS WORK.

"HOW do you do, poor little Bung? what a monotonous life yours must be!" Thus cried the gay Flag of a vessel, as he looked contemptuously down from his elevated position upon an old barrel of water, in a corner of the deck, which was fastened up by the object of his pity. "And your miserable companions, too, the hoops and the nails. Poor dears! but I suppose you have no ambition, and are perhaps happy in your humble position. I'm glad I wasn't born so; what would the

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'Swan' do without me, I should like to know?"

"Ah! yes, Mr. Flag, Sir, I wish I were as handsome as you; how nice it must be to lead such an active life," sadly replied the Bung.

"We arn't of much use in the world," chimed in the Hoops and the Nails in a chorus.

"No, indeed!" peevishly continued the Bung; "and no one notices poor me, stuck here in this ugly old barrel; not a bit of use in the world; if only I had some honourable work to do like you!"

"Your prospects are indeed very gloomy, if you intend moping in your present position for ever and aye," said the Flag. "I should certainly try to do something in the world if I were you."

"How? how?" breathlessly cried the Bung, Hoops and Nails.

"O, I don't know; you haven't much spirit; but at any rate you would have to leave your present situations."

"My dears, don't listen to him," said old Mrs. Barrel, earnestly; "however small and insignificant, we have all some special work to do: without you, what would become of me and the water I contain? Be content, and remain where you have been placed!"

"And so we will, ma'am," cried the Hoops and the Nails; but Bung, who, like many young people, thought himself wiser than his elders, announced his intention of leaving their society.

"Farewell," he said; "when next you hear of me I hope it will be as filling some post of honour."

With that he jerked himself out of the hole; and the water rushing out, soon spread over the deck.

For many days no breeze had been blowing; no rain had fallen, and fresh water had become very scarce; so that the astonishment and horror of the sailors at the sight of the spilt water was unbounded. A part of the barrel's precious contents still remained, owing to the faithfulness of the hoops and the nails. Every day made each drop more precious; and had it not been for this water, the death of all on board, from thirst, would have been inevitable.

Ah, how glad were the Hoops and Nails now, that they had listened to the advice of good Mrs. Barrel!

But soon the barrel was

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drained; and for a day or two the passengers were in anguish. None thought of vaunting Mr. Flag in those days. At last the longed-for rain came down to relieve their sufferings, but not before one poor fellow had died of the dreadful thirst.

Poor Bung, who had been picked up by a little girl, and now lay indeed a useless thing amongst her toys, was inconsolable. "O," thought he, "if only I had kept to my hole, and had been content to do the humble but important duty assigned to me!"

A. J. E.

CHARLEY'S TEMPTATION.

CHARLEY BARKER, while on his way to school one day, met some boys who were playing a game of marbles. He was very fond of this amusement, but there was no time to spare now, for he knew if he stopped to play he would be late for school, and he had never been late yet. But the temptation was strong, for he was known among his schoolfellows as having won many a game; and as soon as Bill Smith, one of the crowd, recognised him, he pressed Charley very hard, just to play one short game.

Charley remembered the time, and told Bill he would willingly do so if he had time, but as he never had been late at school yet, he had no desire to be so this morning.

Bill laughed at him, and called him a fool for caring so much about getting to school early.

Charley hesitated, he could not stand it; for no sooner had Bill Smith thus sneered at him, than several of the other boys tried their powers of persuasion. Instead of taking no heed and going on his way, Charley still lingered. A struggle took place in his heart, conscience loudly called upon him to leave the scene of temptation and hasten to school. But up to this time he had believed himself a brave and courageous lad, and now that his companions called him a coward if he did not play, and chance being late just for once, he yielded to their entreaties.

The game was soon over, and Charley came off victorious as usual, and then he ran as fast as he could, to avoid, if possible, being late.

But it was all in vain; the time had passed more quickly

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than he had any idea of, and when he reached the school he found he was half-an-hour behind time.

It was some little while before he could muster sufficient courage to face the schoolmaster; and when at last he ventured to go in, all the boys viewed him with astonishment, and could scarcely believe their own eyes as they saw Charley Barker enter the door, *late*. When the master had recovered from his surprise he said to him, "Well, Charles, what has made you late this morning?"

Charley hung down his head for a moment, when suddenly recollecting how wrong it was for him to have acted as he had, he said, with tears in his eyes, "Sin, Sir, sin."

"What! Charles? Sin made you late? How strange! Come, tell me all about it."

So Charley told him the whole story. And though very sorry to think his favourite scholar had given way to the entreaties of his bad companions, he yet rejoiced to think he had told the truth.

Had Charley told his master a lie, who can say what the result would have been. As it was, he repented of the wrong he had done, and that one sin made such an impression on his mind that from that time he became a true and faithful disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus.

Dear reader, if you should "be overtaken in a fault," as Charley Barker was, take care to speak the truth about it, and look to God for forgiveness and help to do right in future. Do not take the first wrong step; but if ever you should be surprised into sin, come back to the right path as soon as your conscience tells you that you are in fault.

HENRY ARMSTRONG.

A CHILD'S THOUGHTS ABOUT GOOD FRIDAY.

I'LL lay aside my books and toys,
And only think of Thee,
My gracious Saviour and my Lord,
Who did so much for me.

I'll think about Thy tender love,
Thy suffering and Thy pain;
I cannot understand it all,
But Thou canst make it plain.

I know the thorns were driven in
Thy pure and spotless brow,
They hurt Thee so, I cannot bear
To dwell upon it now.

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And then the hands which kindly drew
The children to Thy knee,
Were pierced with sharp and rugged nails,—
O, dreadful sight to see!

Why did He die that fearful death,
And shed His precious blood?
He never knew a sinful thought,
The Holy Son of God.

It was that I might be forgiven,
And cleans'd from every stain;
To make me fit to go to heaven,
He suffer'd death and pain.

What shall I do to show my love
To Jesus Christ my Lord?
I know He is in heaven above,
By angels bright adored;

And I am but a little child,
So sinful and so weak,
And many naughty, angry words
I know I often speak.

I'll go to God, and pray to Him,
I'll say that Jesus died
To wash away the children's sin,
And keep them near His side.

And when I'm reading, or at work,
Or happy at my play,
I'll think how Jesus died for me,
To take my sins away.

And if my angry tempers rise,
I'll think that God can see,
And try to be His little child,
Because He died for me.

ETHELWYN.

WHOSO CONFESSETH HIS SINS SHALL FIND MERCY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A PRINCE once went on board one of those warships called *galleys;* which, as it is very hard work to row them, are always rowed by prisoners as a punishment. He resolved to set some of the least guilty free; and accordingly he asked one and another what they had done to merit their sentence. Every one to whom he spoke made some excuse for his fault, or tried to make out that he was innocent, till at last one young man said, "I *have* been very wicked, Sir; I have robbed and done much evil.". "O," said the Prince, "such a wicked fellow ought not to be allowed to stay with such innocent men!" And he immediately had him set free.

JANET.

HOW PEARLS ARE FORMED AND FOUND.

MOST of my readers have heard that the beautiful white gems which we call pearls are found inside oyster-shells; but I think they will be interested to know how

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they come to be in such strange resting-places.

I dare say you have often noticed the glistening white lining of an oyster-shell. This is called *mother-of-pearl*, because no shell-fish is able to form pearls unless it can first line its house with this shining substance. Most of the pearls which you see in necklaces or brooches are found inside the shell of one particular kind of oyster; but any *mollusc* (that is, a soft-bodied animal without bone) can produce them, if it have first the power of making mother-of-pearl. In order to do this, it throws from its mouth, one by one, layers of fibres, so delicate and fine that you could scarcely see them, and each covered with a thin veil of lining cement. These are laid in very narrow grooves, side by side, and as the sunlight shines into the shell, these grooves divide the different-coloured rays of light from one another, as they reflect them from their almost transparent surfaces, and so lend to the mother-of-pearl those beautiful colours which you are so fond of looking at, although it has really no colour at all.

Perhaps you wonder why the mollusc takes all this trouble to line its dwelling. It is because its soft body cannot bear the pressure of the hard shell. If holes are eaten in it by sea-worms, the oyster throws out more cement on the top of the pearly lining, to fill up the space and make itself comfortable again. This is the way in which real pearls are formed.

This fact was discovered by Linnæus, a great Swedish naturalist, who drove thin pieces of wire into some oyster-shells, which of course made the fish very uneasy. On opening the shell a little while after, he found the wire quite covered with pearl!

So you see that these gems, that man values so highly, could never be obtained, if somewhere far down in the depths of the sea, poor oysters did not feel uncomfortable!

Thousands of men gain their living by pearl-fishing, particularly in New Guinea and the neighbouring islands. Often the divers tie a stone to one foot and a basket to the other, and thus equipped, go under water, where it is only safe to remain one minute and a half. Sometimes as many as thirty thousand pearl oysters are thus brought out of the sea in one day! This diving is of

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course very dangerous, for if the pearl-fishers were to stay under water one minute too long, it might cost them their lives.

But there is another kind of pearl-diving in which long and earnest search brings no danger, but sure reward. Will you not all be divers in the ocean of God's Truth, for the Pearl of Great Price—a share in the Saviour's love, and power to follow His footsteps? If so, you will find a treasure which will be a blessing to you all your life, and at last will give you a title to enter through the pearly gates of the heavenly city. G. M. A.

YOUTHFUL BIOGRAPHY:

JOHN THOMAS WOODHEAD.

JOHN THOMAS WOODHEAD was born at Bury, Lancashire, in 1858. He was brought under Divine influence when only five years old. Having learned to read, a Bible was given to him, which he diligently used, striving at that early age to live as the Word of God directs. Frequently when returning with his mother from chapel, he would tell her how much he had enjoyed the service.

Being afflicted, when seven years old, with an illness which threatened to prove fatal, he manifested no alarm, but told his friends he was very happy; adding, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

In his diary he registered the date of his conversion in these words: "I gave my heart to God, Sept. 27th, 1868, age ten years." Another entry is, "I first began to meet in my father's Class on the 29th of September, 1868, age ten years." He often recorded how happy he was, and what blessings he received.

His last illness was sudden and severe. On January 16th, 1875, he was in his usual health. Complaining the next day (Sunday) of feeling ill, he did not go to chapel, but read during the greater part of the day. The next day he could not leave his bed, and on the following Friday he fell asleep in Jesus, at Dowlais, in the Merthyr-Tydvil Circuit, at the age of sixteen.

On the Tuesday before his death, he expressed a wish to see his brother; but before he came, said to his father, "Tell him to be a good boy, and meet me in heaven."

When he was in great agony,

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his father inquired if he loved Jesus. The answer was "Yes:" and again, when asked if Jesus loved him, the reply was "Yes." Several times he engaged in prayer; and once, thinking himself face to face with death, he said he would rather die, and prayed, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

He was followed to the tomb by many friends who sympathized with his bereaved parents and brother, and sincerely mourned the loss of a youth of so much promise.

His piety was unquestioned; and his meek, Christian character, combined with his unwavering decision for Christ, was such that, had his life been spared, he would have made an active and useful member of the Church on earth. But God has seen fit to remove him to the Church above, and has already blessed the event, by leading to decision for Christ some in the Sabbath-school who knew and loved him for his consistent life. "He being dead yet speaketh."

To the young, his early removal is a warning that they, too, may die in youth; whilst his piety shows that if not too young to die, they are not too young to live for Christ, and that thus living,

"Death cannot come to him untimely,
Who is fit to die."

J. PEARCE.

SHORT SENTENCES FOR YOUNG THINKERS.

XXXVII. Undutiful children make wretched parents.

XXXVIII. He liveth long that liveth well.

XXXIX. Avoid a slanderer as you would a scorpion.

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XL. Be always at leisure to do good.

XLI. Want of punctuality is a species of falsehood.

XLII. Revenge not injuries, but forgive them.

XLIII. Be circumspect and cautious in whatever you undertake.

XLIV. Method and order are the secret of great workers.

XLV. Do nothing to-day that you are likely to repent of to-morrow.

XLVI. He who presumes on his own strength is soon overcome.

XLVII. Let the rising sun find your eyes open.

XLVIII. Passion is a fever that leaves us weaker than it finds us.

BIBLE QUESTIONS ON THE DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF JESUS CHRIST.

1. In one verse from one of the prophets, the sin-bearing of Jesus is plainly stated to be for "all," and also the need of the Atonement to be universal. Where is the verse to be found?

2. The same prophet tells us that in His agony our Lord wondered that there was none to help and uphold Him. Give the chapter and verse, and say which of the Gospels record the fulfilment of the prophecy.

3. What Psalms are generally taken to be specially prophetic of the sufferings of Jesus?

4. What does an Apostle say the practical effect of the death of Jesus ought to be on those who live?

5. What Evangelist mentions the piercing of Jesus' side in order that the Scripture might be fulfilled: "A bone of Him shall not be broken"?

6. On what memorable occasion were these words first spoken?

7. Where in the New Testament is Christ called "our Passover"?

8. What sign did Jesus give of His death, and His rising again in three days, which was misunderstood by His hearers?

9. When did the disciples remember and understand this and many other signs?

10. How does David prophesy of Christ's triumph over death?

11. In what remarkable sermon did an Apostle prove that these words must refer to David's Lord?

Answers to Bible Questions for Bible Readers in March (*see p.* 64).

1. Genesis xxvii. 2.
2. Exodus x. 17; Judges xvi. 28.
3. Genesis xxx. 27.
4. Numbers xxxii. 23.
5. Exodus xxiii. 2.
6. 1 Samuel xv. 22.
7. Proverbs xxvii. 1.
8. John vii. 24.

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KITTY KING.

CHAPTER IV.—KITTY AND "TRY."

YOU read about Kitty and "Must." You would perhaps like to hear about Kitty and "Try."

Kitty was learning to read. She did not go to school yet; her mother taught her. Kitty longed to read her own little books herself; so, for awhile, she always had "Try" with her at her lessons. But Kitty sometimes made "Try" leave her; then she had a bad time. "Try" helps children to learn their lessons.

One day Kitty's mamma was going shopping. The little girl asked leave to go with her and carry the new twine-bag which her aunty had given her.

"And I'll bring home all the bundles for you," she said.

"Yes, my dear," said her mother, "you may go if you learn your lesson in time; lessons first, you know!"

Kitty ran into the nursery, took her primer, sat down on the stool, and found her place.

"Try, try, try," said Kitty. "Try" was ready to help her. This was her lesson:

"Betty is a naughty girl.
Tom hurt his wrist."

She could read it; and now she was to learn to spell the words without looking at them.

Presently puss came creeping along the floor after a ball of red worsted. Kitty set it rolling with her foot. Puss ran after the ball, and Kitty ran after puss; soon they were in a scramble under the bed. "Try" of course went off, for he came to study, not to play.

"O Kitty!" said Bridget, "your mother will be ready before you, and then she won't wait."

The little girl came back to her primer. "Try" did not come. Puss did, and jumped up in her lap. Kitty called "Try," but he could do nothing with a cat in her lap.

Soon mamma came into the nursery. She sat down to hear Kitty's lesson—"Betty is a naughty girl."

Kitty could spell all but "naughty;"—that she tried many ways, twisting the letters this way and that, but always the wrong way.

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"I don't believe she *was* naughty," said Kitty, looking sorry and discouraged.

Then her mother tried her on the next sentence, and there was another hard word.

Kitty could spell all but "wrist." She tried it with an "r," and a double "r," and a "y," and a "z."

"O," said Kitty, "it begins with that no-business letter, and I can't think what it is."

"I am afraid 'Try' has not been with my little daughter," said mamma, giving her back the primer, and going away.

Kitty sat down with a sad-looking face.

"Try" and "Ill-humour" were both ready to join her, but they never came together. If "Ill-humour" came, "Try" stood aloof; if "Try" came, "Ill-humour" ran away.

Kitty bent over her primer as if she meant to master "naughty" this time.

"Try" now came back, and Kitty studied and studied. Puss came purring along, but she took no notice of her. A hand-organ man ground out music under the window, but Kitty never moved from her low seat. She gave her mind to the lesson; and therefore when her mother returned, she jumped up with a joyful smile:—

"Please hear me, mamma." Every word was spelled right.

Her mamma smiled, and the little girl put on her boots, and ran to fetch her hat, feeling very happy. She had kept the Bible rule, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

FLOWERS OFFERED IN THE BUD.

NO. I.—MARY FLETCHER.

LAST month I promised to tell you a little about the childhood of some of the faithful and earnest servants of Jesus, who bore His yoke in early life. We will begin with a little girl called MARY BOSANQUET, who when she grew up became the wife of the Rev. John Fletcher, of Madeley, one of the holiest, most devoted, ministers of Christ that ever lived.

Mary was born at Leytonstone, near Epping Forest, in 1739, about the time, you know, when Mr. Wesley had begun to preach, and was being used by God to lead so many people to Jesus, who had known nothing of real religion before. Mr.

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and Mrs. Bosanquet were not wicked people; they used to go to church, and I think tried to do right, and wished their children to be good; but they did not know much of the love of Jesus, and so could not tell their little daughter about the tender Saviour who loves children so much, and has bidden them to come unto Him.

But the Holy Spirit did not leave Mary alone, for when only five years old, she began to think very seriously about her soul, and eternal things. Her father used to teach his children the Catechism, on Sunday evenings, and then little Mary would ask him many questions about it. She wanted to know whether anybody ever did love God with all the heart, and whether the Bible really meant what it said; for she felt there was a great difference between what the Word of God tells us a Christian ought to be, and the lives of those who called themselves so. That text, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart..and thy neighbour as thyself," used to puzzle her much. "But I do not love God at all," she thought; "I do not know how to love Him, and as to loving my neighbour as myself, I am sure I do not; for though my sister is dearer to me than any one else, I do not love her as well as myself."

Many other passages of Scripture would trouble her, especially the words, "Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." "I did not feel it a narrow way," she says; "therefore I questioned often whether I was not quite out of the way; yet I believed that if the Lord saw that I was wrong, He would make me right; and sometimes I prayed for it." And the Lord did "make her right," and led her, after much painful seeking, to Himself. Poor child, she sadly wanted some kind friend who knew the Saviour, and who could have explained to her the easy way of salvation, by simple faith in Jesus. She often asked questions about these things; but she was answered by the dangerous, most untrue statements,—that the commands of the Bible were not to be understood literally, and that God did not really require such strict obedience as He so solemnly tells us we must render, if we are His disciples.

Mary began to think that as God did not require obedience to all His commands, He could

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not mean all His threatenings, and so she managed to stifle her convictions for a time; but the thought would come, "Perhaps the Bible *does* mean what it says, and then I am not a Christian."

O, children! who have loving parents and friends to whom you can tell all your difficulties, and who so patiently and plainly show you how to come to Jesus, you can never be half thankful enough for these great blessings: and do not forget that you will one day have to answer for them.

When Mary was nearly seven years old, a servant girl, who had heard the Methodists, and knew something about real religion, came to live with the family. Mary was away from home at the time, but her sister who was five years older than herself, and also seeking Jesus, used often to talk with the girl, and when Mary came back, she told her the substance of those conversations. "O," thought Mary, "if I could only get among the Methodists, I should be sure of salvation!" But on reading some little books, which the servant had lent them, she found out her mistake, and saw that it was not belonging to any people that would save her, but she must be saved by believing, though she had no idea what believing meant.

One day, when Mary was between seven and eight years old, she was wondering, "What can it be to know my sins forgiven, and to have faith in Jesus." "I felt," she says, "my heart rise against God for having appointed a way of salvation so hard to be understood; and with anguish of soul I said, 'If it were to die a martyr I could do it; or to give away all I have; or, when grown up, to become a servant, that would be easy; but I shall never know how to believe.' In that moment these words were applied with mighty power to my soul,—

'Who on Jesus relies, without money or price,
The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys;'

and with joy I cried out, 'I do, I do rely on Jesus! Yes, I do rely on Jesus, and God counts me righteous for what He has done and suffered, and hath forgiven all my sins.' I was surprised that I could not find out this before. I had thought everything easier than to believe; but now I thought the way of believing more easy than any other."

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You may imagine how happy Mary now felt in her Saviour's love; but Satan, that great enemy of all the soldiers of Christ, tried to harass and worry this little Christian. Some time after this, Mary became very poorly. She was afflicted with a strange nervous complaint, which my little readers cannot understand, and I hope they may never know by experience. This made Mary very low-spirited and miserable, and worse still, cross and irritable, so that her mother would sometimes say, "That girl is the most perverse creature that ever lived; I cannot think what has come to her." This was a very unkind and foolish remark to make; the words were spoken in anger, and most likely she hardly knew what she said.

But the sensitive child thought it was quite true, and that she must be more wicked than anybody else. Satan took a mean advantage of this mental trouble, to suggest gloomy, terrifying thoughts to her, particularly that she had sinned the unpardonable sin. Now it is quite impossible for any child to commit this sin; and we hope and believe very rare indeed for a grown-up person; so there is not the slightest need for children to torment themselves in this way. I should not have told you this sad part of Mary's history, but for the recollection of my own early childhood, when I used to lie awake at night, not able to sleep for terror, thinking I had blasphemed against the Holy Ghost. I have since met with a young disciple of Jesus, who told me, that when a very little child, she was tempted in much the same way, so I think it is possible that one of my little readers may have had gloomy thoughts of this kind. If you have, my dear child, remember that it is only a lie of Satan's. Your tender Shepherd never wants His little lambs to be made so miserable; and if you ask Him, He will, I am sure, drive the tempter away from you.

But I must tell you how Mary was brought out of this unhappy state of mind. One day she summoned up courage to tell her trouble to her sister; she had never ventured to do this before, for fear of being misunderstood.

"Why," replied her sister, "you do not *mean* to blaspheme, do you?" In a moment Mary felt the comfort of her sister's question, and a great weight was lifted off her heart. She thought,

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"It may be Satan whispers this into my mind, like what we read about Christian, in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' going through the valley of the shadow of death;" and then she determined always to answer the tempter with these words, "I do not mean to blaspheme; I will acknowledge Christ for ever." In a few days she was quite free from this horrible temptation.

Now you mus'n't think that Mary's religion caused her all this trouble. No, it was her sensitive, nervous nature; for sensitive, nervous people always suffer very greatly. But it is true that, for a time, her religion did not bring her all the comfort and joy that God's children ought to possess, owing to her great need of a wise, spiritual adviser, who could have taught her to look upon God as the loving Father that He is, and on Jesus as her "kind, long-suffering Lord." But the joy and peace came in God's good time, as I hope to tell you next month; and also of the work of love, which she did for her Saviour, when she grew up.

G. E. S.

MAY.

PELTING earth with dainty daisies,
Scatt'ring gold-cups o'er the lea,
Filling tiny throats with praises,
Caroll'd forth from young-leaved tree:
Modest violets, roses gay,
Crowd the hands of flow'ry May.

All the air is full of laughter,
Bee, and bird, and butterfly,
To the song which cometh after,
In a prelude sweetly vie,
Singing all the gladsome day—
"Happy, happy, happy May!"

Sun in azure sky unclouded,
Streaming all its splendour down;
Hills in greenest garb enshrouded
With a bright and golden crown,
Flower and leaf, and sunny ray
Gaily deck our merry May.

While from coppice, dell, and dingle,
Home we bring our scented spoil,
May glad hearts their praises mingle
With the minstrels of the soil,
Thanking, blessing God alway,
Who hath sent this smiling May.

Let us to His feet be bringing
Buds of piety and love,
Into fragrant blossoms springing,
Meet for purer realms above;
We will holy service pay
While our life is in its May.

Summer days will be the brighter,
Autumn's waning lovelier far,
Sorrow's cloud will hang the lighter,
Care our joy the less will mar—

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If we walk in Wisdom's way
While our life is in its May.

M. A. H.

AN OLD FAIRY TALE WITH A NEW MEANING.

ONCE upon a time, there were some strange creatures who lived on an island in the Sea. They were called Sirens, and looked like very beautiful women. They used to walk along the shore and sing, whenever any ship went by; and they sang so sweetly that no one ever heard the like. For every man that came within the sound of their voices was sure to be seized with a strong desire to land and go to them. But as soon as ever anybody came amongst them, all hope of his return was gone; for these ladies that looked so lovely, and sang so well, were very cruel, and very strong; and they would catch hold of the poor men, and kill and eat them. Hundreds of sailors had been killed in that way, and their bones were scattered all about the place, yet still those that came after them were just as foolish, and when they heard the singing, forgot all about what had happened to other people, and would not believe that any harm could come to them from listening to the song, or from landing on the island.

Now there are stories told of how two ships got safely through all these dangers. One was the ship of a very famous old king called Ulysses. He was the wisest of all the Greeks; and he had been busy fighting and travelling ever since he was a boy, and there was nobody in all the world so cunning as he; people called him "The man of many devices." Well, Ulysses had been away from his home a great many years at war beyond the seas, and when at last peace was made, he started to sail back with his men. But a great storm came on and drove his ship away from the right course, till he didn't know at all where they were. And, indeed, it was a part of the world where no one they knew had ever been before, and there they wandered about for many years, and went through great danger. At last they found some one who told them which was the right way home, and that it lay past the island of the Sirens. He warned them of the cruel and deceitful folk that lived there, and how so many people had been enticed by them to death.

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Then Ulysses began to think how he should manage to get by, and at last he hit upon a very wise but very queer device. He made a speech to his men, telling them just how matters stood, and making them very frightened at the idea of going near the Sirens; and they wanted to go round some other way, but he said there was no other. "But if you will do as I wish," he went on, "there will be no danger at all. If you cannot hear the singing you won't want to go on shore. So you must let me stop up all your ears with wax, and then you will not hear a sound. But it won't do for us all to be deaf at once, so I shall not stop up my own ears, only when we get near the place, you must tie me to the mast, so that however much I may want to leave the vessel and land on the island, I may not get away." The sailors agreed; and they filled all their ears with wax, and then went back to their work.

By and by they came near to the land, and they took Ulysses and tied him fast to the mast, and then the ship sailed on. Very soon the Sirens began to sing, but the sailors could not hear a sound, and kept on rowing. But Ulysses heard them, and at once he forgot all about the warning he had received, and the commands he had given to his men, and he thought of nothing but going on shore to see the beautiful ladies, and listen to their music. But when he tried to go, he found he was fast, and began to shout to his seamen to loose him, but they could not hear him. Then he got very angry, and said he was captain on his own ship, and he would be obeyed, but not a word reached them; only when they saw him struggling to get free, they took more cords and tied him all the tighter, as he had told them to do. Meanwhile the ship was going on as fast as oars and sails could take her, and was soon out of sight and sound of the Sirens. When the danger was passed, they undid Ulysses, and he took the wax out of their ears, and they all rejoiced very much that they were safe; and you may be sure, Ulysses was not angry with the men for obeying his orders, and keeping him fast when he wanted to go where he would have been killed.

That was a very clever thing to do, wasn't it? But it was rather unpleasant for the sailors to have their ears full of wax,

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and for the captain to be tied up; still it was far better than being eaten.

Now I will tell you how another ship got by in a much pleasanter way. There was a very famous vessel called the "Argo," that went a long voyage, and sailed all round the world. Before they reached home, they too had to go past the Sirens' island, and they began to talk about what they had better do. Now there was among them a man named Orpheus, who was a famous singer. It is said that when he began to play on his harp and to sing, even the cattle and the sheep would come to listen to him; and the wild animals would run together from the woods and stand quite still, as long as he kept on playing. Well, when Orpheus heard the sailors of the "Argo" debating what they were to do, he said, "You just leave that to me, and it will be all right." They had such confidence in him, that though they could not tell what he was going to do, they did not feel afraid. Presently they saw the Sirens, and heard them beginning to sing, and they at once wanted to turn the ship toward the island, and go ashore. Then Orpheus, who was sitting at the back part of the vessel, began to play on his harp and sing, and kept on all the while the Sirens were singing. His music and his voice were so much better than theirs, and so much sweeter, that the sailors could not bear to hear any one else, but sat there listening to him. The Sirens' voices sounded harsh and unpleasant, and the men did not feel at all inclined to leave Orpheus to listen to them, and so the "Argo" got past quite safely, and very much more pleasantly than Ulysses had done.

Of course all this is a fairy tale; but like a good many such old stories, it has a meaning for us. It shows us, I think, two ways of being safe in temptation. Bad people often come and tempt us to do what is hurtful to us. They make it seem very pleasant, and we feel inclined to yield; just as people felt while the Sirens were singing; even though we know, as they did, that it is very dangerous, and that if we go that way we shall be ruined.

Now Ulysses is like a wise man, who foresees the danger, and takes care that when the temptation comes, he shall not be able to yield; and although he knows it will be hard to resist, he has sense enough to put the matter quite out of his own power. But the way the "Argo"

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got past, seems to me, just how people go through temptation who are loving Jesus and have Him with them. When the danger arises, then at once Jesus begins to speak in their hearts, and His voice is so much pleasanter and sweeter to them than the tempter's, that when they hear it, they don't care at all about going where He does not want them to go, or doing what He has forbidden; and in this way Jesus leads those who love Him through all manner of temptations, quite safely and quite happily too.

UNCLE BEN.

"GOOD SOMETIMES, AND BAD SOMETIMES."

THERE was once a little boy who was very refractory on a certain occasion, refusing to do as he was bid, and crying and screaming because he could not have his own way. His father, who had to preach at a distant place that day, as he was passing the nursery-door, heard his unruly little son, and turning into the nursery, he said to him, with a serious countenance, "Robert, my boy, I am going a long way to tell the people to be good, and if they should ask me whether my little boy at home is good or not, what am I to say?"

The child ceased crying, and looking at his father with an earnest face, replied: "Say, papa, I am good sometimes, and bad sometimes."

That was only a poor sort of goodness; we must "by patient *continuance* in well doing seek for glory and honour and immortality."

Dear young reader, let it be your aim to be good, and so to please God always. R. J. K.

A TRIP UNDERGROUND.

AS some of our readers may feel interested in mines and miners, I will give them a brief description of a visit made by myself a short time ago to the B— U— Copper-mine, which is situated in that charming part of Cornwall near the river Tamar.

Availing myself of a kind invitation from Captain Phillips, I made my way to the mine early one morning. After inspecting the works above ground, and witnessing the different processes through which the ore has to pass before it is fit for smelting, I put on a suit of miner's clothes—a most curious costume it is — and

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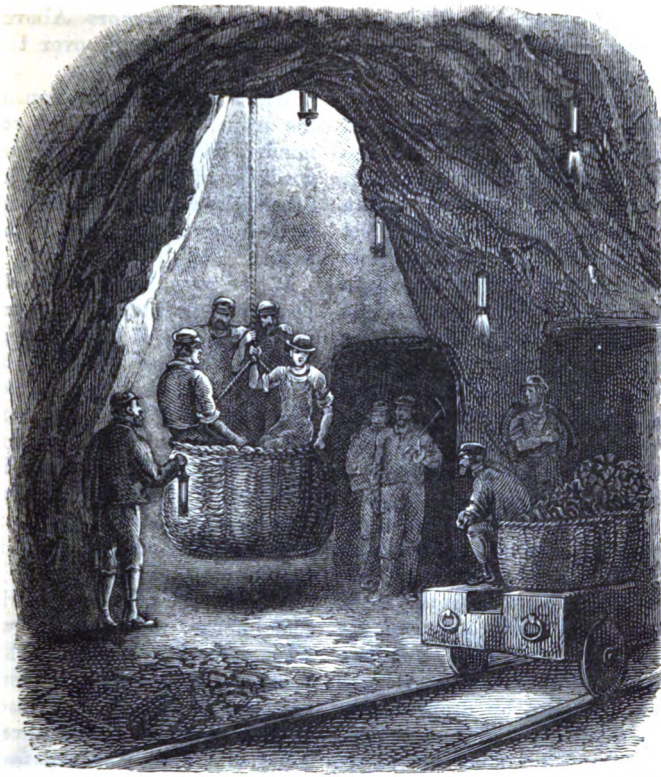

furnishing myself with several candles, one of which (surrounded with clay) I carried in my hand, I followed my guide to a shed which had a small hole in the floor, just big enough for the passage of a man. From this hole a ladder protruded, down which went my guide, followed cautiously and rather timidly, by myself.

After going down some fifty or sixty feet we halted on a small stage and lit our candles. Then began the descent in earnest. Any one who is not used to the journey feels somewhat strange while descending

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the almost perpendicular ladder, knowing that if he were to slip or miss his hold, he would fall a considerable distance down the shaft, and be dashed to pieces at the bottom. To some mines they go down in a basket.

After awhile we reached a "level," several hundred feet below ground, where two miners were at work, boring a hole in the hard rock for the purpose of blasting. Walking along these levels is dangerous, as one often has to pass over places where the rock has been worked away; and as these chasms are often crossed by a single plank, it is very easy to miss one's footing in the uncertain light given by the dim candles. In nearly all the workings (more so in the lower ones) the walls and roof are dripping with water, and two or three times my candle was extinguished by drops falling on the flame.

The visiter must not object to wet feet, for the water accumulates on the floor of the level, and forms quite a stream, sometimes five or six inches deep.

At length we reached the bottom of the mine, where the miners were working on a rich lode of ore. It was truly astounding to see the vast mass of glistening copper ore. Above, beneath, around, all over the rock.

While rapt in admiration at the scene, I was forcibly reminded of the greatness and goodness of the Creator, Who formed the rocks, and locked up in their bosom the riches of the earth.

If you were there you would be slightly frightened by hearing the report of the blasting. I was close to one of the "mines" when it was fired. The noise and the concussion in the air is terrible; one almost expects to be buried in the ruins of a shattered cavern. After the explosion the place is full of powder-smoke, which is very unpleasant to breathe.

When we had spent nearly four hours underground we went up again to "grass." This part of the work is very arduous, consisting as it does of a continuous ascent of seven hundred or eight hundred feet, up nearly perpendicular ladders, with large drops of water, some from a considerable height, falling on your hands, and if you attempt to look up, on your face.

When daylight and fresh air are again reached, both are very cheering.

I was much struck with the

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(*The little Trapper.*)

pleasure the miners seem to take in singing. Many of them are members of our Society, and some of the boys and girls (all of whom work above-ground) are scholars in our Sunday-schools; and the hymns they there learn they delight in singing while at work. I shall never forget the enjoyment I felt when going down the shaft, while the girls in the sheds above were singing that sweet hymn,—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus."

As we descended, the sounds died gradually away.

It is a custom for the miners to sing as they go down, keeping time, with the measured tread of their feet, on the rounds of the ladders; this greatly

(*Miners suffocated by choke-damp.*)

relieves the monotony of their work.

I hope, dear readers, you will sometimes think of the poor miners, working amid unknown dangers in the depths of the earth, and let them have an interest in your prayers. R. N. P.

(*Miners at work.*)

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HOW TO WRITE A LETTER.

HENRY CRABBE ROBINSON, of Cambridge, who was a friend of the poets Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and himself celebrated as a letter-writer, one day called at a friend's house. He found the family very busy making up a parcel to send to one of the children, who was away at school. A little girl, about six years old, was playing about the room. Mr. Robinson called her to him, when the following conversation took place, which may give my readers a hint or two on the important subject of letter-writing:

"Well, Lizzie," said Mr. R., "every one seems to be sending something to Tommy; why don't you put in a letter?"

"O," said Lizzie, "I should like to very much, but you know I can't write."

"Shall I write for you?" asked Mr. R.

"O, yes, please do!"

"Very well, bring me pen, ink, and paper; but remember it is *your* letter, and you must tell me what to say."

"I don't know anything."

"Well, let me see," began Mr. R. "'Dear Tommy, you will be surprised to hear that last night our house was burnt down to the ground.' Will that do?"

"O, no! don't say that, because it isn't true."

"I see you have learnt something about letter-writing: always remember through life, never to put anything in a letter that is not *quite true*. Well, shall I say this: 'The kitten has been playing with her tail for the last quarter of an hour'?"

"O, no! not that."

"Why not? I am sure that is true: I have seen it myself."

"Yes, but Tommy would not care to hear that."

"So," said Mr. R., "we must be careful that what we say is not only true, but *worth writing*, too. Now, shall I say, 'You will be glad to hear that Sam has quite recovered from the smallpox'?"

"O, yes, that will do nicely!"

"Why should I put that more than the other things?"

"O! because Tommy is very fond of Sam, and I'm sure he will care to hear that."

"Well, what shall we put next. 'Little brother has been very naughty, and will not say his lessons'?"

"No, not that!"

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"Why not? Tommy would surely care to hear about his little brother."

"Yes, but I don't think it would be *kind* to tell him."

"Well done, my little girl," said Mr. R. "You know how to write a letter very well indeed."

Will my readers try to remember these three things whenever they write letters:

1. To be careful that what they say is quite true.

2. That it is worth telling, and likely to interest the person to whom they are writing.

3. That they are not saying anything that would be unkind to any one.

MAGGIE.

THE GOLDFINCH'S NEST.

DEAR Mamma took us down
the garden to see
A Goldfinch's nest in the
bough of a tree:
So cosy and warm, so nice and so
neat,
The little birds built it; their
house was complete.

Five beautiful eggs in the nest we
found,
So pretty in shape, and spotted all
round.

Mamma lifted baby to look at the
nest,
And she laugh'd and seem'd as
pleased as the rest.

But while we were looking, what
should we see
But both the Goldfinches up in a
tree;
And they chirp'd, and flutter'd,
and seem'd in a fright,
Lest their nest should be taken
that morning so bright.

Pretty birds, who build with labour
and pain,
Mamma says we mus'n't disturb
you again;
So sit on your eggs without danger
or fear,
For we all are friends of Gold-
finches here.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

BE LED,—THE RIGHT WAY.

ONE day, there stood in the busiest part of Dublin, a poor blind lad. He wanted to cross to the other side of the street; but heavy carts, cabs, and other vehicles were rattling along the road, some at a furious rate. He could not venture across by himself, so he touched some of the people passing him, to try and make them understand that he wanted to be led to the

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other side. But at the edge of the footway he was left unheeded, till one of the passers-by saw and pitied him. He was taken by the arm, and guided safely over the road. For such a little act of kindness, he said with warmth, "Thank you, Sir; thank you, Sir!"

Why relate this little incident? Because it has an important lesson for boys and girls,—*They should thankfully let themselves be led the right way.*

Sometimes what sad instances are seen of young people led the *wrong* way! Inexperienced and blind, they carelessly and recklessly follow wicked companions, and what is the consequence? they are always greatly injured, and often ruined—*ruined for ever!* Then boys and girls, *be led the right way.* Never despise the cautions and counsels of your teachers or other friends. Never, O *never* disregard what your *parents* tell you! They can see how blind you are; and as they know the dangerous path of youth, should you not willingly, constantly, and gratefully allow yourselves to be led by them? But above all, will you "not from this time cry unto" God, "My Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth?" Then He will tenderly and faithfully "guide you with His counsel, and afterward receive you to glory."

J. HUMPHREYS.

YOUTHFUL BIOGRAPHY:

SUSANNA KATE BUCKLEY.

SUSANNA KATE BUCKLEY was born at Owston Ferry, on the 10th of December, 1858; and died, at Trinity Hall, Southport, October 29th, 1873.

Her early childhood was spent entirely at home. When quite young she displayed a remarkable conscientiousness, and evidently much enjoyed the services of God's house. Her naturally sweet disposition won the affection of all with whom she associated.

In 1871 she joined the Band of Hope, in connection with the Sunday-school of which she was a scholar, and for some time played the harmonium in the chapel. In September of that year, when Mr. Isaac Marsden visited her father's Circuit, and conducted special services, she gave herself to Christ, and became a member of the Society.

In the autumn of 1872 her parents sent her to school at

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Trinity Hall, Southport. One or two expressions taken from her letters show how happy she was there. She writes: "We are one of the happiest schools in the kingdom."..... "We are like one family."

A gracious religious awakening occurred during the first quarter among the pupils; and about this Katie wrote home in a spirit of great thankfulness, saying, "We pray all may soon be converted."...."Even little M— has found Christ;" and again, "On Sunday night we had a prayer-meeting; eighteen found Christ, and were very happy. Last night we had another, and ten were saved. It was a happy meeting; I trust they will never go back. What a happy family we shall be, if we are all true followers of the Lord Jesus Christ!" No doubt she felt blessed herself.

After Christmas she resumed her studies, and spent a pleasant and industrious half-year, though naturally looking forward to the holidays, and writing: "I shall soon see your dear faces." And near the end of the half-year she says: "Last Sunday I took the Sacrament for the last time from the hands of Mr. — (who was leaving Southport); next time I take it it will be from the hands of my dear papa." That wish was realised, but we little thought she would never receive it from him again.

At Midsummer, the progress she had made with her studies was very gratifying, and the vacation was pleasantly passed in visiting various interesting spots among the mountains and vales of Derbyshire; for she was in perfect health, and her religion made her really happy. After seven weeks she returned, in August, for another term; saying, joyously, "Only nineteen weeks to Christmas." How little did any one imagine that voice would never again be heard in her earthly home!

In September her sister visited her at school. She was then the very picture of health.

On October 15th she wrote home in excellent spirits: "I shall see you all in a little while."

This was the last letter she ever penned, for on the next Sunday night, when retiring to bed, an inflamed spot was noticed on her cheek, and medicine was given her; but she never rose again.

The next day the disease showed itself to be erysipelas.

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On Wednesday a doctor was called in, and a message sent home. This was received on Thursday, and her mamma went at once. Katie was very pleased, as she had not thought her illness at all serious. As she was delirious during the night, her mamma sent for another medical man early next morning, and telegraphed for her papa.

Before the latter arrived, while her mamma and Mrs. T— were watching by the sick bed, Katie unexpectedly began to sing, in a soft low tone, the first two lines of the second verse of Bishop Heber's hymn, increasing in feeling and power as she proceeded,—

"Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea."

To prevent excitement, she was checked; but not to be silenced, she burst out: "O, heaven is such a *beautiful* place, such a *large* place, and *Jesus* is there; I've *seen* Him!"

"Have you?" asked her mamma.

"O yes!" she replied; "and there's plenty of room. It's better to go, 'Ma; isn't it better to go? Let us all go."

She looked for a reply; and her mamma, with breaking heart, had to say, "Yes, love."

On Saturday evening, when she was told the usual Class was to be turned into a prayer-meeting, and was asked what they should pray for, Katie said, "Tell them— tell them to pray that I may be more like Christ, and if it's His will, I may get better; if not, I may be prepared for heaven."

She had herself attended the Class the previous week, and had expressed her determination to glorify God in all she did. Mrs. T— replied (singularly, as it appears now) that some were called to do so by an early death, others by a long and laborious life; to be preparing for the one, was to be ready for the other.

At one time when her papa received no answer to the question, "Do you know me, darling?" he said, "Do you know Jesus?" Katie answered, promptly, "I should think I do! He's my precious Saviour." Another time she remarked, "Don't mind me, papa; I'm the Lord's." Once, seeing her mamma weeping, she said, "Don't cry, 'Ma; don't be afraid, I'm not." Again, in reference to some remark, "*He is* good, 'Ma! He *is* good!"

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On the following Tuesday a third physician was called in, and on Wednesday her brothers and sister arrived. She seemed to know them.

In the afternoon some hope was still given, but as the evening advanced it was seen that the sweet young life was ebbing away. God only knows the agony of the loving hearts who watched her.

A short time before the close, her mamma asked, "Is Jesus with you?" Katie replied, "Yes." Again her mamma said, "Do you know me, darling?" "'Ma," she murmured. These were her last words; for though when told her sister was supporting her, she tried to speak to her, nothing could be understood; and at half-past ten, with her family around her, she calmly and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

During her illness, which lasted but ten days, she constantly expressed her unwavering trust in her Saviour, and occasionally (when free from stupor) showed her familiarity with Scripture and with several hymns, by finishing passages and verses suggested to her. Her Bible and hymn-book bear marks of thoughtful study and deep religious feeling. The train of her thoughts for months past can be ascertained by notes scattered through both books. Hers was an active, loving religion. At times she would engage in prayer at the prayer-meeting held amongst the pupils on Sunday mornings. The sorrow her schoolfellows expressed at their loss shows how she had endeared herself to them. Only four months elapsed ere one of them joined her in that better land.

A—.

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BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR BIBLE READERS.

From the writings of the wise man find answers to the following Scripture enigmas:—

1. How is "even a child known"?

2. What is "harder to be won than a strong city"?

3. Who is "like a city that is broken down, and without walls"?

4. Who "despiseth his own soul"? and who "getteth understanding"?

5. What shall be the fate of him "that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck"?

6. How is "a fool's voice known"?

7. When is a fool "counted wise"?

8. Of what two kinds of men is it said, "There is more hope of a fool" than of them?

9. Who is "brother to him that is a great waster"?

10. What fear "bringeth a snare"? and in what fear is there "strong confidence"?

Answers to Bible Questions on the Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ.

1. Isaiah liii. 6.

2. Isaiah lxiii. 5; Matthew, Mark and Luke record the fulfilment of this prophecy; Matthew xxvi. 40, 56; Mark xiv. 37; Luke xxii. 45, 46.

3. Psalms xxii. and lxix.

4. "That they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him Which died for them, and rose again." 2 Cor. v. 15.

5. St. John xix. 34—36.

6. At the institution of the Passover. Exodus xii. 46.

7. 1 Corinthians v. 7.

8. "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." See John ii. 19—21.

9. "When He was risen from the dead." John ii. 22.

10. "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption." Psalm xvi. 10.

11. In the sermon preached by St. Peter on the day of Pentecost. Acts ii. 25—31.

SHORT SENTENCES FOR YOUNG THINKERS.

XLIX. The covetous man is never satisfied.

L. An evil lesson is soon learned.

LI. Every condition has some troubles.

LII. Manners often make fortunes.

LIII. Prefer loss to unjust gain.

LIV. A tree is known by its fruit.

LV. Good counsel is above price.

LVI. As you sow, so you shall reap.

LVII. Learn to live as you wish to die.

LVIII. Truth needs no embellishment.

LIX. A stumble may prevent a fall.

LX. Youth requires advice.

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"THOU ART MY TRUST FROM MY YOUTH."

GREAT FATHER, hear our youthful cry,
Feeble and helpless we draw nigh;
On Thee alone our hearts rely.

Thou *only* can'st our hearts prepare,
While all around is bright and fair,
For gloomy days of pain and care.

For Thou *alone* can'st now foresee,
Who livest in eternity,
What opening lives will prove to be.

To Thee our future we commend,
Assured that all events shall tend
To make us happier in the end.

We trust Thee, then, through good and ill,
Content, while we discover still
In Providence—A Father's will.

"Welcome! this ignorance," we say,
"Of future things,"—since their display
Would steal this bliss of trust away.

Life's dim uncertainties we face,
Its possibilities embrace,
And trust Thee for all needed grace.

When trouble, Lord, at length appears,
We would be free from doubting fears,
Children in trust when old in years.

WALTER HAWKINS.

ABOUT SHIPS AND SAILORS.

ENGLISH people, being islanders, naturally feel interested in all that relates to the sea. Are not our favourite heroes sailors? and are not our most popular melodies the songs of the sea? All boys admire Nelson, and Blake, and Duncan; and like to hear of the "Old Arethusa," and "Hearts of Oak," and to read about "Robinson Crusoe," "Ben, the Whaler," and "Bob, the Cabin-boy."

When you have been at the sea-side, and have stood on the shore watching the waves, have not you found in them an almost endless source of wonder and delight? Each wave, as it breaks on the beach, seems to have some novelty in it. When we look on the rising tide and the white-crested billows, or listen in the night to the raging of the elements, how seldom are we reminded of those whom circumstances compel to live on the ocean, and who frequently risk their lives in the perform-

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ance of their ordinary daily duties! nor, perhaps, do we give the subject a serious thought till we hear of some vessel having gone down, with all hands on board. Perhaps no one who has not to some extent experienced the dangers of the deep, can realise what this going down means.

We love to see the bronzed face, and the easy and independent bearing, of a blue-jacket. We have a natural sympathy with sailors; and, notwithstanding the faults laid to their charge, perhaps there is no class of the community more brave, and simple, and true. We love, too, to read about famous sailors. How interesting are the histories of the voyages of Vasco da Gama, and Columbus, and of Cook, and Franklin! Nor would we forget St. Paul, as great a hero as any of these, and who proved himself a better sailor than any of the crew on board the old ship of Adramyttium. It will give us an idea of the value of the services of those who "go down to the sea in ships," if we imagine what our breakfast-table would be without tea or coffee, and the sort of puddings we should have without rice, or sugar, or fruit.

Then as to the ships. It seems to us that a boy cannot be a genuine English boy who does not love ships. What an almost endless variety they present, from the fishing-smack to the Cunard liner! and how different their appearance in different ages, from Noah's ark and the Roman galley, to the "Great Eastern" and the modern ram! But there is one little vessel which we all look at with special admiration and affection,—it is the gallant lifeboat, which has saved so many thousands of lives. It is a practical illustration of that new commandment which Christ gave to His disciples, and one of the many very pleasing indirect proofs of the influence of Christianity in our country. We have now, stationed on most of the dangerous parts of the coast, nearly three hundred of these noble and valuable boats.

The picture shows you the St. Ives' lifeboat, with its gallant crew ploughing through the stormy sea to the assistance of one of the many unfortunate vessels which have been wrecked on the Cornish coast.

Measures are now being adopted to prohibit the sending of unsound and overladen vessels to sea; so that our sailors may congratulate themselves on living in better times than the

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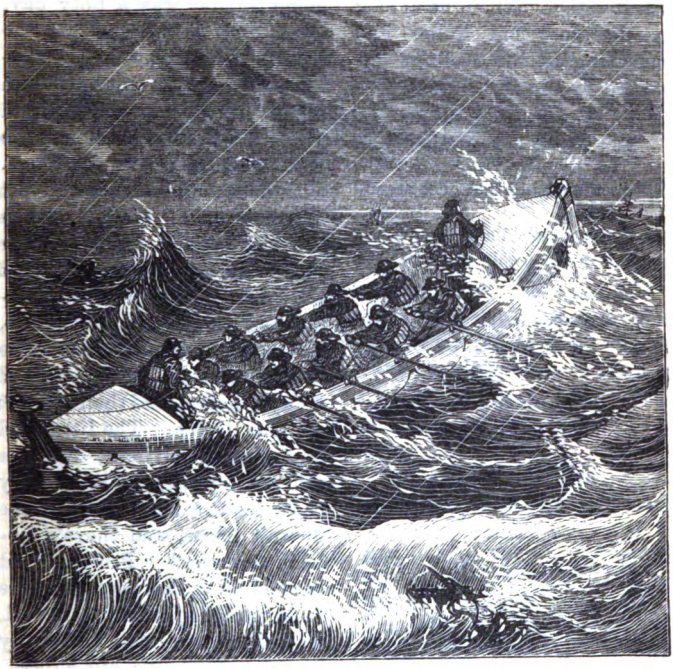

days of England's "wooden walls." We may hope that the number of lives lost at sea will not be nearly so great as it used to be.

Ships, like human beings, become old and useless, and after they have spent their best years in the public service, and can work no longer, they are, like some people by their friends, cast aside and forgotten. What are they then fit for?—only to be broken up into planks and bolts, to be used according to the discretion of the shipwright. At Vauxhall-bridge we may see what cockneys call "a ship-

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knacker's yard."* We never pass it without a thoughtful look on the poor old hulls, and something of the feelings expressed by the poet:

"The ruin of age is upon you now,
And storms have strain'd your frame;
The gallant ship that once seem'd to be
A living thing on a living sea,
Is now but a ship in name."

We may learn many useful and interesting lessons from ships. Next month we will try to find out some of them.

WILLIAM MACLERIE.

KITTY KING.

CHAPTER V.—KITTY AND THE EYE.

KITTY was left at home one Sunday, because she was not quite well, and the weather was cloudy. She had her hymn to learn, and a delightful book, called "Bible Wonders," to read. One verse of her hymn was nearly learnt, when an idle thought came into her mind, and she followed it to the baby-house. That house was shut up on Sunday, and never visited, because in Kitty's home Sunday was a holy day, loved and prized by all the family. It was not a stiff, disagreeable day, as some children regard it, but a delight and pleasure; the only time in the week when father was at home, with leisure to instruct and pet his little one. Well, the idle thought carried Kitty to the play-room, only to look. But she saw a doll's pelisse, left unfinished the afternoon before, and she took it up, pulled the needle through, sewed a good many stitches, and then tried it on Miss Dolly. The little girl had some misgivings; but she said to herself, "Aunt Mary can't lecture me for what she doesn't know, and there's nobody to see." Presently it seemed as if there was an Eye looking right through the wall, watching her; not an angry eye, not a fiery eye, but a great, *sorry* Eye. Kitty put her work down and trembled. Ah! she seemed to remember in a minute all she ever knew about the Sabbath-day; how God, when He made the world, put by *His* work; how he wrote it in His Ten Commandments *Himself*. Did God set so much by His Sabbath, and *she* not mind it? She had no excuse to make.

* This is the place where the worn-out ships are dismantled and taken to pieces.

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She only felt that her conduct had offended the great and blessed God, and she was sorely troubled. Kitty stayed not a moment longer in the play-room. That afternoon, when her father heard her hymn and stroked her hair, and took her on his lap, she leaned her head on his shoulder, and a tear stole down her cheek. "Papa," she said with a choking voice, "I don't deserve your love. I have been grieving God to-day;" and she told her papa everything; adding, "If I'd only gone to chapel it wouldn't have happened."

"You have had a more faithful Teacher than our minister to-day, my child," replied her father. "You have had the Holy Spirit, Whose office it is to *convince of sin*, and Who has opened your eyes to see what a grievous thing it is to break God's holy and blessed laws."

As he looked down on his little girl's face, that tear on her cheek seemed more precious than gold.

There are many kinds of tears —complaining tears, teasing tears, tears of disappointment, tears of joy; but this was a *tear of penitence;* and a tear of penitence is precious, because it softens and humbles the heart. It waters some of the feeblest thoughts of God, planted there by the Holy Spirit, which may prove to be the little seed-corn of eternal life.

Kitty prayed, "O God! forgive a sinful child, for Christ's sake,"—a prayer dear to the heart of God from every infant lip.

A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

THE longest life is made up of simple days,—few or many; but the days grow into years, and give the measure of our lives at the last.

The life is at the last what the days have been. Let the children therefore look after the days,—one day at a time,—and put into each one something that will last—something worth doing, something worth remembering, something worth imitating by those who follow us.

1. Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small a thing is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

2. Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day, will be an easy thing to do three hundred

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and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for His grace, seeks every day to practise the grace he prays for!

3. Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in the great deeds of philanthropy that the only blessing is found. In

"Little deeds of kindness,"

repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbour's house, on the playground—we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

4. Every day a little look into the Bible. One chapter a day. What a treasure of Bible knowledge one may acquire in ten years! Every day a verse committed to memory. What a volume in the mind at the end of twenty-five years!

5. Every day a little look into the future. To-morrow. A year hence. Ten years hence. Manhood or womanhood. Old age, then—death. Perhaps to-morrow, and then death. After death—ETERNITY. Look ahead every day, and look so far ahead that the world that now is shall not deceive and ruin you.

The best things of eternity, like the best things of life, are to be won by every-day doing, every-day thinking, every-day praying, every-day trusting.

GOD'S HIDING-PLACE.

IN the days of the Reformation there lived a learned divine in Germany named Brentius, of Würtemberg. His godly zeal had at last aroused his enemies, who one day sent a band of soldiers to seize him when they thought he would be off his guard. The soldiers entered the town, but Brentius had time to flee; not, however, without their perceiving him, and they chased him through several streets. He was enabled to outstrip them a little; and then, turning quickly into a lane, he found his way up a flight of stairs, at the top of which was a rickety ladder leading up to a hay-loft. He was soon among the hay, concealed and still. The soldiers ran hither and thither, and, on coming to the stairs, sought for him, even poking up the points of their bayonets through the boards of the hay-loft, to see if any one moved. Brentius kept

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still, only shrinking back to escape the touch of the bayonets, till the soldiers turned away, concluding that no one was there.

So far, this was a good hiding-place; but how was he to live if he continued here? The same Lord Who had guided His servant to this retreat, sent him food; for every morning, during fourteen days, a hen came to the hay-loft and laid an egg in the hay, which furnished Brentius with sustenance sufficient to keep him alive.

After the fourteenth day the supply failed, and he was compelled to leave this shelter, and accordingly he cautiously descended into the street. He found that the soldiers had just left the town; so that his friends had now full time and opportunity to get him conveyed away safely to another place.

How many ways has God of protecting His own people who trust in Him!

STRANGE ADVENTURE WITH A LIONESS.

A SHIP on her voyage, once touched on the coast of India, and as the crew were in want of wood, a few of the sailors were sent on shore to cut some from the trees.

One of their number, who thought he should like to see a little more of the country, took a stroll some distance into the interior, and got quite away from the others.

He was suddenly startled by seeing a great lioness coming towards him, and began to be afraid for his life; but what was his surprise to see her crouch quietly at his feet, and look wistfully at him as if asking a favour! Then she looked up at a tree near them, and soon she rose and walked towards it, looking back every now and then as if wishing the sailor to follow her. He ventured cautiously to go after her, and as he came nearer to the tree, he saw among its branches a baboon, with two little cubs in his arms. These were the cubs of the lioness, and as she could not reach them where they were, she had been begging the sailor to bring her little ones down for her. He was afraid to go up and attack the baboon himself, so, having an axe with him, he set to work to cut down the tree, the lioness standing by anxiously watching him. The

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moment it fell, bringing the baboon and cubs to the ground with it, the lioness sprang on the baboon and soon killed him. Then she fondled her recovered little ones, apparently greatly delighted to have them restored to her. Finally she turned to the sailor, and began to rub herself up against him, as a cat does when it is pleased, thus trying to show her gratitude. At last she took up her cubs and walked off, leaving the sailor very thankful for his escape, and wondering at his singular adventure.

A TALK ABOUT "MUST."

IN February, some of you read a story of a little girl who was very much troubled by "Must." Indeed it so greatly crossed her wishes, that one day she even said, "I hate Must." Now there are a great many girls and boys, and grown-up people too, who feel just as Kitty did, they "hate Must." I am going to talk to you for a little while about Must; and will try to show you how sweet it is to do what it tells us, and that Must is one of the best gifts of our Father in heaven.

You will remember how surprised Kitty was to find that her big, grown-up papa had to do what Must told him, just as she had; and if you will look into the Bible, in Luke ii. 49, and John ix. 4, you will find that even Jesus did the same; and every good man who has ever lived has obeyed Must. But who or what is Must? Which of you knows his other name? It is DUTY. There are some of us who don't like to think about Must or Duty at all. We can't bear to hear "I must," but we often say "I will" or "I won't." We do not like Duty, but we love Pleasure. When I was a little boy, I used to think how nice it would be to be grown up, because then I should be able to do what I liked; and then there would be no one to say "You *must*" this, that, and the other: but now I have learnt better, and feel just as Kitty's father did, that "'Must' is one of the best friends we have."

Sometimes we make a great mistake, and talk about Duty and Pleasure, as though they were bitter enemies who could never live in the same house. Though it may sound very funny to you, yet it is quite true, that to do what we don't

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like is one of the pleasantest things in the world. It isn't always so; and just at first it often does not seem so. For instance, it wasn't very pleasant for Lizzie, last Thursday, when she was curled up in the arm-chair, reading a story book, with pussy sleeping in her lap, to have Grandmamma come in, and to hear Must say, "Lizzie, get up, and let Grandma have that chair." But when she got up, and Grandma kissed her and said, "Thank you, dear," I'm sure Lizzie knew something about how pleasant it is to do what you don't like.

Canon Kingsley, in a book which I hope you will all read some day, says that a boy is not worth anything until he has learnt to do what he does not like. St. Paul tells us that "even Christ pleased not Himself;" and Jesus says, "I came down from heaven, not to do Mine own will." It was not a pleasant thing for Jesus to live a suffering life and die on the cross. The scourge and the nails hurt Him as much as they would you or me. If He had pleased Himself He would never have left the beautiful home above, and the holy angels, to be the Friend of sinners. And yet there was a true pleasure in all this pain. It was "for the joy that was set before Him" that He "endured the cross, despising the shame."

So, girls and boys, if you are to be Christ-like, you will have to learn to say "I must," and in thus trying to do your duty you will find the truest and best pleasure. Now I want you to find out for yourselves whether it is not so; and to ask Jesus to show you what your duty is, and help you to do it, and to give you grace, whenever "Must" speaks, to obey at once. You may not have to do great and hard things, but there are little duties to be done every hour. Keep your eyes and ears open, and you will soon see that Duty has something for you to do. I remember once talking to some people about this. Afterwards one of them said to me, "Well, Mr. —, you did Willie some good this morning, for he has taken the baby for his mother and is out in the garden nursing her!" I am afraid Willie is not very fond of babies, and, like me, a little afraid of them. However, I am sure he was happy that day, for he was trying to do his duty.

And now, dear girls and boys, you must try to apply this little sermon in some such way as

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Willie did, and then you will learn to look upon "Must" as a very dear friend.

E. A.

THE SONG OF THE BROOK.

ALL the day,
Undisturb'd, I glide along,
Dashing ripples into song,
Mossy stones and ferns among;
Glad and gay
As a child at play.

Little feet,
Tripping by my watery way,
List, O list! to what I say;
'Tis not tale of elf or fay,
That I would relate this day;
You I greet
With counsel sweet.

Oceans, seas,
Rivers winding through the lea,
In majestic royalty
Act their part. And now you see,
Not in ease
Dwell I 'neath these arching trees.

I am small,
Yet I have a mission still;
So has every bubbling rill,
Every one a place may fill;
Work for all—
Wait not to be tall.

Little hands
May perform some kindly deeds;
They may sow some precious seeds;
They may point the way that leads
To the sands
Trod by seraph bands.

ANNETTE.

FLOWERS OFFERED IN THE BUD.

NO. I.—MARY FLETCHER.

(*Continued from page* 90.)

WHEN Mary grew older, her parents wished her to see something of the fashionable world, and of what they called the pleasures of life; that is, to go to the theatre, and to balls and other places of amusement. This made her very uncomfortable, for she felt that these were not fit pleasures for a child of God, and that "the playhouse had a tendency to weaken every Christian temper, and strengthen all that was contrary." Still, she did not think it right to disobey her parents, as they insisted on her going.

At last she ventured to tell her father what she thought about it, and her reasons for thinking so. He was not angry, but admitted the truth of her arguments, only saying that they proved too much.

Mrs. Bosanquet, however, greatly disliked her daughter's religion, and even said it would be better for the family if she were to leave home, lest her brothers and sisters should be "infected" by her example. She did not like actually to turn her

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out, but poor Mary plainly saw she was no longer welcome in her childhood's home. This was a bitter trial to the young disciple, but the Lord was with her in the furnace; and she committed her way unto Him.

One day her father asked her to promise that she would never try to make her brothers Christians. "I think, Sir," meekly replied Mary, looking to Jesus for wisdom, "I dare not consent to that."

"Then," returned her father, "you force me to put you out of my house."

"Yes, Sir," said Mary; "according to your views of things, I acknowledge it." She added,

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that if her father wished it, she would take lodgings in Hoxton-square; but that no suffering would make her leave without his consent. He replied, with emotion, "I don't know that you have ever wilfully disobliged me in your life, except in these fancies; and my children shall always have a home in my house."

What a testimony! How few fathers can say the same of their daughters, even of Christian daughters!

In spite of her father's words, Mary saw that a separation must soon take place; so, having a small income of her own, she engaged two rooms in Hoxton, and hired a servant girl to wait upon her. The next two months she suffered painful suspense. Her parents could not make up their minds to tell her to go, and Mary would not seem to leave of her own accord.

At last, one morning, her mother sent a message to Mary, who was sitting in her bed-room, to say she must go to her lodgings that night. You may imagine poor Mary's feelings as she went down to dinner, but during the meal nothing was said on the subject. Mary was very much distressed; she thought, "If they go out without saying anything to me, I cannot go; and if they should not invite me to come and see them again, how shall I bear it?" However, just as they were going out, her mother said,—

"If you will, the coach, when it has set us down, may carry you home to your lodgings." And her father added, "We shall be glad to see you to dinner next Tuesday."

When the coach came back, Mary's box was put into it, and she said good-bye to the servants, who were all in tears, as they stood in a row to watch her off.

About eight o'clock at night she reached her desolate, unfurnished lodgings. She had to borrow a table and candlestick, and the window-ledge served her for a chair. Was she not miserable now? Didn't she begin to regret that she had entered the service of Jesus? Let us hear what she says:

"The thought of being cast out of my father's house seemed very awful.... I cried unto the Lord, and a sweet calm overspread my spirit.... Thankfulness overflowed my heart, and such a spirit of peace and content poured into my soul, that all about me seemed a little heaven. Some bread, with rank

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salt butter, and water to drink, made me so comfortable a meal, that I could truly say, 'I eat my meat with gladness and singleness of heart.'"

Mary was now at liberty to hear the Methodists for herself, and among them she learned "the way of God more perfectly," and began to realise the fulness of joy and peace that springs from knowing and loving Jesus. Still, the separation from her family was of course a great trial to her. Every little act of kindness which her parents showed her,—for they were still kind in their way,—made the wound bleed afresh; and when she went to see them, she found it very hard to have to say good-bye, and come away again.

But I am sure she would not have exchanged her position, even for the joys of home, without Jesus. Somebody once said to her, "You will soon find the difference between your father's house and such poking holes as you will live in... And how tired you will be of such trash as you will provide, instead of the plentiful provision of his table. Before you have lived so for six months, you will wish yourself back again and your religion out of the way." But this, she tells us, was very far from the fact. She had all she desired; the Lord made her to possess all things, and the promise was fulfilled: "The meek shall inherit the earth." "I always," she says, "*committed my all to Jesus, and I lived on His faithfulness.*" My dear children, no life can be more blessed or happier than this.

After a while, a Methodist friend came to live with her, called Mrs. Ryan, who was a great comfort and help to Mary in her religious life.

When Mary was twenty-three years old, having then lived in Hoxton about two years, she felt a strong desire to do something for the souls of the people at Leytonstone, her native place. Just then, a house there, which belonged to her, was left empty; so she thought it would be a capital plan for her to go and live in it, and invite the Methodist preachers to hold services in her house. But she was afraid her parents would not like her to bring her Methodism so near to them, and she did not wish to displease them. However, she did what all the Lord's children should do in every difficulty,—she asked counsel of God, and He made her way plain. Then she told her scheme to her father. You may picture her delight when he made not

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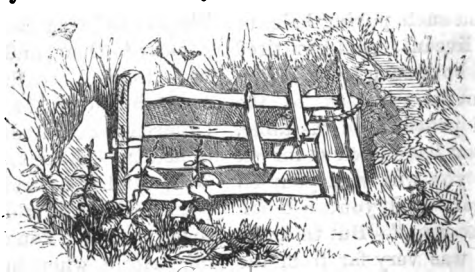
the least objection, only laughingly saying, "If a mob should pull down your house, I cannot hinder them." So at last all was settled, and Mary moved to Leytonstone on the 24th of March, 1763. Here she and her friend Mrs. Ryan, who still lived with her, used to have little prayer-meetings together, and two or three poor women wished to join them. Then others came, till their number increased to twenty-five. Several in this little meeting found Jesus. After a while, they asked Mr. Wesley to send a preacher to them, which of course he was very glad to do; so then regular services were held, and more were converted. But the wicked people of the place did not like this, and they used sometimes to pelt the little company with dirt as they left the meeting, and howl like wild beasts to try to frighten them. Still no real harm was done; for though they lived in a lonely place, close to Epping Forest, the Lord took care of them, and they were not afraid.

One day some of the people were a little alarmed, for while they were holding their meeting, a man came to the door and told them that a great mob was coming, and the ringleaders were four men with clubs. "O!" said Mary, "we don't mind mobs when we are about our Master's business. Greater is He that is for us than all that can be against us;" and she went on speaking to the people. Meanwhile, four shabbily-dressed men, with sticks in their hands, had come in; but they stood still and did no harm. When the meeting was over, Mary offered each of the men a copy of the rules of the Methodist Society, and explained what they were. They took them very civilly, and quietly walked off, and no more was heard of the "great mob."

G. E. S.



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CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

JOHN WINTERS sat at his desk. It was half-past five o'clock in the afternoon, and he was supposed to leave off work at six. But in fact he had already left off; for, though he remained on his seat, and even occasionally dipped his pen in the ink, he had not written a word for the last ten minutes. No one was in the office but himself on this occasion. So no one was watching John, excepting the great God Who always sees us. John did not think of Him, or perhaps he would not so thoroughly have wasted that half-hour as he did. He whistled softly to himself. Then with his pen he idly drew some comic figures on his waste paper. Then he laid his head on his hands, feeling almost inclined to go to sleep. And so the time was idled away until, looking at the clock, he saw with delight that it was ten minutes to six.

So he got off the stool and closed the books for the day, and locked them up. Having done that, he did what, if he were alone at this time, he never omitted doing—he looked carefully about the floor.

He found, lying among scraps of paper, two bits of lead pencil, which he carefully put into his own pocket. He also found three envelopes, which he put into his pocket-book. Then he searched again upon the floor and found eight postage-stamps, and these also he pocketed.

Was that right?

I am sure you will all decide that it was very wrong indeed.

Then John presented himself before the manager.

"Shall I be wanted again this evening, Sir?"

"No, Winters, I think not; good evening."

"Good evening, Sir."

John went down the street. Presently he was accosted by a boy who lived near him.

"John, have you one or two good lead pencils to sell?"

"Yes, I have two bits," said John, taking the pieces from his pocket.

"How much are they?"

"I want a penny for the two."

"Do you? Why, I can get plenty of lead pencils, whole and new, for a half-penny each."

"Well, you shall have three envelopes as well, and I am sure that altogether, it is a capital pennyworth."

"You will have to be a

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tradesman, John, you know so well how to do business," said the boy as he gave John the penny, and received in exchange the envelopes and pieces of pencil.

John went on until he saw a boy who was living away from his friends, and often wrote letters.

"Dan," said John, "I have found some postage-stamps; will you buy them?"

"How many are there?"

"Eight; and I will let you have them for sixpence."

"Very well."

The exchange was made at once, and Dan went on. But a lad who had witnessed the transaction stopped to speak to John.

"John," he said, gently, "perhaps you will say it is no business of mine, but I cannot help thinking that you *find* a good many things."

"Well, what if I do?" said John, feeling his face grow rather red.

"Why, John, I don't want to make you cross, lad; but it seems strange that you should find so many more things than other people. I hope you do honestly find them."

"What do you mean?" said John, angrily. "I never offer to sell a thing which I have not really found on the ground."

"But if you find it on the ground of your master's premises it belongs to him, and not to you; and I think it is dishonest to take it."

"Do you mean to say that I am a thief?"

"No, I leave that for you to decide. But if your conscience tells you that it is not perfectly honest, leave off doing it, John. It would be such a pity for you to be spoiled for the want of conscientiousness."

Charles Norman spoke so frankly, and yet so gently, that John could not speak violently in return. As for John, he looked, as he felt, thoroughly uncomfortable. He hung his head, for he did not care to meet the eyes of his friend.

That evening John's mother noticed that he was very quiet, and thought he was unusually tired. So she boiled a new-laid egg, and put it before him.

"Here is a treat for you, my boy," she said. "Never mind being tired. Every one who does his work conscientiously must be weary sometimes, but you will feel better after you have had your tea."

John felt as if he did not

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deserve the egg, but he ate it up and then went out.

"I am going across the fields for a walk, mother," he said.

"Go, my boy. I am sure it will do you good."

So it did; much more good than his mother guessed.

The words which both Charles Norman and his mother had used rang in John's ear as he walked: "Conscientiousness! Conscientiousness!"

"Ah!" sighed John, "that is what I lack. If not, I should never have acted as I have done."

He walked fast to try to shut out the thought that came next, but it forced itself into his mind, and he could not get away from it:

"I have been robbing my master, both of his time and his property."

"I will never, never do it again as long as I live," he said presently. "I did not know how wicked I had been until Charles Norman's words told me. O God, help me, that I may be better in future!"

The next morning John went to his work, and there was no loitering all that day.

In the evening, when he went as usual to the manager's room, he made a confession:

"I feel that I have not been conscientious, Sir, and I want you to know all about it."

"Tell me, then, John."

How he managed it John never knew, but with pain and shame he told the whole story, and gave up the money.

"I am very sorry for you, John," said the manager, "because you will not find it easy to forgive yourself, even if I forgive you. I will hope, however, that from to-day you will begin a new life, and never do such mean and wicked things again."

He never did; but he grew up a diligent, honest, conscientious man, and won the respect of all who knew him. God prospered him, and made him a rich man; but the pleasure that he felt in his riches was not spoiled by the thought that he had gained them by unjust means.

No one was more glad of his prosperity than his friend, Charles Norman. He often congratulated him, and John frequently thanked Charles for being a real friend, and telling him the truth about himself at that critical time in his life.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF LITTLE NELLY.

IT is now many years since Nelly died. We were children then, but we have a very vivid recollection of the quiet, gentle, little sister who used to sit in the nursery with us watching the play, in which she was not strong enough to join. The little pale face, with the large blue eyes, is a picture that will never be effaced from our memory as long as we live.

Like most children, we sometimes quarrelled; but none of us quarrelled with Nelly. We are very glad to remember this; for, O, how sorry we should be now if we had ever grieved or hurt her in any way! We had no idea then of her dying; but she was so good and gentle that every one loved her, and no one thought of speaking harshly or unkindly to her.

Little Nelly had learned about Jesus, and loved to pray to Him. Not only every morning and evening did she offer her simple petition at the Throne of Grace, but many times during the day we were hushed in our noisy play, by seeing the little form kneeling by the folding-doors of the nursery, and hearing the baby-voice lisp out in broken language, "Our Father," and "Gentle Jesus," and "God bless papa and mamma, etc." (mentioning each of her sisters and the servants by name), "God bless Nelly, and make her a good girl, for Christ's sake, Amen." If one of us were naughty, she would instantly go to her little corner and pray for the offender.

Nelly was very dear to her parents. She was always so delicate that she seemed to require more of their love and care than the other children; and when the scarlet fever came and Nelly took it, O, how grieved they were to see her suffer, and how they prayed that, if it were God's will, He would spare her life! But Jesus saw fit to take the little lamb to Himself.

She was very patient during all her illness, which lasted more than three weeks. When suffering most, she would only show it by singing doleful little tunes to herself as she lay in her cot, or in her father's arms. When it was found that she could not recover, her mamma said to her, "Nelly is going to Jesus; Nelly loves Jesus, doesn't she?" To her surprise and grief, the child shook her

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little head, and said, "No, Nelly don't want to go away." The timid little one was afraid at the thought of leaving her parents. Turning to her again, her mother said, "But Jesus loves Nelly so much, more than papa and mamma, and Jesus wants Nelly to go and live with Him. Doesn't Nelly love Jesus?" A smile lit up the child's face, as she replied, "O, yes, me *do* love Jesus!"

A few days after this, in the middle of the night she became much worse. The doctor had to be sent for, but in a very short time Nelly breathed her last. So quietly and calmly did she die, that those who were watching her scarcely knew when she passed away. It was early on Lord's Day morning, January 24th, 1858, that she fell asleep in Jesus, aged only two-and-a-half years.

Little Nelly is in heaven now, and we always think of her when we sing that beautiful hymn:

"Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band;
Singing, Glory, glory, glory!"

Among the few cherished mementoes we have of our darling little sister, is a copy of the "Early Days" for 1852, which she kept with her to the last. The little volume opens most readily at a page on which are these two pretty verses, entitled "The Dying Child to her Mother:"

"Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart shall rest;
Kinder arms than thine receive me,
Softer pillow than thy breast.

"There, my mother, pleasures centre:
Weeping, parting, care or woe,
Ne'er our Father's house shall enter:
Morn advances,—let me go."

Can any one say that Nelly's short life was lived in vain?

Little reader, do *you* love Jesus? Let this short account of Little Nelly teach you that you are not too young to love and pray to the Saviour, and that you are not too young to die. If you love Jesus as little Nelly did, then you too shall one day join those "children whose sins are all forgiven," and sing "Glory" in that Happy Land above.

EDITH GREEVES.

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SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS ON THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

1. When is the best time to "leave off contention"?

2. What is "as coals to burning coals," and as "wood to fire"?

3. Who "seeketh love"? and who "separateth very friends"?

4. What is "as vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes"?

5. Who "walketh surely"? and who "shall fall at once"?

6. What will be the effect of "walking with wise men"? and what of the companionship "of fools"?

7. Whose path is "as the shining light"?

8. Whose way is "as darkness"?

9. Whose commandment is to be kept, and whose law not forsaken?

10. How long are we to be "in the fear of the Lord"?

Answers to Bible Questions for Bible Readers.

1. "By his doings." Proverbs xx. 11.

2. "A brother offended." Proverbs xviii. 19.

3. "He that hath no rule over his own spirit." Proverbs xxv. 28.

4. "He that refuseth instruction *despiseth his own soul;* but he that heareth reproof *getteth understanding.*" Proverbs xv. 32.

5. "He..shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Proverbs xxix. 1.

6. "By multitude of words." Ecclesiastes v. 3.

7. "When he holdeth his peace." Proverbs xvii. 28.

8. "A man wise in his own conceit," Proverbs xxvi. 12; and "a man that is hasty in his words," Proverbs xxix. 20.

9. He "that is slothful in his work." Proverbs xviii. 9.

10. "The fear of man," Proverbs xxix. 25; "In the fear of the Lord," Proverbs xiv. 26.

SHORT SENTENCES FOR YOUNG THINKERS.

LXI. Hope is the dream of the vigilant.

LXII. Beware of bosom sins.

LXIII. Imitate what is just.

LXIV. Labour conquers everything.

LXV. Lying is the vice of a slave.

LXVI. Pure religion is the foundation of peace.

LXVII. Constant occupation prevents temptation.

LXVIII. Truth before all things.

LIX. Better to be alone than in bad company.

LXX. He who would reap well, must sow well.

LXXI. Do what you ought, come what may.

LXXII. A good character is a fortune.

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VULGARITY.

WE have a friend who never spoke a "vulgar word." He is a minister, and a writer of ability. "I resolved when I was a child," said he, "never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her." He kept his resolution. He is a pure-minded, noble, honoured gentleman to-day. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care on the part of parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course we cannot think of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not give utterance to before her father or mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," the "next thing to swearing," and yet "not so wicked." But it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Dear young reader! keep your mouth free from all impurity and your "tongue from evil;" but in order to this, seek for the cleansing blood of Jesus to wash your heart, for our Lord tells us, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

KITTY KING.

CHAPTER VI. — HOUSEKEEPING IN THE WOODS.

KITTY went to school one day, angry with her mamma. She wished she were somebody else's little girl. In school she wondered if she could not take care of herself. Pussy took care of herself; birds took care of themselves. She was bigger than they, and why could not she? In this inquiring state of mind Kitty came from school. It was a delightful July afternoon.

"Go a little my way," said Jessie Barker, who lived some distance off.

"Yes, I will," answered Kitty; for she thought of the woods in

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that direction. The children went hand in hand, Kitty feeling rather sober, as a little girl meditating how to take care of herself ought to be.

"Good-bye," said Kitty, when they reached a path which led to the woods. She walked along rather slowly.

"Couldn't I live here," she thought as she entered the wood, "and be nobody's little girl?" Ah! she had no idea what a pitiful time nobody's children have.

"Squirrel, squirrel," cried Kitty, catching sight of one running up a tree, "I have come to live with you." But the squirrel took no notice of her. "Blackbird, blackbird," Kitty called out, "I'm coming to live with you." But the blackbird flew off in another direction.

Not a very cordial reception on the part of the Woods' family, certainly. The little girl strolled on, and at last found some acorns.

"The acorn-cup I'll drink out of," said she, and with that she began to think of supper. She spread a smooth stone with oak-leaves and acorn-cups. Her table was laid, but where was the bread and butter? Ah! the whole woods could not provide a single slice. She hunted and found some red berries. There was a brook near, and she ran to fetch some water in her cups, for she was thirsty. They only held a drop at a time. But Kitty could not complain; yet she thought if the woods had a great closet full of good things as her mamma had, it would have been much better. Still, if she was not willing to live under home rules she must not expect home blessings.

Soon Kitty grew tired of roaming through the woods, and it was impossible not to think of bedtime. A golden light was shining, for it was sunset. But while she was enjoying the glow, it seemed slowly to go out, and the tall trees looked like grim giants standing over her. Kitty wished they could speak; she was beginning to feel lonely and frightened, and her little heart beat quickly as the light grew fainter and the shadows longer.

Suddenly she was startled by a fearful noise. It was an owl screeching, who, I suppose, did not mean to alarm her; but Kitty, being where she had no business to be, was terribly frightened. She ran on, screaming, without knowing where she was going, till she came to a large

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stone wall. Where was she? O, *where?* Kitty cried bitterly. Happily a man and his dog were going along the road, and the man cried out, "Halloo! who's there?"

"I!" cried Kitty, piteously; "I'm Kitty King, and I want to go home to my mother."

"Are you Squire King's child?" asked the man. "If so, how came you here?"

Kitty said she was, and that was all; and she clung fast to the kind man's hand as he led her safely home.

They found the whole neighbourhood in alarm about her; Kitty's mamma was standing in the doorway anxiously looking out. Tired as she was, Kitty gave one bound into her arms.

"O, mamma!" she cried, "I am your own little girl, and I

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love God for giving me such a good mamma to take care of me."

And so this doubtful experiment of setting up for herself taught the little girl how dependent she was.

DARE!

DARE to be honest, good, and sincere,
Dare to please God, and you never need fear.
Dare to be brave in the cause of the right,
Dare with the enemy ever to fight.
Dare to be loving and patient each day,
Dare speak the truth whatever you say.
Dare to be gentle and orderly too,
Dare shun the evil whatever you do.
Dare to speak kindly, and ever be true,
Dare to do right, and you'll find your way through.

—*Clinnie H. Biddlecom.*

FLOWERS OFFERED IN THE BUD.

NO. I.—MARY FLETCHER.

(*Concluded from page* 118.)

MISS BOSANQUET was very fond of children. To see a little child neglected, or ill-treated in any way, was almost more than she could bear. She often wished that God would call her to some position in which she could have the special care of little children. Now that she was settled at Leytonstone, she began to hope that her wish might be realised; so she asked the Lord, if it were His will, to open a way for her to take some orphan children into her house, and to give her grace to bring them up for His glory.

The Lord heard her prayer, and sent her six little orphan girls to train for Jesus. After some time their number increased greatly. You would like to have seen the large family, wouldn't you? as they all sat down at the long hall-table to eat their breakfast of milk-porridge; or as they assembled in the hall for family prayers at half-past six, half-an-hour before breakfast. Very clean and comfortable they looked in their neat, dark dress of purple print. From eight till twelve o'clock in the morning, and from two to five in the afternoon, the children were in school. Between the school-hours they would go out for a walk, or run in the garden. The elder girls used to take it in turns to stay out of school, and do various kinds of

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housework, such as cooking, washing, etc., that they might learn how to do all sorts of useful work. "But how could so young a person manage such a large household by herself?" for though Mrs. Ryan was a great help to her, and she had a few other godly women to assist her in her work, yet the responsibility and direction of everything devolved on Mary.

Ah, she was not by herself! That was the secret of her success. She had long ago formed the blessed habit of consulting her Heavenly Father about everything; of acknowledging God in all her ways; and according to His promise He did direct her paths, and give her wisdom, strength and guidance at every step.

Sometimes they were in difficulties about money; for you know she had not much of her own, and it was very expensive work to provide for so many hungry little ones, however thrifty they tried to be. But the Lord always helped them out of their trouble. One night they had a heavy bill to pay. The time drew near, but the money was not forthcoming. What were they to do? Mary was at no loss. She "went and told Jesus." While she was praying, some one came to her and said that she was wanted. Mary went downstairs, and you may imagine how thankful she was to find that the interruption was caused by a man who had called to bring her some money. It happened to be just the exact amount she wanted to pay the bill. You know Who made it *happen* so.

Miss Bosanquet's great aim in all her work was to lead these girls to Jesus; for she knew it would do them very little good to be made happy and comfortable for a few years in this life, if they had no hope of life eternal. Many of them knew little or nothing about God and heaven before they came to her. So she told them very simply—what you, my dear children, have heard ever since you can remember anything,—

"The old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love."

And very earnestly she impressed upon them that the only way to be happy was to love and obey God. The Lord blessed her teaching and made it effectual.

One day a little girl of seven years old, called Hannah, had stolen something. Of course Miss Bosanquet was much grieved,

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and spoke very seriously to her and to the others about the fault. Then they prayed that God would forgive her, and save her from her sins.

That night, when the children went up to bed, one of them, whose name was Betty Lawrence, suggested that they should pray again for Hannah; so several of them prayed earnestly for her, one of them, very sensibly and humbly, adding, "Lord, do not let us think so much about her sin, as to forget our own! Do not let us laugh and trifle, and talk about foolish things as soon as we rise from our knees; but make us Christians." After some time, one of Miss Bosanquet's helpers, whom they called "Sister Tripp," went up to them, and seeing how earnestly they were seeking salvation, she prayed with them. Just then Betty Lawrence began to cry bitterly because of her sins. "Wilt Thou pardon me, Lord?" she prayed. "O, I have never done anything to please Thee in all my life!" For a while she was in great distress, but soon, with a happy smile, she said, "He hath forgiven me all my sins; but, O Lord, let them be perfectly forgiven. Do not let me sin again."

Though Mary knew so much of the wonderful power of the grace of God, she could not help feeling astonished at this, all the more because poor Betty had been a remarkably dull and stupid girl before; but—

> "No matter how dull
> The scholar whom He
> Takes into His school,
> And gives him to see;
> A wonderful fashion
> Of teaching He hath,
> And wise to salvation
> He makes us through faith."

But the best part of it all was, that the change in Betty was thorough and lasting. She had been a very bad-tempered and wilful girl; but from this time she was just the reverse.

When Mary had lived at Leytonstone for five years, several circumstances arose which made it seem desirable that she should leave the place which was endeared to her by so many tender associations. But she went forth at the call of God as cheerfully as Abraham did, and with all her household settled in the West Riding of Yorkshire, at a little place called Gildersome, near Leeds.

Soon after their arrival, Mrs. Ryan, who had been very ill for a long time, was taken home to heaven. This loss was a great blow to Mary, and there fol-

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lowed a long season of great trial. But her God was with her through it all.

For thirteen years Mary carried on her good work in Yorkshire, till, in November, 1781, she was married to the Rev. John Fletcher, of Madeley, whom she had long loved and honoured. But she could not be satisfied to break up her household, till she had seen each member of it comfortably settled, and with a prospect of getting a living. Then followed four years of happiness, but after that came the severest trial she had ever known: God called her dear husband, and she was left a widow.

I cannot tell you much more about the remaining years of her holy, devoted life. When you are a little older, you must read the story for yourselves as she wrote it. Some of you, I am sure, would enjoy it now. But she continued as she had begun, *always committing her all to Jesus, and living on His faithfulness.*

On the 9th of December, 1815, Mary Fletcher's happy spirit went to be "for ever with the Lord," Whom she had loved and served for so many years.

Mary Fletcher's work on earth is ended. But since her day God has raised up many others, who feel the same love and pity for poor destitute children that she felt, and who try, as she did, to rescue them from sin and misery. You have heard of our own *Children's Home* in Bethnal-Green, in the East of London, where the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, B.A., has gathered together so many poor outcast boys and girls, who are now being trained for happy and useful lives.

I went over one of the girls' houses the other day, and was very pleased, as I think you would have been too, to see there a neat blackboard, with this inscription printed on it in pretty gilt letters:—

THIS HOUSE
IN THE CHILDREN'S HOME
IS CALLED THE
MARY FLETCHER HOUSE,
IN MEMORY OF
MISS BOSANQUET, AFTERWARDS
MRS. FLETCHER,
OF MADELEY,
WHO ESTABLISHED IN 1761 AN ORPHANAGE AT LEYTONSTONE, WHICH WAS AFTERWARDS REMOVED TO CROSS HALL, NEAR LEEDS.

She hath lodged strangers, she hath brought up children, she hath relieved the afflicted, and diligently followed after every good work.

G. E. S.

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THE MOURNFUL MEMORY.

A TELEGRAM came to a little house in L——. With a feeling of anxiety, such as we all have when opening a telegram, Mrs. Jamieson broke the seal and read, "Your husband was killed on the —— Railroad this morning."

Out in the back yard a boy was playing. The servant called out to him, "Charlie, come here. Your father is dead!" At first he thought she was deceiving him. Her face was too serious, however, and the poor boy rushed to his mother, whom he found prostrate on the floor. He fell at her side and fainted away.

We cannot describe the sorrow of that home. But as Charlie stood by the coffin of his father two days after, his crushed heart told its secret grief to his agonized mother. And here is what he said amid sobs and cries of anguish:

"The last morning that papa was at home I told him a lie. He suspected me. This made me angry, and I spoke bitterly to him. I cannot forget the mournful look on his face that morning as he bade me good-bye. There fell a tear from his cheek to mine as he kissed me, and yet I felt wrong and angry. And now —"

Poor Charlie! Melancholy Charlie!

Reader, in this short and uncertain life let us be true, and kind, and patient. Let us honour our parents, and treasure up no bitter memories for the after-years, when they are in the grave, and beyond the reach of our tears and confessions.

THE BEE.

HARK, the busy hum that swells
And murmurs through the waxen cells!
The flowers are fragrant, bright the sun,
And now the morning work's begun.

I love the active race to see;
But is there, Lord, no work for me?
No precious store for me to glean,
While passing through life's morning scene?

I wish to lay a treasure by,
In cells beyond that beauteous sky;
To call a glorious rest my own,
Before my King's eternal throne.

Taught by Thy Spirit, let me know
Where piety's young blossoms blow;

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From wisdom's hoard the honey win,
And shun the poisoning flowers of sin.

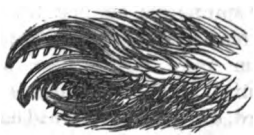
Then yield me, Lord, the help I need,
In paths of sweet instruction lead
My feeble steps; to me be given
Thy grace below, Thy joy in heaven.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

THE HOUSE-SPIDER.

NO doubt all my readers have had many an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the habits of this most interesting little creature; but perhaps they have never thought it worth the trouble of studying. Yet a very wise man spoke highly of the spider; for he found that she could teach him many a lesson of carefulness, industry and skill. When, among all the varied and beautiful creatures which God has made, he selects four which he thinks worthy of special notice, we find amongst them the spider. We read that she is "exceeding wise;" for by her wonderful patience and constant labour, she makes her way in the world so successfully that she sometimes shares even the chambers of kings: "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces." (Proverbs xxx. 28.) Here Agur, who wrote this chapter, is speaking of the house-spider, which is now so persecuted by the housemaid's broom and the schoolboy's fingers.

Let us suppose that we have one on the table before us, so that we can look closely at her, and see the wonderful contrivance by which her Maker has taught her to find her food, and make her home. We will begin by examining her long fine legs, of which she has five pairs. They are full of little joints, so that she could not walk steadily on them but for the strong muscles which run down the side of each leg, and keep her firm on her feet, which are really only the flat ends of her legs. Some of her ten feet have tiny hooks at the end, such as you see in the picture, which of course



represents the spider's foot, many times magnified. Her other feet have fine hairs at the back like a little brush; these

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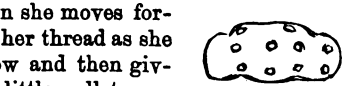
enable her to run on smooth surfaces.

Now let us see how the spider builds the trap, which we call her web, in which she catches her prey. If you look on the back part of her body you will see six tiny knobs about as large as the point of a very small pin. These are called *Spinnerets*, and each of them has in it a thousand holes. When the spider wishes to spin, she presses her leg against these holes, and from the inside of her body there comes out at every hole a thin fibre of gummy silk. The thousand fibres from each hole then unite and form a thread. As the threads drop from her six spinnerets, in a moment the spider catches hold of them with the two tiny hooks on the ends of her hind legs, and weaves them into a beautiful little rope. When she begins her web she does not twist her fibres into a coil, but presses all her spinnerets against the wall at once; so that the gum on them may fasten the fibres securely. Then she moves forward, drawing her thread as she goes, every now and then giving her rope a little pull to see if all is safe. When it is long enough she runs over it again and again, each time adding another thread. For she knows (what some of my little friends forget sometimes) that it is no use trying to *go on* with anything until we have made a good beginning. Then she lays a number of looser threads side by side, which she carefully smooths down, and dries from the gum which clings to them, with the little brush at the back of her foot. When the web is finished she does not live in it, but hides in some crack close by, into which she carries a few loose threads from her web; so that when one of them trembles she knows that some insect is there. She soon kills it, without causing it much pain, by a little drop of poison from a hole in the pair of delicate little feet, which you will find in the very last place where you would think of looking for them,—on the top of her head!

The spider is very sharp indeed in catching her prey; and well she may be, for every spider has at least four eyes; some have eight, and others even ten, which look like little rows of beads in the top of its head. You see what care God has taken of the little spider, and how beautifully every part



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of her body is fitted for the work which she has to do. I hope you will never thoughtlessly or cruelly put an end to the little life which God has made so happy. G. M. A.

"COME UNTO ME."

COME to the clear deep river,
come where the pastures call;
Give to the great, good Giver the
trust that is thy all.
From want eternal fleeing, come to
an endless store;
Bring thy whole famish'd being,
for He wants nothing more.

He will not now refuse thee, weak
hand and vision dim,
For something He will use thee,
but first thou wantest Him.
The spirit worn with staying, will
find His judgment best;
O hear what He is saying, and
yield thyself to rest!
For one transporting minute the
beckoning word obey;

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There is a power within it to bear
thee on the way:
The voice of mercy speaking is God
the Saviour's might,
And all thy heart is seeking lies
safely in its light.

THE SPARROW'S GRAVE.

YOU have lots of pets, haven't you, children? Dogs and cats, and many other dear creatures, that God has given us to love and to care for. I am not going to talk about pets; but I will try to tell you of a little sparrow which Effie and I found one day as we were going to Cragmeer. It was long ago, when Effie and I were quite little. We were sent to the village above mentioned to get some butter and eggs, and were highly delighted with our commission, so we set off in great glee. The day was cold and bleak; but we were warmly clad, and did not mind the cold in the least. We walked soberly out of the town, like two old women, but the very moment we lost sight of the houses, we scattered sobriety to the winds, and ran about like little mad things.

There were not many kinds of flowers out, as it was yet early in the Spring; but we found some daisies and sweet-scented violets and primroses. The "lambs-tails," or as some call them, "cats and kittens," grew so provokingly high that we could not reach them; so we comforted ourselves with the thought that after all they might not have improved our other flowers. We were not unlike the fox in the fable, who said the grapes were sour, because he could not reach them.

About half-way out to Cragmeer, in a lonely lane we found a poor dead sparrow. Effie picked it up; and with quivering lips she said, "Nellie! Nellie! who has been so wicked as to kill God's little sparrow?"

"Perhaps nobody has," I answered; "it may have died of the cold. For, on looking closer, I perceived no mark of anything that could have caused its death. Effie thought the bird might not be quite dead, so she said, with an eager look of hope in her grey eyes, "May be, Nellie, the wee thing has only fainted; put it under your warm jacket, and perhaps it will revive." We warmed and warmed it, but alas! it was of no use—the little glad life had gone never to return again. Effie was very grieved indeed,

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and thought how sorry the sparrow's friends would be to lose their little companion. She wanted to know whether the birds ever buried their dead.

"I don't know dear," I replied; "perhaps they don't, so we will bury it instead." Effie gladly consented, and we turned back a little way, to where the grass was green and pretty, and sheltered by trees. Laying the bird among the flowers in our basket, we sought for a stone to dig the grave. We soon had a hole large enough to lay the sparrow in. Then we gathered some golden blossoms from a furze bush near, and lined the little grave; we put in a few violets for the pillow, and our work was finished. It looked lovely in our eyes. Then carefully and tenderly we laid the sparrow in its little bed, with its wee head resting on the pillow of violets, and covered it over with our remaining flowers. The grave was soon filled up with earth. We found a flat stone, and wrote on it this epitaph,—

"Here lies a sparrow
Who died of the cold,
March, 1861."

We placed the stone at the head of the mound; and then, with our little hearts full of sadness, we took our leave of the sparrow's grave.

Now, dear children, my tale is told; but before I close, let me beg of you to be kind to the little feathered songsters which gladden the world with their sweet voices. Our dear Lord tells us in the Book, that our Heavenly Father cares even for the humble sparrows. And I feel very sure that He is angry and grieved if we wilfully hurt them.

A. G. O. P.

ABOUT SHIPS AND SAILORS.

(*Continued from page* 108.)

IF you have read the Bible attentively, you must have noticed that our Lord often taught great truths by means of parables or allegories, or drew illustrations from objects that the people saw every day; such as the sower and the seed, and the lilies of the field. Now we are going to imitate the example of our Great Teacher, by trying to find out what lessons we can learn from Ships and Sailors, and I think we shall see many points of resemblance between a ship on her voyage, and our own journey over the sea of life.

Ships have good and bad

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characters. A record is kept of certain of the respectable trading class, where we may learn their names, ages, sizes, tonnage, and other important particulars. But there are ships which we shall not find inscribed in this register. Besides the merchantman, the man-of-war, and the missionary ship, there are the pirate, the privateer, the slaver, and the convict ship. Some of these are—like the members of our criminal classes—too disreputable to have any desire that public attention should be directed to them.

We may also learn something from the various parts of a ship, and the changeable element on whose bosom she rides so proudly. The waves and currents represent the force of time and circumstances, hurrying us forward on our life's voyage. The rocks and quicksands are the difficulties of the way, and the spiritual foes we must encounter. The helm is the will, directing the course. The cargo or freight is the precious soul we are carrying from time to eternity. The chart is the Word of God, which shows us how to steer; and the compass is the direction of God's Holy Spirit pointing out our path of duty, and saying to us, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

St. Paul had experience of the sea, and he makes use of an illustration taken from a ship in speaking of the hope that is brought to light by the Gospel. He says, "This hope we have as an anchor of the soul;" implying that without it we should be as a ship without an anchor. Look from this cliff on which the waves are dashing, sending the spray into our faces. Abroad upon the waters we see ships pursuing their various courses by the help of the wind or the tide. Here is one, however, which, though tossed on the surface, remains stationary, because of a line, which we cannot see, that is fastened to its anchor, which, at the bottom, has laid hold of a sure foundation. So with us. When we cast our anchor "within the veil," and lay hold on Christ by the line of our faith, we shall be steadfast and immovable. An Arctic navigator tells of having at one time cast anchor on an iceberg. It was very large and very beautiful, and appeared to be firm and trustworthy; but appearances were deceptive, for iceberg and ship drifted together. Not unlike this drifting ship are those who have no hope

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beyond this present fleeting world. Have you the Gospel hope as an anchor? It is so much pleasanter and safer to secure it before sickness, trouble, or adversity overtake you; so that you may always be able to say:—

"Our anchor sure and fast
Within the veil is cast;
Stands our never-failing hope
Grounded in the holy place."

And now to speak of Sailors. There is perhaps no class of men who undergo greater hardship, privation, and peril.

Not the least trying experience of sailors is their being parted for long periods of time from those they love. One tells what he felt on bidding adieu to his family. His wife was sitting at the fireside, struggling in vain to restrain her tears. She had a baby in her arms, and with her foot was rocking a cradle in which lay a little daughter about three years of age, flushed with a burning fever. The departing father kissed his child, and left his wife sobbing in grief. Four years must elapse ere that father can kiss his child again, or cross that threshold.

The sailor often dies at sea. Death, fearful at any time, must have its bitterness greatly increased under such circumstances. What are his surroundings? He lies in a rude hammock suspended from a beam; there is no messenger of Christ to listen to his wailings over an ill-spent life, or to awaken him to a sense of his sin and danger; he dies without comfort in this world, and perhaps without hope in another.

How few remember in prayer those "who go down to the sea in ships"! How few subscribe to the funds of a Sailors' Mission, or pay any attention to the families that are so long left without a head or protector! The God-fearing wife, or converted child of a sailor, would exercise on him an influence incalculably great, especially when, after a lengthened separation, the heart bounds with more than ordinary affection to his family. Then think what a power for good a converted sailor must be: of his opportunities to preach by his walk and conversation, not only on board ship, but in foreign ports, among godless and heathen people! We believe there is no greater hindrance to the labours of our missionaries, than the vicious conduct of the British sailors and soldiers in foreign lands. But it is cheering to

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know that not a few ships have Christian captains and crews. In some the Word of God is read and preached, and the prayer-meeting forms part of daily duty. We wish the number of such ships were multiplied an hundredfold.

We are sailing on the sea of life. Let us see that we direct our course wisely, according to the instructions of our infallible Chart, keeping a constant and careful look-out ahead, that we may pass through the dangers that await us without damage.

A life-boat has been provided which will take us safely into port, through all the perils of this tempest-tossed life. The Captain stands with outstretched arms, saying to each of us, "Come unto Me." If we refuse His gracious invitation, we may go down into the yawning depths beyond recovery. Are we in the life-boat with this skilful Captain? Then we are safe. If our hearts tell us that we are not, let us no longer delay so important a duty:

"Now is the time for aid; seek now, and thou shalt find
The 'Man that is an hiding-place, a shelter from the wind;'
A covert from the tempest blast—a refuge, rock, and stay,
A rest for those who weary are—
The Life, the Truth, the Way."

LEARN TO SAY, NO.

THERE are some boys and girls who, I am sorry to say, if they are tempted to do a wrong thing, dare not answer boldly and bravely, "No." They have not the courage to do what their consciences tell them is right. So it was with Rose Winthrop. She and her friend Alice Barlow were sitting one fine summer's evening in a meadow, making daisy-chains. The sun was shining brightly; but the younger of the two, lifting her eyes for a minute, saw that it was going down, and soon the twilight would set in. Pretty, large, wondering eyes they were, and they looked out of a pretty, innocent face. Not so her companion's; for though Alice could put on a very innocent look when she chose, yet there was something in her face that betrayed an ill-concealed expression of cunning, which it was very painful to notice in a child.

At last Rose said timidly, "Don't you think I had better be going home, Alice?"

"No," was the decided

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answer; "of course not; you're not a baby. But there, run home to your mother, and be put to bed," Alice continued, mockingly.

"It is not that, but father might be worse, and I should have to fetch the doctor. Mother told me to be home by eight o'clock."

"It struck eight ten minutes ago," said Alice. "You will get as much scolding if you go home now, as if you enjoyed yourself a little longer."

"Well, so I might; but what should I say to mother?"

"I tell you what it is, you're a little coward. You're afraid your mother will beat you, that's it." Alice spoke angrily, and, as she had foreseen, Rose said no more. She was afraid of another volley from her friend, or rather let me say her enemy. The girls sat on for another hour, and then Alice proposed that they should have a race before they went home. They ran merrily to the end of the field, where they separated, their paths lying in different directions.

Rose ran home quickly, but on lifting the latch, she stood perfectly still, for what a sight met her eyes! Her father lay on his bed quite pale and motionless. The doctor was there; but as Rose entered she heard him say, "If I had been called half-an-hour ago, I might have saved him; as it is I can give but a faint hope of his recovery." No one had noticed Rose at the door, but just then a neighbour looked up and saw her turn suddenly white; she would have fallen, had not the man caught her in his arms. The next thing that she plainly and clearly remembered was seeing her mother bending anxiously over her as she lay in her own little bed. Pressing her hand to her forehead, she made an attempt to sit up, but Mrs. Winthrop said gently, "Lie still, dear; you are too weak to get up yet."

"Have I been ill, mamma?"

"Yes, my child; and I thank God that you are able to talk reasonably again."

Rose had been very ill; but now her mother was able to tell her the glad news that her father was out of danger. Rose listened with delight; then she told Mrs. Winthrop how naughty she had been, and promised her mother that she would try in future to learn to say, No.

Rose kept her promise, and this incident was a lesson to her all through life. Even when she

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had grown up to be a good Christian woman, the remembrance of it often gave her courage to resist temptation. H. S.

THE GERMAN AND THE SLAVE GIRL.

"Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."—MATTHEW XI. 25.

A GERMAN gentleman in South America once went to a prayer-meeting where all the people present, except himself, were black, and many of them slaves. But in one sense he was the only black man there, and the only slave; for all the negroes had had their souls washed in the precious blood of Christ, and were rejoicing "in the liberty wherewith Christ" had made them "free," while the German was still defiled by sin, and the slave of Satan.

As these coloured people were singing and praying, and talking about the love of Jesus, he longed to share their joy; and then he saw that he was a sinner, and began to cry aloud for mercy. All the grown-up negroes prayed for him in turn, but still he did not find peace. One little slave girl was present, who was thought too young to pray aloud; but she felt very sorry for the poor German, and when he still remained so unhappy, she begged with tears to be allowed to pray for him. So the others told her she might do so, and then very simply and earnestly she asked God for Christ's sake to set the captive free. While she was yet speaking, God heard, and the penitent felt his sins forgiven, and was made happy in Jesus. The German afterwards became a minister of Christ.

I can't tell you anything more about the little girl; but I know that God delights to hear the prayers of children, however young or however poor.

LITTLE FRANK.

FRANK SUNDERLAND DOUTHWAITE was our fourth child, and at the time of his death was nearly six years of age. He was a strongly-built boy and very manly, and had large blue eyes full of light and intellect. He was very open and generous, very quick, intelligent, and witty; and what is above all, he was a good child, fond of chapel and of good people, and always did exactly what he was told, and did it very cheerfully.

Towards the end of July, 1874,

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Frank went to spend a few weeks with his grandma. Before he left home he brought his treasures into the study, giving them with a grave and somewhat anxious face into my care. Being assured that I would take *great* care of them, his face brightened, and he said, "All right, Pa. I shall come to you in the new Circuit, you know" (we were about changing Circuits).

Having seen Frank safe among his relatives, I went away to the Conference in Cornwall; but on the second day, as I sat among my brethren in the Camborne Chapel, a telegram came to say that *Frank was drowned*. Two days after, his mamma and I followed his remains to the Wesleyan burial-ground in the place where he had died.

I cannot tell you about the sorrow of our home, nor of the sympathy of kind friends; but I thought you might like to hear of what Frank's property consisted, so here is the inventory:—A large wooden cart; a railway train of tin, nicely painted, given him by his Aunt Jane; a regiment of soldiers sent from a late Circuit by a lady who loved him very much; a handsome humming-top; also a number of "Juvenile Missionary Presents," and other books, with a few pictures; and finally, his *banking account*, (I was his banker,) showing on the *credit* side thirteen shillings and twopence. Frank thought he was very rich, and so he was, for besides all these treasures, he had a very contented mind, and was always thankful and happy.

This was the way in which Frank got into the water: There was a large mill-dam near his grandmamma's house; on the surface a stick floated for several days. Frank was very fond of sticks, so one day (the 30th of July, 1874) he went with a little cousin to endeavour to get it, and, as he was stepping down the slope of the embankment, his foot slipped, and he sank in six feet of hot water, and so died. He had not been told that he must not go near the water, or he would not have gone.

My dear children, while nothing happens without God's permission, God does not always work a miracle to prevent accidents. So be sure to keep away from mill-dams, and all other dangerous places. Live in the fear of God; and if, like Frank, you should find an early grave, you will, like him also, leave behind you "a good

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name," which Solomon says, "is rather to be chosen than great riches."

H. DOUTHWAITE.

SHORT SENTENCES FOR YOUNG THINKERS.

LXXIII. So live as if God saw you.
LXXIV. Better to live well than long.
LXXV. All is not gold that glitters.
LXXVI. Delays are dangerous.
LXXVII. Better do, than wish it done.
LXXVIII. A fault confessed is half redressed.
LXXIX. Ill gotten gain seldom prospers.
LXXX. Adversity flatters no man.
LXXXI. Quit not certainty for hope.
LXXXII. Prudence saves what passion wastes.
LXXXIII. Smooth waters run deep.
LXXXIV. Industry is never unfruitful.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

A heathen judge Paul's preaching terrified.
Whose valour won a city and a bride?
Whose "unfeigned faith" did Paul to mind recall?
Who, at his Saviour's summons, left his all?
Whence did a Jewish king fine gold obtain?
What will it make us happy to retain?
Whose deeds impressed a king who could not sleep?
Who drew a prophet from a dungeon deep?
The initial letters of these names record
A gracious call from Jesus Christ our Lord.
Come, while your life is in its early day,
And seek for grace the blest command to' obey.

Answers to Scripture Enigmas on the Book of Proverbs.

1. "Before it be meddled with." Proverbs xvii. 14.

2. "A contentious man to kindle strife." Proverbs xxvi. 21.

3. "He that covereth a transgression *seeketh love;* but he that repeateth a matter *separateth very friends.*" Proverbs xvii. 9.

4. "The sluggard to them that send him." Proverbs x. 26.

5. "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely." Proverbs x. 9. "He that is perverse in his ways shall fall at once." Proverbs xxviii. 18.

6. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." Proverbs xiii. 20.

7. "The path of the just." Proverbs iv. 18.

8. "The way of the wicked." Proverbs iv. 19.

9. "Keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother." Proverbs vi. 20.

10. "All the day long." Proverbs xxiii. 17.

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KITTY KING.

CHAPTER VII.—KITTY AND THE VOICE.

KITTY was in the Sabbath-school one Sunday, and the superintendent was praying, when Mary Gray drew her notice, and slyly handed her some nuts and candy. Kitty glanced at the teacher, as much as to say, "If she doesn't see." Her teacher's head was bowed in prayer. "Do not take them," whispered the still small voice within; "you come to Sunday-school to feed your soul: nuts and candy will take your mind from better things; eat at home." Kitty listened and minded. Then she shook her head at Mary; and soon the prayer was ended, and they turned to the lesson.

The next day Mary was very cold to Kitty; Kitty was grieved, and wondered what it could be for.

"Kitty King makes-believe being very good," said Mary, after school; "I expect she'll soon think herself too grand to play with common folks."

Kitty then remembered the nuts and candy, and was surprised and angry at Mary's ill-natured misconstruction of her conduct. "Why, Mary Gray," she cried impetuously, "you bad thing, to call me a 'make-believe'!"

"You *are*," rejoined Mary, mockingly; "thinking yourself too good to take the nuts yesterday. Catch me offering you any more."

Kitty lifted up her hand to strike Mary. "Stop!" whispered the little voice; "return good for evil. That is our Lord's way." "O, I can't," thought Kitty, passionately; "she's wicked to talk as she does." There was a confusion of voices in poor Kitty's soul, and she was all in a flutter. Resentment was loud and clamorous, so was injured pride; and wounded feeling was very sharp. The little voice was almost drowned.

"I'll never speak to you again, Mary Gray," cried Kitty, pulling from her arm a bag which Mary had given her in their better moments, and tossing it towards her; "take your old bag." Kitty rushed off home. On the way the little

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voice gained her ear, "Child," it said, "God knows all."

"I know it," said Kitty, humbly; "but it's so hard to be called a 'make-believe.'"

"Worse to *be one*," said the little voice; "and it's always better to *suffer wrong* than to *do wrong*."

When she reached home, she and the little voice went up into her chamber together, they two alone. The little girl humbly hearkened to its whispers.

In the afternoon, when school was over, Kitty went up to Mary. "Mary," she said, "will you forgive me for getting so angry with you to-day? I am very sorry; I deserve to be called a 'make-believe' unless I behave better."

Mary's heart was melted with shame and penitence. "O, Kitty!" she cried, in a choking voice.

They could not talk about it; but only kissed each other, and made it up.

"Mamma," said Kitty that night, "how good it was of God to give us the still small voice. I hear it clearer every day; and, mamma, I am *so happy* when I mind it."

That still small voice is *Conscience*.

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

PETERBOROUGH, situated on the river Nen, in Northamptonshire, is justly celebrated for its beautiful Cathedral, which is a conspicuous object from every road of approach to the city.

Peada, the eldest son of Penda, the fourth king of Mercia, founded a monastery here in 655, which, however, was in 870 destroyed by the Danes, who killed all the monks, and after having ransacked the building, set fire to it. It appears to have been rebuilt in 966, through the influence of Athelwold, Bishop of Winchester, who prevailed on King Edgar to assist in its re-erection. In the year 1117, the building having been again destroyed by a fire, which continued burning for nine days, John of Sais, a Norman, "laid the foundation of a new church," which is supposed to be the origin of the present Cathedral. The celebrated Cardinal Wolsey visited the monastery in the Easter of 1528, on which occasion he washed and kissed the feet of fifty-nine poor people.

In 1541 the monastery and its church were converted into

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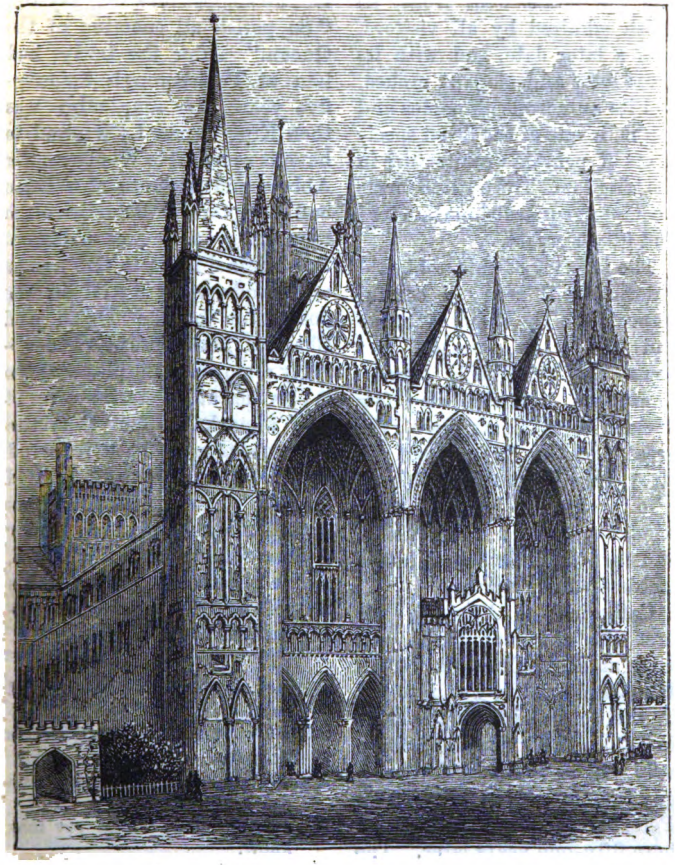

an Episcopal See and Cathedral, and the town into a city, whilst a bishop, a dean, and six prebendaries were appointed to govern the whole.

The style is chiefly Norman,

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but the noble west front, so much admired by all visitors, is of a later date, and with its three lofty and elegant arches, and its numerous pinnacles and spires, is one of the finest specimens of pointed architecture in the kingdom. The outline forms a complete square of one hundred and fifty-six feet.

The interior of this noble old building will repay a careful inspection. The bishop's throne and the stalls, pulpit, and pews, are beautifully carved. There are, however, very few ancient monuments here, the greater portion having been destroyed by Cromwell's soldiers, who broke the stained-glass windows, defaced the outside, and turned the Cathedral into a stable for their horses.

Catherine of Arragon, the first wife of Henry VIII., who died at Kimbolton Castle, in Huntingdonshire, was interred in the south aisle of the choir in 1536. Mary Queen of Scots, who was executed at Fotheringay Castle, eleven miles from Peterborough, was also buried here fifty-one years later. The funeral service was performed by Dr. Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough. He was present at the execution, and when the head of the unfortunate lady fell, he stepped forward, saying, "So perish all enemies of the Queen." After the body had lain at Peterborough twenty-five years, her son, who was then King James I., wished to have it removed to Westminster Abbey, and wrote to the Dean and Chapter of Peterborough requesting their permission. The original letter in the king's own handwriting is still in the possession of the Dean and Chapter. The corpse was accordingly removed to the place where it now lies at Westminster. It is a remarkable fact that the two queens were both interred by the same sexton, "Old Scarlet," who at that time was a well-known character. Under a picture of him in the Cathedral, which represents him with his shovel and keys, are the following lines:

Yov see old Scarleit's pictvre stand on hie;
Bvt at yovr feete there doth his body lye.
His gravestone doth his age and death-time show.
His office by theis tokens yov may know.
Hee had interd two queens within this place,
And this towne's hovse holders in his live's space
Twice over: bvt at length his own tvrn came,

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What hee for others did for him the same
Was done: no dovbt his sovl doth live for aye
In heaven: tho here his body clad in clay.

SPENCE.

THE HEAVEN-BUILT WALL.

IN the campaign of Napoleon in Russia, while the French army was retreating from Moscow, there lay in a poor, low cottage, in a little village, an invalid boy. This village was exactly in the course of the retreating army, and already the reports of its approach had reached, and excited, the terrified inhabitants. In their turn, they began to make preparations for retreat; for they knew there was no hope for them from the hands of the soldiers. Every one who had the strength to fly, fled; some trying to take with them their worldly goods, others to conceal them. The little village was fast growing deserted. Some burnt or dismantled their houses. The old were placed in wagons, and the young hurried their families away with them. But in the little cottage there was none of this bustle. The poor crippled boy could not move from his bed. The widowed mother had no friends intimate enough to spare a thought for her in this time of trouble, when every one thought only of himself and of those nearest to him. What chance in flight was there for her and her young children, among whom one was the poor crippled boy? It was evening, and the sound of distant voices and of preparation had died away. The poor boy was wakeful with terror, now urging his mother to leave him to his fate, now dreading lest she should take him at his word, and leave him behind.

"The neighbours are just going away; I hear them no longer," he said. "I am so selfish, I have kept you here. Take the little girls with you; it is not too late. And I am safe. Who will hurt a poor helpless boy?"

"We are all safe," answered the mother; "God will not leave us, though all else forsake us."

"But what can help us?" persisted the boy. "Who can defend us from their cruelty? Such stories as I have heard of the ravages of these men! They are not men; they are wild beasts. O, why was I made so weak—so weak as to be utterly

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useless? No strength to defend, no strength even to fly."

"There is a sure wall for the defenceless," answered his mother; "God will build us up a sure wall."

"You are my strength now," said the boy; "I thank God that you did not desert me. I am so weak, I cling to you. Do not leave me, indeed! I fancy I can see the cruel soldiers hurrying in. We are too poor to satisfy them, and they would pour their vengeance upon us. And yet you ought to go away. What right have I to keep you here? And I shall suffer more if I see you suffer."

"God will be our refuge and defence," still said the mother; and at length, with low, quieting words, she stilled the anxious boy, till he, too, slept like his sisters."

The morning came of the day that was to bring the dreaded enemy. The mother and children opened their eyes to find that a "sure wall" had indeed been built for their defence. The snow had begun to fall the evening before. Through the night it had collected rapidly. A "stormy wind fulfilling His word," had blown the snow into drifts against the low house, so that it had entirely covered it—a protecting wall, built by Him Who holds the very winds in His hands, and Who ever pities those who put their trust in Him. A low shed behind screened the way to the outhouse, where the animals were; and for a few days the mother and her children kept themselves alive within their cottage, shut in and concealed by the heavy barricade of snow. It was during that time that the dreaded scourge passed over the village. Every house was ransacked; all the wealthier ones deprived of their luxuries, and the poorer ones robbed of their necessaries. But the low-roofed cottage lay sheltered beneath its wall of snow, which in the silent night had gathered about it. God had protected the defenceless with a "sure wall."

WILD STRAWBERRIES.

GATHERING strawberries ripe and red
When the summer sunshine glows,
And the new-blown roses spread
Odorous scents and welcome shade
Where the glittering streamlet flows.

Come with me in joyous glee
To the leafy woodland led,

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Scale the upland—cross the lea—
Gathering strawberries ripe and red.

All along the hedgerow-side,
Nurtured by the genial showers,
Where the sweet field flowers abide,
With the primrose side by side,
And the modest violet cowers.
Come and seek where strawberries streak
With a crimson hue their bed;
In pursuit of luscious fruit,
Gathering strawberries ripe and red.

Down the glen, and through the dell,
Blushing strawberries abound,
And the gentle breezes swell
Where the doves and dovelets dwell,
And the warbling thrush is found.
Come with me right glad and free,
Over hills and valleys sped;
Where the sunward banks I see—
Gathering strawberries ripe and red.

O the bliss of childhood's days!
O the joys of summer light!
Basking in the sun's bright rays,
Roving in sweet rural ways:—
Memories age can never blight,
When with bounding step we trod,
By our guardian-angel led,
Ever in the smile of God:—
Gathering strawberries ripe and red.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

PATTY PATCHWORK.

"THERE, Patty Patchwork, that's your sister!" The words were greeted with a loud laugh from the merry group of children that surrounded the village pond on that fine summer's evening.

The boys were trying to get the lovely water-lilies which grew in the middle of the pond. Rare fun it was, capturing them with their long sticks, and drawing them carefully to the bank; and then giving the beautiful flowers to the girls. Good fun the girls thought it too.

But one little girl stood apart from the others, looking on rather sadly; for she felt sure no boy would give her a water-lily. Why not? Wasn't she a nice child? O yes! little Patty was as bright and pleasant a companion as any of them could have wished; but she was very poor, and shabbily dressed, so the children shunned her, and even, very unkindly, teased her, calling her "Patty Patchwork," because her clothes were so much mended.

Bob Taylor had just drawn a lily to the bank; but in its passage the white leaves had been dragged in the mud and

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soiled. He took it up and threw it to Patty, shouting out, "There, Patty Patchwork, that's your sister!"

Patty felt very angry, and was just going to say, "You're a nasty, unkind boy, Bob!" but she remembered a verse her mother had taught her:—

"When, for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore His injuries."

So she picked up the flower, and just said, "Thank you," and then she ran off home; but not before she had heard one of the girls say, "That's too bad, Bob; it really is!"

Patty soon reached her mother's cottage, and then her fortitude gave way, and she burst into tears.

"O, mother!" she cried, holding out the lily, "they say this is my sister; and I'm sure it is like me, all ragged and dirty and miserable. Why did God make us so much poorer than everybody else?"

"O, Patty!" replied her mother; "you're not dirty and ragged. We do manage to keep ourselves clean and tidy, however poor our clothes may be; and there are lots of people worse off than we are. God is very good to us, and I'm sure it's better for us to be poor and love Him, than to have more money and not care about Him."

Patty said no more, but began to put her little brothers to bed, and soon after went supperless to bed herself.

Next morning the first sight that met Patty's eyes as she came down into the little living-room, was a beautiful white water-lily, placed in a glass of sparkling water. Her mother came forward and put it into her hands, saying, with a bright smile, "There, Patty; that's your sister!"

"O no, mother!" cried Patty. "This beautiful flower! It's more like an angel. Is it the one I brought in last night?"

"Yes, dear," said her mother; "I cleaned the leaves for you, and now it looks almost as nice as ever it did. Shall I tell you what I think it is like?" she went on, as they sat down to their scanty breakfast.

"What, mother?" asked Patty.

"Why, it's like your heart, my child: you know that's all black and soiled by nature; but if you give it to Jesus, and ask Him to make it clean, He will wash it in His own blood, and

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make you fit to live with the angels in heaven."

Many times during the day Patty looked at the pure white lily and thought of her mother's words; and very earnestly she prayed, "Create in me a clean heart, O God!"

And Patty's prayer was answered.

E. L. N.

LIGHTS FOR ALL.

JESUS bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night:
For the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it
If our light is dim.
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
Yes, for all around;
O! what depths of darkness
In the world are found!
There's sin, there's want and sorrow;
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

THE THREE TENTIONS.

1. INTENTION.—If a boy has a sum to work out or a lesson to learn by heart, he will not be able to succeed unless he goes at it with a will, or unless he "intends" to do it.

2. *Attention.*—If he means his work to be well done, he must withdraw his thoughts from tops, balls, kites, and such things; he must not chatter with his school-fellows, but must, for the time, give his whole mind, or "attend," to the lessons before him.

3. *Retention.*—It is of little use to learn anything unless we remember it, or "retain" it in the mind.

THE GARDEN-SPIDER.

I THINK those of my young friends who have been in the garden on a fine Autumn morning, must have noticed the beautiful web of the garden-spider, like a fairy wheel which the early frost has studded all over with diamonds, making a far more attractive-looking trap than that of her homely cousin, the house-spider.

A little examination will show

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you that the two webs are made in a very different way; for whilst the house-spider throws her threads loosely and irregularly together, the garden-spider arranges hers in lines and circles at carefully measured distances, just as if she held in her wonderful hands a tiny pair of invisible compasses.

I dare say some of you boys, who are just beginning to learn Euclid, and have found out how difficult it is to draw circles, would be glad if our little friend could impart to you her power of making them so perfectly; for she has earned for herself the name of the Geometrical spider.

If you watch her at work, you will see that she begins by pressing her spinnerets against the branch of some shrub till she draws out a long silky line, which the wind soon wafts to another branch, where it is fastened by the gum at the end of it; then, like the house-spider, she walks over it again and again, each time adding a thread, till it becomes a strong cord; then she throws out another and another, till the framework of her web is complete. The shape of this framework she leaves to the fancy of the wind, which sometimes blows the threads so as to form a triangle, but more generally an irregular four-sided figure.

In the middle of one of the outside cords the little wheelwright begins her work, by placing there a drop of the gummy fluid from her spinnerets, which she draws out into a straight thread, at the end of which she lets herself down till she reaches a lower branch, where she fastens it. This done, she runs back again up the little ladder, and spins till the outside cord is reached again. Walking along the edge for some little distance, she drops some more gum, and continues her course, spinning her threads all the time. As she goes on, she every now and then gives the line a little push with her hind legs, to prevent its getting entangled with the cords of the framework. When she gets opposite the place where she began to spin, she gives the long straggling thread a hard jerk, which pulls it tight across the first line.

Running to the point where the two lines cross one another, the little creature sends on to the outer lines of the web the spokes of her delicate wheel. In less time than it takes you to read about it, she has made

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all these spokes, carefully pulling each to see if it is firm; and now begins the work of making those beautiful circles which you see in the picture. A little drop of gum fastens the circle to each of the lines, and the spider also takes care to leave some among the threads of the web, to catch the feet of the flies and other insects who enter her trap. When all is finished to her satisfaction, the busy worker bites out the piece in the centre of the web, where all the lines have met; and

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seating herself there, she rests from her work and watches for her prey. If any friend wishes to visit her, she must give notice of her approach by gently pulling one of the threads of the web, which is her way of asking, "May I come in?"

If the occupant of the web does not feel disposed to be disturbed, I am sorry to tell you that she will run angrily out, and fight and chase her visitor; for garden-spiders, with all their good qualities, are frequently troubled with bad tempers, so that they are very disagreeable neighbours.

And now, as we take our leave of the little spider, let us learn from her to be patient, careful, and independent in our work, whatever it may be; but let us see to it that we do not, like her, become so taken up with our own doings, as to be selfish and unkind to others; for no amount of mere cleverness will ever win us love.

G. M. A.

FLOWERS OFFERED IN THE BUD.

NO. II.—ALFRED COOKMAN.

OUR next "Flower" shall be a little boy called ALFRED, who was the son of the Rev. George COOKMAN, a celebrated minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. Mr. Cookman was an Englishman, but he left his native land to preach the Gospel in a foreign country. Alfred's mother was English too, and a very earnest Christian lady.

Alfred was born on the 4th of January, 1828, at Columbia, one of the principal towns in Pennsylvania. Like little Samuel, he was consecrated to God from his birth, and his good mother fondly hoped and prayed, that if it were God's will, her baby might grow up to be a minister of Christ, and be used to bring many souls to Him. We shall see how her prayer was answered.

When quite a little boy, only four years old, Alfred used to be very fond of trying to preach. He would gather together a congregation of little black children, and in his own way talk to them about being good, and going to heaven. But he was not always a good boy himself. Sometimes, though very rarely, he was disrespectful to his kind mother, or quarrelled with his younger brother George; still, as a rule, even from his earliest childhood, he tried to please God and his parents; and

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through God's blessing on the wise and careful training of his mother, his evil dispositions were checked, and he was mercifully kept from forming sinful habits.

When Alfred was about seven years old, he went for the first time in his life to a Watchnight service conducted by his father. Mr. Cookman spoke very solemnly about the coming of Christ to judgment. Alfred was much impressed, and began to wonder how he should feel if the Judgment Day were really at hand; and with terror he thought that he was unprepared to meet his Judge. These serious impressions never quite left him, and three years afterwards they returned with greater force than ever. He says that sin became to him "a burden too intolerable to be borne;" and often would he get up from the table to go into some lonely place to weep before God because of his sins. He felt that sin was real, and he was a sinner; that hell was real, and he was in danger of its punishment.

But what sins had Alfred committed that he should feel them so intensely? Hadn't he been kept from evil to a very great extent? What need was there for such deep repentance in a little child only ten years old? Ah, my dear children, Alfred remembered what we too often forget, that God judges us according to our advantages. That in His sight it is far more sinful for a child who has been well trained, and who knows better, to be unkind to his brother, even very occasionally, than for poor street children who have no one to teach them better, to lie, and to swear, and to steal. Sins against the light are always the darkest sins. Still, there is no need for any children who read this to distress themselves because they have not such keen convictions as Alfred had. Many of Christ's little ones are gently drawn to Him; some seem never to have left the fold. It is a very great mercy not to know by bitter experience how hard the way of transgressors is.

One evening Alfred was at a meeting where several people were seeking and finding Jesus. He felt that now was "the day of salvation" for him, and tried to go up to the Communion rail with the other penitents. But there seemed no room for the little boy. The place was crowded with grown-up people. So he stole away into one corner

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of the chapel, and there, alone with Jesus, he wept, and prayed, and struggled. "Precious Saviour," he cried, "Thou art saving others, O, wilt Thou not save me?" Yes! Jesus did save him. The Good Shepherd had been seeking the little lamb long before the lamb began to seek Him, and there was plenty of room in the fold. God put it into a good man's heart to go and talk to the little boy alone in the corner. So he went, and very simply and tenderly explained to Alfred what Jesus had done for him, and how very willing his Heavenly Father was, for Christ's sake, to accept him, as soon as he was willing to accept Christ. And then God spoke peace to the troubled little heart, and Alfred joyfully exclaimed, "I do believe, I now believe, that Jesus is my Saviour, that He saves me—yes, even now."

From this time there was a new interest and pleasure in his life. Everything seemed brighter and better, because he himself was "a new creature." Like all true disciples of Jesus, Alfred soon began to long to do something for his Master. He could not keep his treasure to himself; he wanted all around him to share his joy. So of his own accord he established a prayer-meeting for boys; and out of a heart full of love to Jesus, he told his companions "What a dear Saviour he had found," and urged them to join him on the way to heaven. God gave him the unspeakable joy and honour of leading many of these boys to Jesus. Now, if Alfred had waited till he grew up before he began to serve God, or if like many boys who have a little religion, he had been ashamed to say a word for Jesus for fear of being laughed at, these golden opportunities would have been wasted, and perhaps these precious souls would never have been saved.

But you mustn't suppose that Alfred cared for nothing but prayer-meetings, and could talk about nothing but religion. He was quite as fond of play as other boys, and full of life and fun. In one of his letters to his grandfather in England, he gives a glowing description of his favourite winter amusement, "sleighing:" "Almost every farmer," he says, "has a good sleigh; and when you have a couple of stout horses, and a plentiful supply of buffalo skins to keep out the frost, it is the finest riding in the world. . . Even we boys have our little

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sleigh. It would amuse you to see George and myself going at full speed, with Frank on the sleigh holding little John on his knee." I am sure Alfred enjoyed his sleighing and all his games more than ever when he had the light and sunshine of the love of Jesus in his heart.

(*To be continued.*)

SACRED BOOKS IN THE SYNAGOGUE.

"And there was delivered unto Him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when He had opened the book, He found the place where it was written, etc."—LUKE iv. 17.

THE Sacred Books were taken, with great reverence, out of the chest in which they were deposited. The book was selected by the ruler of the synagogue; but the parts to be read do not appear to have been previously pointed out. The *opening* of the book signifies the *unrolling* of it; for the Jewish books were not in volumes like ours, but written in rolls of paper and parchment. The Sacred Writings used to this day in all the synagogues, are written on skins of basil, parchment, or vellum, pasted from end to end, and rolled on two rollers, beginning at each end; so that, in reading from right to left, they roll off with the left, while they roll on with the right.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

A SHEPHERD had driven part of his flock to a neighbouring fair, leaving his dog to watch the remainder during that day and the next night. But while he was at the fair the shepherd forgot all about the dog and the sheep, and did not return till the third day. When he came home his first inquiry was whether his dog had been visited? "No," was the answer. "Then he must be dead," said the man, sadly; "for I know he was too faithful to desert his charge." He set off at once to the heath where the sheep were; and there he saw his poor dog with just strength enough to crawl to his master's feet, and express his joy at seeing him again. Almost immediately after he expired.

We hope the faithful dog taught the careless shepherd a useful lesson.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF ANNIE HENRIETTA WILSON.

BY HER MOTHER.

ON a beautiful bright morning, the 9th of March, 1861, our dear little Annie was born; and truly her life was "morning bright." When Annie was three years old God gave her another sister—our little Gertie. She was very fond of her. When we presented her to God in baptism, Annie walked out of the pew and knelt by my side, and, looking up in my face, said, "Mamma, the disciples wanted to keep the little children away." I thought, I will not, but will present you both to Jesus. I believed then that "the Lord had called the child."

One evening I had her on my lap, and her brother was by my side. I was asked to tell them a story. I began in the words of Scripture, about the Last Day, and told them how the King of Glory would descend from heaven with ten thousand times ten thousand of His angels, and all the saints with Him. I told them how the people who loved Him would be glad, and the children also who loved Him would look up with joy, but for the wicked it would be dreadful. They would call on the rocks and mountains to hide them. I then asked, "What would you do if Jesus were now to descend on His great white throne with the angels?" Annie looked up full of sweet trust and peace; she had no fear. Her brother said, "I would run and get close to the Judge, and then I should be safe. I should not be afraid then." I replied, "No, my dears, you need not fear if the Judge is your Friend."

She was a very watchful child. I often said to her, "Annie must not forget;" and she would be glad to remember that God was near. Once she forgot His presence and fell into temptation. Then she seemed astonished at herself. I found her weeping in a corner in the drawing-room. I said, "Come, my child, and let us tell Jesus all about it." She bowed her little head, and told Him all. When we got up from our knees I asked her if Jesus had washed it all away. "Yes, mamma." And I could not doubt this, for she was so lowly and sweet in spirit after.

When the Rev. W. Taylor was in Beaufort, in 1866, the dear child took a great fancy to

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him, and he would take her on his knee and cover her little face with his great beard. After his visit, the first Sunday in July, we had the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Nearly all the young converts stayed, and Annie wanted to remain. I whispered to her that she could do so if she loved Jesus and wished to remember Him. She looked bright and said, "Yes, mamma," and was the first to go out of the pew and kneel by my side. When we came into the pew again I asked her, "Did you remember Jesus, darling?" "Yes, mamma, and the angels were over you and papa."

I think that it was in August, 1869, that she came to me, and said, "Mamma, I am going with you to Class this afternoon." I said, "Are you, my pet? then make haste and get ready." She went with me, and from that time always accompanied me to our meetings.

Sometimes she would get other little girls to accompany her to our monthly prayer-meetings, and we used to be delighted to hear their sweet voices join in the hymns. When the Class was over she would be quite ready for a game of play with her little friend Lizzie.

The first Sunday in the new year Annie went with us to the "Covenant Service," and partook of the Holy Sacrament after. I have the little book that she used then, with her name written in it in her own writing. I believe that she quite understood its meaning—that she had consecrated herself to Jesus for all time. Before the next new year she had done with time; and she now bears the new name and wears the victor's palm.

As Annie got nearer Home she became increasingly diligent in reading the Holy Scriptures and the Hymn-Book. She delighted in the book of the Revelation. She was going through the Old Testament in the morning and the New in the evening. I have often been struck with her devout manner. Sometimes she would put her finger on a verse and look up, and make some remark.

Annie attended the Children's Bible-class, and always joined in singing the sweet hymns. At the family devotions she would stand by her papa, and follow the reading of the Holy Scriptures. Sometimes she would turn and look up in his face as if something struck her. In the services

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of the sanctuary she was attentive in joining in the responses. How often have I heard that sweet voice say, "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ!"

She was very gentle with her little sister. She would look up in my face sometimes and say, "Shall I, mamma?" "Yes, my pet, Gertie is younger than you." Then she would give way to her. O! what a loss to this little sister. Her love for her papa and myself was intense.

One day she came to me in the study, and was looking at me. I said, "What is it, darling?" She said, "Mamma, if a little girl does something wrong, and then goes and tells Jesus all about it, and she knows that He has forgiven her, do you think it is better to tell her mamma as well?" "Yes, I think so, darling." "Well then, mamma, I will tell you all about it." She then told me that they had played in some way that I had said was not the best way, but that she had been and "told Jesus all about it."

Our last Sunday in Fort Beaufort Annie went with us to chapel in the morning. On our return home she said that she did not feel well, and would not go to the Sunday-school, and then she thought that she would be able to go with us to the service in the evening, and stay to remember the Saviour's dying love, as the Sacrament was to be administered for the last time before our removal. She was very anxious about this; but she was too unwell to go out, and when we came home, after the service, she was in bed.

On Wednesday we left for King William's Town. When we said, Good-bye, our friends afterwards remarked, that they should never forget the sweet look that Annie gave them.

We arrived at King William's Town on the evening of the 1st of April. A thoughtful friend lifted little Annie out of the cart, and, carrying her into the house, laid her tenderly on the sofa. She got worse, and on Sunday the doctor saw her. He said that it was rheumatic fever, and that the heart was affected. O! what pain it was to hear this; but our child was in our Father's hand, and we had perfect confidence in the great "Physician." "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind." A blister was applied and other remedies, and on Monday and Tuesday she seemed better, so that if I

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left the room for a short time I would hear the sweet voice singing, over and over again :—

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die."

After a few days more we got her down stairs. She was very cheerful, and we hoped that she might yet recover. But the last Sunday that she was down, she said, "Mamma, will you please get 'Bate's Cyclopædia' and read to me,—

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the sleeping and the waking,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come."

One evening she had fallen asleep; when she awoke I saw a change had come over her. She could not speak plainly. I turned faint from apprehension. But when I told the doctor the next morning, he said there was no danger yet.

When the restlessness got worse I said, "Ask Jesus to give you rest, darling." With difficulty she said, "Yes, I have, mamma." Another time I asked, "Does Annie love Jesus?" With great earnestness she replied, "Yes, I do, mamma."

Her papa would sometimes carry her, when she would put her arms around his neck, and clasp her hands, but they soon unclasped from weakness, and she would say, "I love you, papa."

She could not sleep; for twenty-seven hours she did not close her eyes.

She was quite conscious the night before she died. I repeated some of her favourite hymns and texts to her, and spoke to her of the rest in heaven.

In the morning there was a slight improvement, but she sank fast that day. Mrs. M. came in in the afternoon, and said that at the prayer-meeting one of the children had prayed that Annie might get better and once more speak to her papa. The Lord wanted our little one, and her papa did not hear her voice again. After the doctor had left in the evening I took her out of bed, but she immediately changed. I said, "Call papa," for I saw that our child was dying. As I laid her down, a look of triumphant peace overspread her face. All

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suffering had gone. There was a gentle sigh, and our sweet blessed child was with Jesus and the angels.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

A king to whom David for succour ran.
The royal residence of this same man.
A Jewish king who reared Samaria's wall.
One "specially beloved" of St. Paul.
Who prated against John with words unkind?
Who left her son and husband's graves behind?
What prophet tore to shreds a young man's dress?
Whom will the Lord in judgment guide and bless?
Who from a pulpit did a crowd address?

The opening letters of these words unfold
What rather to be chosen is than gold.

SHORT SENTENCES FOR YOUNG THINKERS.

LXXXV. Religion teaches us to love all men.
LXXXVI. Mildness governs better than anger.
LXXXVII. The noblest remedy for injuries is oblivion.
LXXXVIII. By doing nothing, we learn to do ill.
LXXXIX. Measure your life by acts of goodness, not by years.
XC. A good word is as soon said as an evil one.
XCI. One never loses by doing a good turn.
XCII. Gratitude is the memory of the heart.
XCIII. Cultivate the love of truth.
XCIV. Entertain not sin, lest you meet its reward.
XCV. It is more blessed to give than to receive.
XCVI. As you sow, so shall you reap.

Answer to Enigma for July.

F elix, Acts xxiv. 25.
O thniel, Judges i. 12, 13.
L ois, 2 Timothy i. 5.
L evi, Luke v. 27, 28.
O phir, 1 Kings ix. 28.
W isdom, Proverbs iii. 18.
M ordecai's, Esther vi. 1—4.
E bedmelech, Jer. xxxviii. 12, 13.
"Follow Me," Matt. iv. 19.

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ALICE'S PRAYER.

"NOW, please Auntie, tell us a tale," chimed forth four or five little voices, as I took my seat by a comfortable fire in my sister's nursery, taking my youngest niece on my lap.

"Pease tell Nellie tale, Auntie," she lisped, stroking my face.

"Tell us something that happened when you were young, about your own self," asked my sturdy nephew Tom.

"Now, Auntie, do please begin," cried Florence and Archie.

"Well, many years ago there lived a little girl named Alice Colwill. She had several brothers and sisters, but as my tale chiefly concerns Alice herself, I shall say but little about them.

"When Alice was seven years old, her brothers and sisters gave her mamma a writing-desk, with a secret drawer in it. Now Alice, being an inquisitive little girl, was very anxious for her mamma to show her how to open this wonderful drawer; but Mrs. Colwill did not think proper to satisfy her child's curiosity. This only made Alice more eager to find out how to open it herself.

"One day, when Alice was sitting in the library, her mamma came in, and opening her desk began to write, without noticing her little girl, who was reading a book in the window-seat. Suddenly Alice heard a click, and looking up she saw that a piece of wood had apparently fallen down in the desk, and there was the *secret* drawer. Then she saw her mamma take up the piece of wood and replace it. Another click, and the drawer was closed, and no sign of it left. A few minutes after Mrs. Colwill was called away: she left her desk on the table without locking it.

"'Now,' thought Alice, 'I can open it myself, I am sure I know how;' and going softly to the desk, she put her finger on the same spot that her mamma had touched, and out flew the piece of wood revealing the little drawer. Then she was satisfied, and taking up the

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piece of wood tried to replace it, but in vain. She pushed and hammered it, but all to no purpose; she pressed her finger very hard upon what she thought to be the spring, and did everything she could think of, but alas, poor Alice! she could not put it back.

"In the midst of her perplexity she remembered what her mamma had often told her, that God always heard when His people prayed to Him, and that nothing was too small to ask Him about; so, without waiting to consider if she could expect God's help when she had been so naughty, she knelt down and asked God to help her, and begged forgiveness for her sin. Then with implicit confidence she arose, and again tried to shut the drawer, and to her great joy she succeeded.

"Just then she heard her mamma coming, so quickly taking her book she sat down; but her conscience would not let her rest until she had told her mamma about it.

"'I forgive you freely, my child; I am sorry you should have been tempted to disobey me, but I hope and trust that you have learned a lesson you will never forget. Never think that anything is too small to pray about; whenever you are in trouble, Alice, always go to God directly and He will help you.'

"Alice threw her arms round her mamma's neck, and promised to try and remember what she had told her. Alice never did forget the lesson that she had learned with regard to the desk.

"Years slipped by, bringing with them many changes, and Alice was now in her fourteenth year when a great trial befell them all. Mr. Colwill met with a serious accident which caused immediate death. For days every one was so overpowered by this great calamity, that nothing else was thought of; then Mr. Colwill's lawyer came and wanted to see Mrs. Colwill, and asked for the will that her husband had made. But it could not be found anywhere. Mrs. Colwill quite believed it to be with other papers of her husband's, but on search being made this all-important one was missing. It was a terrible trial, for the property would go to a relative if the will were not found.

"At last they gave up the search as useless; they must leave their beautiful home and work for their own living.

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"There was to be a sale of the property, for the possessor did not intend living there. Mrs. Colwill and her children could stay until the sale, but after that they must find a lodging elsewhere.

"It was two nights before the sale, and Mrs. Colwill and Alice were sitting in the library alone. For some time neither spoke; at last Alice broke the silence:

"'Mamma, don't you remember years ago telling me to ask God for everything, that nothing was too small to carry to the Throne of Grace?

"'It was when I opened the secret drawer in your desk, and then could not shut it again; I was very frightened, and for the first time in my life, I believe, I really prayed, when I asked God to help me; and

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He did, for I shut it without any difficulty. I have prayed very earnestly now about this will, but perhaps it would not be good for us to find it.

"'Mamma, what's the matter?' cried Alice, seeing her mamma start from her chair and rush from the room.

"Very soon she returned with a paper in her hand, which she gave to Alice, who, as she looked, turned giddy and faint. It was her father's will! The desk had been long since laid aside, and Mrs. Colwill had quite forgotten that her husband had put the will there that she might find it without difficulty. Of course there was no sale, everything was clear; they were still the owners of their old home.

"It was some time before they could all realise it; and not one of the family forgot to thank God heartily for His great goodness to them.

"Now, my darlings, I see nurse has come to take little Nellie to bed, so we must bid each other good night; only always remember that God will hear even a little child's prayer, and don't be afraid to go to Him in all your troubles. It's the little things that make up life."

"Auntie, you are Alice, are you not?" whispered Florence, as I wished her good night.

I nodded assent, and, kissing her, left her to her own thoughts.

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.

HOW I love the little flowers,
They are so fair and sweet;
They shine like jewels, on the bank
Of Spring around our feet.

And once I went to gather them,
And thus to them I said:
"O, pretty flowers, that look so bright
Upon your mossy bed,

"I've heard that God doth give to all
A little work to do,
A little word to say for Him,
Say, is there one for you?"

And then the little flowers replied:
"What you have said is true,
God gives a work to every thing,
To us as well as you.

"For even in the little flowers
A lesson you may learn;
In every dancing buttercup,
In every feathery fern.

"'Twas God Who sent us to this earth,
To make it fair and bright:
To give His sinful children joy,
To fill them with delight.

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"You have deserved a dreadful hell,
And yet He makes the earth,
With all its sorrows and its cares,
A place of joy and mirth.

"We come to say, though you forget,
And slight His holy will,
The Lord Almighty changeth not,
He loves, He pities still."

And then I learn'd that even flowers
Have missions from above;
A little word to say for God,
To say that He is Love.

E. E.

"THE FIRST FRUIT."

A LITTLE girl was once made the owner of the grapes upon a large vine in her father's yard. Very anxious was she that they should ripen and be fit to eat. The time came. "Now for a feast," said her brother to her, one morning, as he pulled some beautiful ones for her to eat.

"I cannot eat these," said she, "for they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well, all the more reason for our making a feast, for they are the greatest treat!"

"Yes, but they are the *first ripe fruit*."

"Well, what of that?"

"Dear father told me that he used to give God the first out of all the money he made, and that then he always felt happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give the first of my grapes to God, too."

"Ah, but," said her brother, "how can you give grapes to God? And even if you were able to do such a thing He would not care for them."

"O, I have found out the way," said she. "Jesus said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me' (Matt. xxv. 40); and I mean to go with them to Mrs. Martin's dying child, who never sees grapes, because her mother is too poor to get them."

And away ran this Christian girl, with a large basket of the "first fruit" of the vine, and other good things, all beautifully arranged, to the couch of the dying child.

"I've brought Mary some ripe fruit, which I hope will please you," said our little philanthropist to Mrs. Martin.

"Dearest child, may God bless you a thousandfold for your loving gift! Here, Mary, do see what a basket of good things has been brought you!"

The sick one was almost

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overcome with emotion as she clasped the hand of her young benefactress and whispered, "I will love you in heaven for this."

FLOWERS OFFERED IN THE BUD.

NO. II.—ALFRED COOKMAN.

(*Concluded from page* 159.)

IN the year 1841 Mr. Cookman was deputed by the American Bible Society to go over to England to speak at the Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He was very glad of this opportunity of once more visiting his native land and his aged father, whom he had not seen for so many years. He much wished to take Alfred with him, as he thought he would be a pleasant companion on the voyage, and that a tour in England would be a delightful holiday for Alfred. But on the other hand, he knew what a trial it would be to Mrs. Cookman to be separated from her husband and son for such a long time; for Alfred was already a great help to his mother, by the influence of his example on his younger brothers and sister.

So at last it was settled that the matter should be decided by Alfred himself. He might choose whether he would go to England with his father, or stay with his mother.

Now you may imagine how delightful the idea of a voyage to England seemed to Alfred. He had heard so much about that wonderful country, where his father's boyhood had been spent, and where his grandfather lived, whom he had never seen. But there was a greater joy to Alfred even than the proposed trip, and that was, strange as it may seem, the joy of giving up his own pleasure for the sake of others; the delight of doing his duty. Only those who have tried it know what a luxury it is. So when he was asked whether he would go to England or not, he cheerfully said, "I will stay with mother, and help her take care of the children." So Mr. Cookman set off alone. Before he left his family, he said to them all, as they sat together round the fire, "Now, boys, if your father sinks in the ocean, his soul will go direct to God, and you must meet him in heaven." The children little thought how soon they would remember these words very sadly, but very thankfully.

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They never saw their father on earth again. The steamer in which Mr. Cookman sailed was expected to reach England in a few weeks; but month after month passed, and nothing was heard of it. No tidings ever reached England or America of the ship, or of any on board. So it is almost certain that the ship did "sink in the ocean," and Mr. Cookman's soul went "direct to God." I can't attempt to describe to you the sorrow and anxiety of the mother and her children; nor how slow they were to give up the hope, that grew fainter and fainter as time passed on, of hearing some news of the vessel. Alfred would go again and again to the post-office, to see if any letter had come from his father; but each time there was the same sad silence. "How I did dread," he says, "to return home and meet my dear mother without a letter, and see her disappointment." Alfred now set himself, with all his heart and soul, to comfort and cheer his mother; and it is astonishing how much children can do to comfort older people if they try. How thankful Mrs. Cookman now was that her son had remained with her! Alfred tried, too, by God's help, to act the part of a father as well as a brother to the younger children. He would give up his own spare time to help and direct them in their studies; and to amuse them, so that they might not be troublesome to their mother; above all, he tried to influence them for good, and to prevent their getting into any kind of mischief. Sometimes he would persuade Mrs. Cookman to go out in the evenings for a change, while he stayed at home and took care of the little ones. Before they went to bed he would have prayers with them.

What was it that made this boy of thirteen so thoughtful and considerate, and such a blessing to his family? What made him try so hard to help and cheer them all? and how was it that he succeeded so well? It was the love of Jesus in his heart. God gave him strength and grace to follow the blessed steps of the Holy Child Jesus. But though Alfred was thoughtful, and of course saddened by his loss, he was not gloomy: he enjoyed a romp with his brothers and companions as much as ever, and was a general favourite with his school-fellows. He was

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especially noted among them for his faculty of writing amusing verses.

When Alfred was about seventeen, he began to work for God more publicly, by joining with some other young men in mission work among the sailors who frequented the docks of the city of Baltimore, where the Cookmans then lived. Soon afterwards he was called to be a regular minister of the Gospel. When he left home to go to his first Circuit, his mother said to him, as she bid him good-bye, "My son, if you would be supremely happy, or extremely useful in your work, you must be an entirely sanctified servant of Jesus." She meant that her son must give everything to Jesus, and not serve Him with only half his heart. And Alfred did from a child give all to Jesus—his heart to love Him, his brain to think for Him, and his tongue to speak for Him. He gave—

"All his goods and all his hours."

So he was intensely happy, and his was "no vain sacrifice."

After a life of such whole-hearted service, during which he was used to bring many, many souls to Jesus and to accomplish much blessed work for his Master, Alfred Cookman was called to suffer from a painful disease, and then to give up his life here, and go to live with his Saviour in heaven. He was very happy indeed, in spite of his sufferings, during his last illness, and talked very much to his wife and children about the beautiful home to which he was going. He often triumphantly repeated the words, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb." His dying testimony and holy life have been made the subject of a beautiful hymn, the chorus of which you all know:—

"Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem,
'Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.'"

Now, boys and girls, wouldn't you like to live such a life as Alfred Cookman's, and at last to die such a death? Your outward circumstances, of course, may be quite different. I hope you will not have to pass through such trouble in early life as he had. But in one thing you may all be like him,—you may from childhood live for Jesus. Let your motto be "All for Jesus;" and then, like Alfred Cookman, you will be most blessed and happy in life, and when you are called to

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leave this world "an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

"Who, who are these beside the chilly wave,
Just on the borders of the silent grave,
Shouting Jesu's power to save,
'Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?'

"These, these are they who in their youthful days
Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's ways
Proved the fulness of His grace,
'Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.'"

G. E. S.

KITTY KING.

CHAPTER VIII. — KITTY AND "PLEASE."

KITTY had of late got a bad tone in her voice: it was a tone of command, very unbecoming to a little girl. Instead of saying in a gentle voice, "Will you be kind enough to do this, or that?" or, "Please do this," she said, "*Do* this," and "Do that," like a little tyrant. Her mother, as you may think, was very sorry, and talked with her little girl about this new fault.

One day her shoe came off while she was playing. She called Bridget to put it on. "Bridget," she said, "I want my shoe on. Put it on quickly, for my papa will come soon." Bridget was doing something in the closet, and did not immediately come out. "Bridget," she called again, "don't you hear me? come and put my shoe on."

Her mother was in the next room, and overhearing her little daughter, said,

"Say 'please,' Kitty, and Bridget shall put your shoe on."

Kitty pouted, but did not speak. She took her shoe, sat down on the floor, and tried to put it on herself, which would have been very well if she had not done it angrily; for children ought always to try to help themselves. Kitty tugged and tugged, but her little foot had grown fatter since the shoe was bought, so putting it on was a difficult matter; in fact, Kitty could not get the shoe on.

Soon she heard her papa's step in the passage, and began to cry.

"Bridget will help you, Kitty," said her mother, looking into the room; "ask her, my child."

But Kitty *looked* "No, I sha'n't," though she did not say

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it in so many words. Soon the dinner-bell rang.

"You must stay here, Kitty," said her mother, "until you can ask Bridget properly to put on your shoe;" and her mother went down-stairs.

Kitty turned very red, and burst into a hard, angry fit of crying. Then she got up, ran into a little dressing-room, and shut the door. O, naughty, foolish Kitty! How much trouble she was making herself, and how grieved her parents were to see no dear little Kitty in her own high chair at the table; and for such a reason, too; that was the worst of it.

By and by her papa came up-stairs, and not finding her in mother's room, went to the little dressing-room.

"Where is my Kitty?" he asked, in a sad, sorry tone.

The little girl jumped up from the corner, and going towards him, said, "O, papa, 'please' wouldn't come out of my throat, it stayed there till it almost choked me; but maybe it will come out now."

She took her father's hand, and picking up the shoe, went to find Bridget; and when she had found her, she said, "Please, Bridget, put my shoe on a naughty little girl's foot."

Bridget did it very willingly. Then Kitty ran down-stairs, and throwing her arms round her mother's neck, said, with a sorry and glad tear in her eye, "Mamma, 'please' did stay in my throat so long; it felt big and almost choked me; but, mamma, it's *out*, and I think it will come out *quickly* next time. Please kiss me, mamma; I'm very sorry."

Kitty did not get so choked again. She found it easy to say "please" afterwards. And "please" made the little girl a great many friends.

THE LITTLE MINER.

IF workmen want to build a house, or to make a tunnel or a mine, what must they have before they can begin? Proper tools for their work, mustn't they? They will want spades, trowels, measuring lines and a great many more things. Then there will have to be some plan or design drawn to show them what the house or tunnel is to be like when it is finished. And master or overseer will often come to look at

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their work, to see whether they are carrying out the directions.

Now, I am going to tell you about a wonderful little miner who makes long tunnels, and roads, and little chambers under-ground, without any tools, except those which its Creator has given it in its own marvellously-formed body; and who has no plan to guide it but that singular faculty which we call instinct;—I mean the common mole. Let us see

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what his natural tools are, and how perfectly his body is adapted for burrowing in the ground.

The little animal is round and compact in shape; with a long, tapering snout, which gives the forepart of its body a cone-like appearance. His pointed snout enables him to push or bore into the ground. He has very strong bones in his head, so that he can lift what, compared with the size of the little creature, is a heavy weight of earth. But his most useful tools are the forepaws, which are not much unlike hands; these serve him as pickaxe and shovel. He can turn them backwards and forwards as he scoops out the earth, which he quickly throws behind him with his feet.

He is covered and protected by a soft, velvety coat of short, close-set, glossy hair, which is so tough that it can only be cut with a very sharp knife, and so smooth and compact that no particle of mould ever sticks to it.

Doesn't the soil ever get into his eyes and ears? No, his little eye is so covered by fur, that people, for a long time, thought he was blind. He cannot see at all perfectly, but quite well enough to know when he is coming into the light. He does not want to see much more than this, as he spends so much of his time in the dark. You can hardly tell, either, that he has any ear, for the tiny opening is almost entirely covered with little bristles. Yet his hearing is very good.

Now let us look at his work: he begins by raising a little hillock called a mole-hill. He always chooses a secure place for his mining operations; often he burrows near the root of a tree. Inside and underneath this hillock, he tunnels out a multitude of little galleries. In one, which goes along the base of the hill, is the mole's house and the chamber where he sleeps. The others are "roads" and "hunting-grounds" where he finds his food. The mole is a most voracious little fellow, and is of all animals the least able to fast. He could not exist many hours without eating. He lives chiefly on worms, which he easily catches in his "hunting-grounds;" but he is very fond of flesh, and often in the twilight or early morning he ventures to come above ground, to seek for frogs and snails, or young birds. He requires a large supply of water, too, and

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always makes a "road" to some ditch or stream near at hand; or, if the supply is too far off, he sinks little shafts or wells, which have been found brimful of water.

Sometimes two moles happen to meet in the "road," as several will use the same, though they never trespass on each other's "hunting-grounds." Now, it is too narrow for them to pass each other, so if either is polite enough, he offers to go back and wait till his friend has passed on; but if, like two quarrelsome children, neither is willing to give up his own way, there is nothing left but to fight till one of them is killed. "What a foolish way of settling the difficulty. How much better for one of them to run back and wait." Yes, that is much the better way, as I hope you will remember through life, for you will probably, if you live long enough, come to many narrow passages, where you cannot go on without doing harm to somebody or being injured yourself. Then think of the polite or pugnacious moles, and seek for wisdom and patience to WAIT.

E. L. N.

MR. NOBODY.

I KNOW a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
Though no one ever sees his face,
We all seem to agree
That every plate we break was crack'd
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books—
Who leaves our doors ajar;
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody?

The finger-marks upon the doors
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see,
Are not our boots—they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

PEGS TO HANG THOUGHTS UPON.

THERE is a proverb which says, "You can't put old heads on young shoulders." This means, that we do not expect boys and girls to be so wise as those who have

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lived a long time in the world. But still, boys and girls may be thoughtful. Thoughtfulness is a help to obedience, and makes it easier for us to obtain that knowledge which Solomon says it is not good for the soul to be without. I remember a teacher saying of a boy, "I can teach that boy anything, *because he thinks*." Learning to think is an important duty, and an exercise that will be found of great service. A simple means of acquiring the habit is to make everything you say, or do, or hear, a peg on which to hang a useful thought. If you try to learn from everything, you may gather many useful lessons from the little events of daily life.

Thus, when you awake in the morning, and see the light coming in at your window, you may think of "the Sun of Righteousness," and be led to thank God for the light of His Word. While you dress, ask yourself if you have put on Christ, and whether you are clothed with His spotless robe; and, when you wash, whether you have been washed in the Fountain that "cleanseth from all sin." When you sit down to the food so kindly provided for you, ask God to feed your soul with the Bread of Life. As you read the Bible, remembering Whose Book it is, say, "Lord, open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." When you ask your parents or teachers for anything, who are so willing to help you and to give you what you want, you should think "how much more shall your Father Which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him!" When you ramble along the sea-shore, or take a walk into the country, you may perhaps see a great rock, or a fruitless tree, or a waving cornfield, then the thought will arise, "Is my heart like that rock, or the barren tree, or do I bear fruit like that field?" When you hear your companions, or find yourself, speaking foolishly or sinfully, you may recall the words, "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment;" "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile." When you are asked to do little services for others, or to give up your own pleasure in anything, you will feel such a warm glow of real happiness, if you remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, "It is

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more blessed to give than to receive;" and how "the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." When you undress at night and lie down to sleep in your bed, expecting to wake in the morning refreshed, and ready for the duties and pleasures of another day, you will be led to think solemnly, but not sadly, of the sleep of death, and the glorious awakening of the resurrection morning. Then pray,

"Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day."

May you feel, as well as say, "As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness!"

Endeavour to discover for yourselves other *pegs* like these, and God will help you to hang profitable thoughts upon them, that each day you may learn some fresh and useful lesson, and each night may find you a little wiser than you were in the morning. Then—

"When time—which steals our hours away—
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew."

WILLIAM MACLERIE.

"YOU LITTLE MONKEY!"

ONE day, as I was walking along the road, I heard an angry voice exclaim, "You little monkey! you are always at your tricks." I turned round to see where the monkey was, and I saw a bright-looking little boy, who, with a thick stick, had been splashing the water of a puddle over the clean doorstep of his mother's cottage.

Now I have seen the monkeys at the Zoological Gardens, and one has come to our house sometimes with a man who carries a hand-organ, a funny little fellow he is! with a red cap on his head, and in a velvet jacket. "But this little boy is not at all like a monkey," thought I; "I wonder why his mother called him one." So I went on thinking, and it occurred to me that it must have been because he was mischievous.

A boy stood looking at the monkeys in the "Gardens" one day, and laughing very much at the odd things they did, when one, who had taken several bits of biscuit from his hand, suddenly put out his paw and snatched off the child's cap. He ran with it up the pole, and

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then sat down and looked at it very carefully, turning it round and round and peeping inside it, as if he were trying to find out what it was made of.

Everybody laughed, except the little boy and his sister who was with him. They were in trouble about it, and almost ready to cry. But the cruel monkey only thought about his own fun, and proceeded to pull the cap to pieces. Presently the keeper came and took it from him, but it was so spoiled that the boy could wear it no more.

Now when a child does anything just for his own amusement, without caring or thinking about other people's feelings, he is like this monkey. So if you put salt into your brother's tea, or pin a ticket on your schoolfellow's jacket, or rub out his sum, or play any practical jokes of that sort, you know what you are like. Jesus said, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." If you follow this rule you will be very different from a monkey.

Monkeys are inquisitive, peeping and prying into all sorts of things. A gentleman once had a pet monkey called Pug, of whom many funny stories are told. Pug always wanted to know what was in the saucepan, and would take off the lid to see; or he would go to the table when it was laid for dinner, and lift up the dish-covers to see what was underneath. Some little children are like this, they can't rest till they know "What the letter says," or, "What mother has in that bag."

Pug one day went into the kitchen and saw some chestnuts roasting at the fire. He thought he should like to have one, so he put his paw on it, but it was hot and the fire scorched him. Poor puss was lying comfortably asleep on the hearth, and he woke her up and took hold of her paw, and with it snatched up the chestnuts. He did not care whether puss was burnt or not, he only thought about himself. Now you see monkeys are selfish; so when you do selfish things you are like a monkey.

I once saw a picture of a monkey standing before a looking-glass. He had on his master's hat, which was a great deal too large for his little head, a collar that stuck up to his eyes, and his master's coat, which dragged on the ground. He was admiring himself very much; but everybody else

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laughed at the foolish thing. Now some people are always trying to do as others do. If the little girl at the big house wears a feather in her hat, Mary at the Lodge must have one in hers. You laughed at the monkey, don't be like him. It is quite proper for a young lady to play on the piano; but if a monkey sat down and pretended to play, it would look very ridiculous, wouldn't it? But this trying to be like other people is often worse than ridiculous. It does a great deal of harm. A monkey once attempted to shave, as he had seen his master do; but he cut his own throat with the razor, and so killed himself. This foolish love of imitation often leads people to do wrong things, which ruin them both for this world and the next.

My little readers, I hope that in none of these respects you will be like a monkey.

S. S.

GOOD ADVICE.

IF you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

If you your ears
Would save from jeers,
These things keep meekly hid;
Myself, and I,
And mine, and my,
And how I do, or did.

THE LORD IS A GOOD PAYMASTER.

MR. WESLEY once, when he was making a collection, urged the people to give, and in this way to lend their money to the Lord, adding, "The Lord is a good Paymaster." These words made such an impression upon the mind of a little boy who was present, that he put a shilling into the plate. This was the only coin that he possessed. He fully expected that his shilling would soon come back to him, and as time passed on, and it did not return, he was much disappointed. So at last he told his mother what he had lent to the Lord, and that it had not been paid him again. "Never mind," replied his mother, "the Lord *is* a good Paymaster."

Twenty years rolled away, and the boy had grown up to be a very rich man, and what is infinitely better, a real Christian. One day he met

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Mr. Wesley, and reminded him of his words, telling him also how he had acted upon them. "And so," he added, "*the Lord is a good Paymaster*, for I am this day worth twenty thousand pounds, and I trust have the grace of God in my heart."

UNWILLING OBEDIENCE.

"NOW, I never shall get done, never! Just look at all the books! and mother wants me to dust them. O dear, and so many of them!"

The speaker was little Mary Vine. She was a girl of ten years old, quite big enough to be put to so simple a task as dusting the six shelves of books in the book-case.

"Well, why don't you go at it and do it?" said her cousin Sarah, who came into the room just then. "It won't take you any longer than it will me to mend the stockings."

"But there are so many of them," said Mary. "I've counted, and there are one hundred and twenty-five."

"Well, if you'd been dusting them instead of counting, you might have half finished your work by this time;" and Sarah passed on.

Mary sat before the book-case and complained to herself a little more. Then she took down two or three volumes; then she thought what a long time it would take, and what hard work it was; and so the task, which might have been done in an hour, occupied three. Do you think, if Mary goes on as she has begun, she is likely to make a very useful woman?

THE GATHERED LAMB.

I HOPE many of my little readers know by heart those beautiful words in Isaiah xl. 11, where, of Jesus, the Good Shepherd, it is written, "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom." About one of these lambs I want now to tell you, and may the Lord Jesus graciously do for each dear child who reads this, what He did for that little girl. From her early childhood Sarah had thoughts of God. She did not *love* Him; for although she had heard of His love in giving His only Son to die for sinners, yet she did not feel that the dear Saviour died *for her*.

When she was about ten years old, at night, in her

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bed-room, she used to pray that the Lord would not come in judgment that night; for young as she was, she knew that she was not prepared to meet Him.

Here, dear children, little Sarah made a mistake in thinking more about Christ as a Judge than as a Saviour. O, think of His love! Think of Jesus "gathering the lambs with His arm," and "carrying them in His bosom." You know that children are the lambs of His flock. It does not look as though a shepherd wanted to frighten his lambs, when he gently takes them up in his arms and carries the little timid wanderers back to the fold, from whence they had strayed. And so, dear children, there is nothing in the Lord Jesus to make you afraid, but everything in Him to win your love.

But now I must tell you how He was watching over little Sarah, and leading her to Himself. At the age of eleven she had a severe attack of whooping-cough, which made her very weak and ill. But it was in great love the Lord thus dealt with her.

When she was getting better, she went with some of her own family to the sea-side. There the Lord sent her a friend to tell her of Jesus. And then gently, day by day, the Good Shepherd drew this little one close to Himself, and led her to know Him as her own Saviour, her Lord and her God.

To one very dear to her, Sarah wrote, some time after she had been led to yield herself to Jesus: "Do not grieve the Good Shepherd by going farther and farther from the fold. Think of the years He has spared your life; and out of those years *how many* have been spent in His service? Try and find out whether you can say,

"Now I love my Shepherd's voice,
Now I love my Father's home."

Beloved children, I want you, and the Lord wants you, to love Sarah's Shepherd and to believe in Him. May He enable you *now* to say,

"Jesus is *my* Shepherd, wiping every tear,
Folded in His bosom, what have I to fear?
Only may *I* follow whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead."

Then at last He will take you to live with Him for ever, and you will be

"Gather'd to the fold above."

SARAH.

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ENIGMA ON 2 SAMUEL.

BY whose son was a false prince entertain'd?
Near to whose dwelling was the ark profaned?
What country's prince did to King David come,
Bringing rich presents from his distant home?
Who offer'd gifts rejected by his king?
Who did to Joab once a letter bring?
Who in a field of lentiles victory gained?
What hiding-place King David's spies contained?
Who near the sacred ark three months did live?
What title did the king to Hushai give?
What stranger-youth at David's court was fed?
Who did the blood of a giant's brother shed?
Who fought until his hand clave to his blade?
Whose brother's death made all the land afraid?
A place from which a friend unto his king,
Did beds and basins, beans and barley bring?

The initial letters of these words will spell
A place in which David demurr'd to dwell.

SHORT SENTENCES FOR YOUNG THINKERS.

XCVII. Denials make little faults great.
XCVIII. Lying is the vice of a mean mind.
XCIX. Kind words cost no more than angry ones.
C. Oppose the first appearance of evil.
CI. Hard things are easy to a willing mind.
CII. Fear not when acting justly.
CIII. Avoid that which you blame in others.
CIV. Anger has made many a man a fool.
CV. In all thy actions aim at right.
CVI. Idleness is the root of all evil.
CVII. Render good for evil.
CVIII. Content can only be purchased by a virtuous life.

Answer to Enigma for August.

A chish, 1 Samuel xxi. 10.
G ath, 1 Samuel xxi. 10.
O mri, 1 Kings xvi. 23, 24.
O nesimus, Philemon 10, 16.
D iotrephes, 3 John 9, 10.
N aomi, Ruth i.
A hijah, 1 Kings xi. 30.
The M eek, Psalm xxv. 9.
E zra, Nehemiah viii. 4.

"A Good Name," Proverbs xxii. 1.

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SPARE MOMENTS.

HOW many minutes have you to spare? Five, ten, fifteen? Much may be done with them. We have heard of a young man who read through a History of England while waiting for his meals at a boarding-house. We have read of a mathematician, who is said to have composed an elaborate work when visiting with his wife, during the interval between the moment when she first rose to take leave of her friends and the moment when she finished her last words.

The small stones which fill up the crevices have almost as much to do with making the fair and firm wall as the great rocks; so the wise use of spare moments contributes not a little to the building up in good proportions a man's mind.

REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

THE TWO FORTRESSES.

I KNOW a little fortress where
Numbers of people hide.
I wonder, my young friends, if you
Have ever been inside!

Some think it is a fortress sure,
(Although in truth 'tis not,)
Thither the careless love to run,
'Tis called, "I quite forgot."

You "quite forgot" that mother call'd,
To-day, when you were reading,
You let her wait upon herself,
While you went on unheeding.

You "quite forgot" to leave your room
As tidy as you ought;
And then, O how ashamed you felt!
When visitors were brought.

This morning you "forgot" to pray,
And everything went wrong;
Cross words, unkindness, bitter thoughts,
Have teased you all day long.

And now to shield your character
This fortress is no use,
For those around you plainly see
"Forgot"'s a lame excuse.

For if you always "quite forget,"
Folks feel they can't trust *you*,
You'll lose respect, and forfeit love,
And little good will do.

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But there's another little fort
That I should like to mention,
Conscience and duty are its guards:
'Tis called, "I'll pay attention."

Will you not come and man this fort?
Instead of cure, prevention
'Twill give you, if you say and mean,
Henceforth "I'll pay attention."

G. M. A.

THE LITTLE ARCHITECT.

ALL my young friends have probably heard of the wonderful skill of the Beaver, and I think they will be interested to know the way in which he sets about the work that has earned for him such well-merited fame as a builder. But, before we follow him to his labour, we will look for a moment or two at his personal appearance, and examine the tools which he carries about with him in his wonderful body. In the first place, he has inside his mouth four capital chisels, in the shape of two very sharp teeth on either side, which, like all edged tools that man uses, are made partly of hard and partly of soft substances. But the beaver's chisels have this great advantage, that, as fast as they are worn away by use, fresh material grows on them. Besides these he has sixteen excellent grinding teeth which serve him as saws. Then his solid, scaly tail he uses as a chair, on which he can lean back and examine his work as it proceeds; and his fore paws serve him as trowels with which to spread a muddy plaster over his work.

Knowing how much depends on a good beginning, our architect bestows great care in deciding upon the situation of his home. He generally fixes on some pond or river where the water is not too deep for him to obtain his food, which consists chiefly of a kind of water lily which grows at the bottom of ponds and streams; but he takes care that it is not so shallow that it would freeze to the bottom in winter.

Having chosen the site of his dwelling, our little friend gnaws down a small tree, which supplies him with timber. He and his companions then lay the foundation of their abode, for the "residences" in Beaver-land are all "semi-detached," that is, they are under the same roof, but are divided from each other by partitions, and communicate

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only by water. Although these houses have no numbers, each family knows its own as well as you know yours, and enters by its own special door. So they live all together with just enough privacy to be comfortable, and enough society to be neighbourly; for as each has had a share in building the apartments of the others, they naturally feel a friendly interest in one another, which is often manifested by a short visit. This intimacy between the parent beavers is taken advan-

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tage of by the little ones who play together in the fine, watery playground in front of the house. A very pretty sight it is to see the little things playing and fondling each other in a way that looks strangely human.

In order to secure their grounds against all enemies, the beavers, having finished their house, construct a large dam or bank, built of wood and stones, cleverly fastened together with mud; this reaches right across the stream, and is so strong that it resists both water and ice.

The largest colonies of beavers are found in British North America, near the enormous lakes of the New World; but here they are much hunted by the Indians for the sake of their fur.

I once read a very interesting account of a tame beaver called "Binny," who was brought to London while still a baby. Before he had been a week in his new home, Binny began to display his architectural genius by building with books, boots, sticks, handbrushes, and, in short, anything that he could possibly carry. He made himself a little nest under a chest of drawers, where he would go and perform his toilet, carefully combing his beautiful fur with the nails of his hind feet. He had a curious liking for dipping his tail in water; in fact, if that was kept moist, he never seemed thirsty, but if it were dry he grew feverish and restless. A very important member of the household he was, and his death was a great trouble to the family of his owner.

M. A. G.

THE WONDERFUL LETTER.

"A LETTER for me!" What a pleasant sound these words have for little folks! Perhaps it is from father or mother, or from brother at school. How well I remember one letter which I received when I was a very little child! My mother was away from home, and she thought her little girl would be so pleased to have a letter all to herself. I could not write then, nor read writing, but I had just learnt to read print; so my dear mother took the trouble to write a little note for me, in letters like printing, just the same as you see in a book, only of course made with pen and ink, so that I might be able to read it myself.

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I was so delighted with my little printed letter, that I fairly cried for joy. I can't tell you all that was in the note; but among other things it told me to be a good little girl, and I think I must have tried to be good, out of gratitude for my letter.

Now I am going to talk to you about another Letter, which a very loving Father has written for each of you. We can never know all the love and care for us that it represents. It has taken many years to write, and was written ages ago; but it was written for you, and is just as fresh and interesting to-day as ever.

"O, you mean the Bible!" Yes, I mean the precious Book which our Father in heaven has written for us. There are some passages in the Bible that are so plain and simple, and so exactly suitable for children, that they seem like the printed letter. You will think of one in a moment: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not." Here is another: "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another." If you look for them, you will find many more; and if you make them your own, they will be more precious to you than thousands of gold and silver.

But how are we to make God's Word *our own?* Every one of my little readers, I have no doubt, possesses a copy of the Bible. You should be very thankful that you live in an age when Bibles are so plentiful. You know for many hundreds of years the people of England were without the Scriptures in their own language. When a translation was made, in the reign of Henry VIII.,—not the version we use now,—the king ordered that a copy should be placed in every church in the land. It was chained to the reading-desk, lest any one should take away the treasure. Some man who had a clear voice, and could read easily, would read it aloud to the people, who flocked in crowds to hear the glad tidings of salvation, for the first time, from the Word of God.

"The Word of the Lord was precious in those days;" and ought it to be less precious to us who might know so much more of it?

It is good to have the Bible in our homes, but a better way to make it your own, is to store up its sacred words in the memory. I wonder how many

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readers of "Early Days" look at the daily texts which we give them every month in the Almanack on the cover. We want you not only to read, but to learn every day one of these little sentences from your Father's Letter, so that it may help you to think of Him and serve Him during the day. You will never be able to learn anything by heart so easily as you can while you are young; and if you were to commit whole chapters of the Bible to memory, they would be such a blessing to you all your life! especially in times of sickness or trouble, or when, in after life, you are so pressed by business that you cannot have as much time as you would wish for reading the Word.

You have heard, I dare say, the story of the little Irish boy, who, when the cruel priest burnt his treasured Bible, laughed, and looked rather pleased. "What are you laughing at?" asked the priest, in astonishment. "I am laughing, your rev'rence," replied the boy, "because you can't burn those chapters which I have got in my heart." You see the Irish lad had not only read his Bible, but he loved it so much that he had learned large portions of it by heart; and what he had thus made his own no one could take from him.

David said, "Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee." Ah! to know and feel the power of God's Word in our hearts and lives, is the very best way to make it our own. It is sadly possible to have the Scriptures in our homes, and even in our memories, and yet to be continually sinning against God, because His Word has never touched our *heart*. If we are like this, we are far worse than the poor heathens who have never heard the Gospel. So I hope, while you all pray—

"O, write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of Thy Word,"

you will also earnestly ask God to write all His laws on your heart, so that you may indeed—

"Break His laws no more,
But love Him better than before."

G. E. S.

A DUKE'S LESSON ABOUT DILIGENCE.

THERE was once a German duke who disguised himself, and during the night placed a great stone in the

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middle of the road, near his palace.

Next morning a sturdy peasant, named Hahns, came that way with his lumbering ox-cart. "O these lazy people!" said he, "there is this big stone right in the middle of the road, and no one will take the trouble to put it out of the way." And so Hahns went on his way, scolding about the laziness of the people.

Next came a gay soldier along. He had a bright plume waving from his helmet, and a sword dangling by his side, and went singing merrily on his way. His head was held so far back that he didn't notice the stone, so he stumbled over it. This stopped his song, and he began to storm at the country people, and call them "boors and blockheads for leaving a huge rock in the road for a gentleman to fall over." Then he went on.

Next came a company of merchants, with pack-horses and goods, on their way to the fair that was to be held at the village near the duke's palace. When they came to the stone the road was so narrow that they had to go off in single file on either side. One of them, named Berthold, cried out, "Did anybody ever see the like of that big stone lying here all the morning, and no one stopping to take it away?"

It lay there for three weeks; and nobody tried to remove it. Then the duke sent round word to all the people on his lands, to meet at a deep cut in the road, called Dornthou, near where this stone lay, as he had something to tell them.

The day came, and a great crowd gathered at the Dornthou. Each side of the cut was thronged with people overlooking the road. Old Hahns, the farmer, was there, and so was Berthold, the merchant.

And now a winding horn was heard, and the people all strained their necks and eyes toward the castle, as a splendid cavalcade came galloping up to the Dornthou. The duke rode into the cut, got down from his horse, and with a pleasant smile began to speak to the people thus:

"My friends, it was I who put this stone here three weeks ago. Every passer-by has left it just where it was, and has scolded his neighbour for not taking it out of the way."

When he had spoken these words he stooped down, and lifted up the stone. Directly underneath it, was a round

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hollow lined with white pebbles, and in the hollow lay a small leathern bag. The duke held it up that all the people might see what was written on it. On a piece of paper, fastened to the bag, were these words: "*For him who lifts up the stone.*" He untied the bag, and turned it upside down, and out fell a beautiful gold ring and twenty large bright golden coins.

Then everybody wished that he had moved the stone, instead of going round it and only blaming his neighbours. They all lost the prize because they had not learned the lesson, or formed the habit of helpfulness. And *we* shall lose many a prize, as we go on in life, if we don't form this habit. That bag of money was the duke's promise of a reward for helpfulness. But that promise was hidden away under the stone so that no one could see it. God's promises are not hidden in this way. They are written plainly out in the Bible, so that we may all see them and understand them.

Dr. Franklin used to say, "What though you have found no treasure, and had no legacy left you, never mind. Remember that diligence is the mother of good luck. Then, Plough deep While sluggards sleep, And you will have corn to sell and keep. Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. One to-day is worth two to-morrows; and never leave till to-morrow anything that you can do to-day."

FOUND AFTER MANY DAYS.

A LITTLE boy went out one day
With his bow and arrows ready;
Then he watch'd the arrows on their way,
As he shot them true and steady;
Some to the mark—some falling wide—
This way, that way, they glanced aside.

And he gather'd the arrows, where they fell,
Again into his quiver;
One arrow alone, though he hunted well,
Had gone he knew not whither:
To bush or brake, or in thicket dim,
Somewhere safe, but lost to him.

Years pass'd away, and on manhood's life
The boy long since had enter'd;
And on its pleasures, cares and strife
His heart and mind were center'd:
He never thought of his boyhood's play,
Nor the arrow miss'd on that summer day.

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But he came once more his home to see,
And through the fields he wander'd;
When lo! he spied in an old oak-tree
An arrow head, and ponder'd
How long ago, from his cherish'd store,
An arrow had dropp'd, and was seen no more.

Yes, year after year had the hollow bark
Guarded the arrow's feather;
And here is something for us to mark,
A lesson for us to gather:
We, too, shoot arrows, and fain would know
Where they fall, and whither they go.

A word we drop, or a prayer we pray,
Or a little good we scatter;
We see no fruit, then we sigh and say,
"Our arrow is lost"—No matter.
On earth it may be; but heaven will tell,
And God will show where the arrow fell.

THE REAL CHANGE.

IF we "belong to Christ," our religion will make a real difference, not only in our thoughts and feelings, but in our outward life and actions. Some years ago a young girl was led by the Holy Spirit to give her heart to God. But her friends would not at first believe that she was really *converted*, which means to be turned from sin to God. They knew Jane (as we will call her) had a very bad temper; and they thought it impossible that her passionate disposition should be subdued. So they determined to provoke her, in order to see if she would get angry, as she used to do. This of course was exceedingly wicked. They were trying to help the devil; for you know it is his aim to tempt people to sin.

One morning when Jane returned from her work tired and hungry, and quite ready for a good dinner, there was nothing for her to eat, but some very unpalatable food, for which she was known to have a special dislike. The family had prepared it on purpose to vex her. They watched her as she came in, expecting to see her fly into a passion, and perhaps throw the dish on the floor; or, at any rate, refuse to touch her dinner, as would have been the case before her conversion; but what was their surprise when she quietly sat down at the table and began thankfully to ask

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God's blessing on the meal! They looked at each other with astonishment, exclaiming, "It is true!" Yes, it was true. This simple act proved the reality of the change in Jane more convincingly than volumes of words could have done.

Another girl, who lived, I think, in the same place, a Cornish mining village, had also found the Saviour. Before she had come to this turning-point, which we call conversion, she had been noted for her great love of finery and display in dress. Well, one day, soon after she had begun to live a new life she went to her work wearing her earrings as usual. It had not struck her that there was anything inconsistent in this. While she was at work breaking the ore from the mine into small pieces with a hammer, one of her companions noticed her earrings, and began to tell her that if she professed to be a Christian, she ought not to wear such vanities. I do not know whether she really thought so, or whether the words were meant as a sneer. In a moment the young girl took the ornaments from her ears, and, without a word, crushed them to pieces with her hammer. Then with a bright smile she turned to her companion and cheerfully sang,—

"Neither passion nor pride
His cross can abide,
But melt in the fountain
That streams from His side."

This was fulfilling that solemn command of Christ, "If thy right hand offend thee," (or "cause thee to offend," as you will find it if you look in the margin of a reference Bible,) "cut it off, and cast it from thee."

A little servant girl, who loved Jesus, was once asked what difference her religion made to her work. "O! a great difference," she replied; "I always sweep *under* the mats now." You see, before, she had slurred her work, only sweeping the part of the room that would be seen, but now she was thorough and honest in doing her daily duty, "not with eye-service, . . . but with goodwill doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men."

And so, my dear children, if we truly love and trust in the Lord Jesus, and sincerely follow Him, we shall—

"Our faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show our sins forgiven."

G. A. D.

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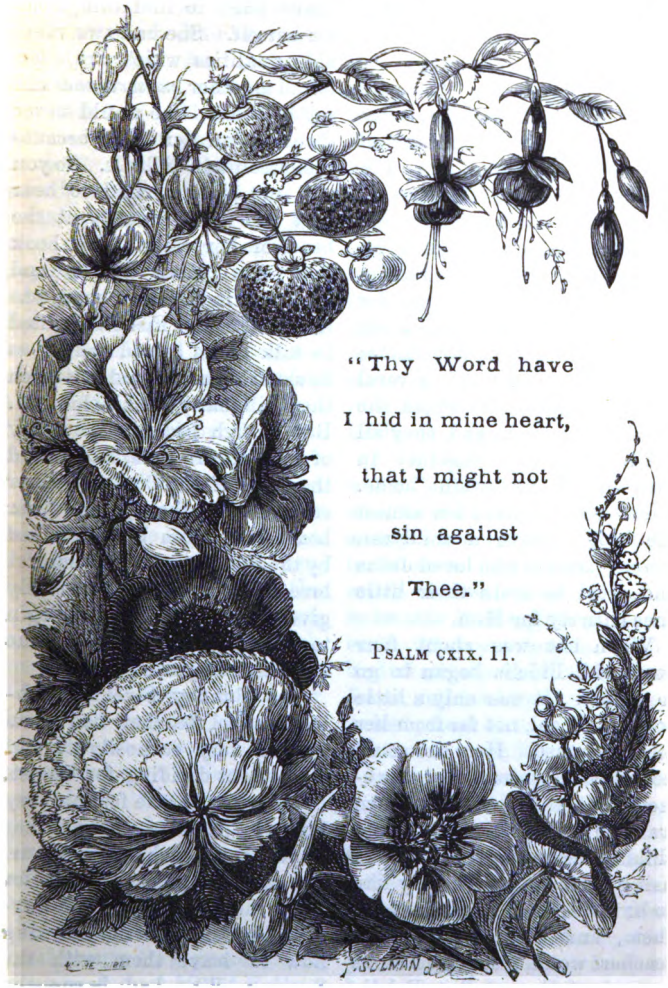

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FLOWERS OFFERED IN THE BUD.

NO. III.—FIDELIA FISKE.

IN a farmhouse far away among the mountains of Massachusetts, in the United States, on the first of May, 1816, a little baby girl was born, who was called by her parents FIDELIA. Fidelia was a very rich little girl, for though she did not possess great wealth she had many far grander blessings. She had several brothers and sisters whom she loved very much, and they all lived peacefully together in their quiet mountain home. Then God had given her almost the best blessing a child can have,—parents who loved Jesus and tried to train their little ones entirely for Him.

When she was about four years old, Fidelia began to go to school. It was only a little country school, not far from her father's house. Here she could not of course study many subjects, but what she did learn was thoroughly mastered. Many children have a great dread of using their own wits, they like to have the hard sums done for them, and almost wish their teachers would learn the lessons instead of them. But Fidelia Fiske liked to find things out for herself. She had two valuable qualities which are often found together, *perseverance* and *self-reliance*. She would never throw down her book because the lesson was difficult. So you will not be surprised to hear that she was generally at the head of her class. The book that was most loved and honoured in Fidelia's home was the Bible. Mr. Fiske delighted to talk of its sacred truths as he sat in his house, and to "teach them diligently" to his children. But though Fidelia, like many of my little readers, had heard the story of the Cross from her earliest childhood, and her heart had often been touched by the thought of the wonderful love of Jesus, she did not really give her heart to God and begin to serve Him in earnest till she was thirteen years old.

One Sunday Fidelia's Sabbath-school teacher had been talking very earnestly to her girls about deciding for Christ. Fidelia went home feeling very unhappy because she did not know her teacher's Saviour. She was in great distress for many months, feeling the burden of her sins, but not knowing how to leave them with the Saviour, Who had borne the

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burden for her. She could not make up her mind to speak to anybody about her trouble. This was a great mistake. If she had told either of her parents, or her teacher, how thankful any of them would have been to have led her to Jesus, and thus to save her from this dreary, anxious groping in the dark!

At last her mother noticed that something was troubling the little girl, and guessing the cause, she gently inquired what it was. "Mother," said Fidelia, "I am a lost sinner." Then her kind mother talked to her about the tender Shepherd Who had come "to seek and to save that which was lost," and Who was even then seeking her. Very soon, instead of the anxious, troubled feelings, came "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." Now that Jesus had found her she began to "tell others the story," and how much she longed that her "loving Saviour were" their "Saviour too." She had a class of her own in the Sunday-school, and very earnestly she pleaded with the little ones for Jesus.

In 1839, when Fidelia was about twenty-three years old, she began to study at *Mount Holyoke Seminary*. This was a kind of high school or college, where not only young girls were educated, but where many grown-up young ladies of eighteen and twenty, or even older, pursued a course of study for examinations, in something like the way that young men in England do at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. For in America girls do not generally leave school when they are about sixteen or seventeen and have just learned to love knowledge for its own sake.

At the head of the seminary was a lady called Miss Lyon, who, as you may suppose, was a very wise woman. She had to know a great deal about many different subjects, so as to be able thoroughly to teach such advanced pupils; but, best of all, she knew and loved Jesus, and tried by all the means in her power to lead all under her roof to know Him too. Miss Lyon strove to make the thought of pleasing God and working for Him mix with and hallow all their studies. Her pupils worked very hard, and passed their examinations better than those at worldly schools; and yet they were not too busy to have special days of prayer for

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the Spirit of God to be given to the unconverted ones among them, to show them their sin and their Saviour; and, of course, the Holy Spirit was poured out, and very many who had come to Mount Holyoke seeking only secular knowledge, were made "wise unto salvation." This was just the place for Fidelia Fiske. You may imagine how useful and happy she was here. For in any school a girl who loves Jesus, and seeks to be a witness for Him, has a powerful influence for good.

After studying with Miss Lyon for two or three years, and successfully passing her examinations, Fidelia became a teacher at Mount Holyoke. She loved Miss Lyon very dearly, and was very thankful in this way to work for Jesus with her.

But the Lord soon called her to work of a very different and much more difficult kind. Even when she was quite a little child Fidelia had taken a deep interest in Missions, and had loved to read about the labours of God's servants in foreign lands.

Well, one day, in the year 1842, Miss Lyon called all her teachers and pupils together and talked to them about the mission cause. Then they prayed for the poor heathen, and consecrated themselves to God, agreeing to ask Him to give them more of the missionary spirit; which means, the spirit of self-denying toil in obedience to the constraining love of Jesus. "The Lord," Miss Fiske afterwards wrote, "accepted the offering; but asked not only that they should give silver and gold, but that half of the twelve teachers who were present should, sooner or later, go in person to the heathen."

Miss Fiske was the first to go abroad. Very soon after this meeting a missionary, named Dr. Perkins, came to Mount Holyoke, asking if one of the teachers would go out with him to Persia, to work among the heathen there. Fidelia felt the Lord was calling her, and so she sent a note to Dr. Perkins, saying, "If counted worthy I should be willing to go."

At first Mrs. Fiske was unwilling to let her daughter go, fearing her health would not be equal to the difficult undertaking; but, at length, for Christ's sake, she consented, cheerfully saying, "Go, my child, go."

I can't tell you how sorry all Miss Fiske's friends and pupils were to part with her,

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nor what a trial it was for her to leave Miss Lyon and her much-loved work; but for Christ's sake and the Gospel's the sacrifice was made. So, followed by many prayers, she embarked with Dr. Perkins, and after a long and tedious journey reached Urumiyah, in Persia.

Next month I will try to tell you something about her work there.

FAITHFUL MESSENGERS.

TWO little boys were sent one day by a gentleman to bring a basket from a railway station. It was given to them, and they started off to carry it back. As they walked along Jimmy said to Harry, "I wonder what is inside; how I should like to see! I think it is something alive, for I feel it moving about."

"Well," said Harry, "give me the basket, and let me look;" so he took it from his brother, and they both knelt down in the road to see what it contained.

Harry was in the act of lifting the lid when Jimmy cried out, "O, Harry, we had better not look; the thing is not ours, and I think we shall get into trouble if we touch it."

Harry's conscience had been telling him this all the time, and as he was trying to lift the lid his hands trembled very much, for he knew he was doing wrong. So he popped the cover down, took up the basket, and off the brothers ran as fast as they could. They soon got to the gentleman's house, who took the basket from the boys, and gave them some pennies for their trouble.

While they were waiting for their money he cut the string which fastened the basket, and, opening the lid very carefully, took out two beautiful pigeons. O how glad then were the boys that they had not opened it! Had they done so the birds would have flown out, and they would have been severely punished for their breach of trust.

Little children, let this be a warning to you. When you are sent with a message, deliver it quickly and correctly. When you are entrusted with a parcel, remember it is not yours, and do not touch or examine it; if you do, you may damage the thing which is given into your care, get yourself into great trouble, and people

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will not like to trust you again. The Bible says that "a faithful messenger...refresheth the soul of his masters." Try always to act behind your master's back as you would do before his face, and then I think you will prove to be "faithful" little messengers.

CURES FOR BAD TEMPER.

THERE lived many centuries ago a very wise man named Cicero, of whom you will hear a great deal when you begin to read Roman history. Amongst other good rules that Cicero made for his own guidance was this,—that if he was angry he must never speak until he had counted twenty. He made this rule because he knew that if he had time to think what he was going to do or say, and time to let his anger cool a little, he should not be so likely to say unkind or unjust things. Now, what helped the Roman orator to conquer and control his temper in the olden time, would help you to-day. If you don't think it will, just try it and see.

Once when I was addressing a school in Lancashire I advised the girls and boys there to try this plan, and a little while after I heard that one of them had found it very successful.

Agnes K— had been brought up in a bad home and amongst very wicked people; but when I knew her she was living with some kind Christian friends who were trying to make her fit for a useful and happy life, and she herself, I think, was anxious to do right. But like very many other girls, Agnes was very bad-tempered, and found it almost impossible to control herself when she was angry. Well, when she heard of Cicero's plan, she thought it a very good one; and she had not long to wait before she could try it for herself. A few days after she heard the story, she went as usual to work in the laundry. But the fields looked so pretty, and the sun shone so brightly, that she was soon tired of the washing, and became impatient to get out to play. First she got cross with her mistress, then with herself, then with the clothes, and at last, taking up an armful, she threw them right across the room, and declared she would not do any more work. But she suddenly thought of the old Roman who cured his bad temper by counting, and so she began to count, half-aloud, one

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two, three, and so on, till she got to eleven; and then she says, "I thought what a silly girl I am to be standing here counting while there is so much to be done." So, laughing at her own foolishness, she gathered the clothes up again, and went on with her work quietly and pleasantly.

Another plan that I have often found very useful is to look at oneself in the looking-glass when one is feeling cross or sulky. A little boy once came to me with his lips pouted out ever so far from their proper place, and his face all puckered up and wrinkled, looking like an old man of seventy. He and another little boy had quarrelled over their play; and Charlie had come to ask me to interfere, but really his appearance was so comical that I thought it would be a great pity not to let him have a look at himself. So I took down a glass from the chimney-piece, and, without saying a word, held it in front of him. You would have laughed to have seen how hard Charlie tried to keep up the cross expression of his face. But it was no use; little by little the furrows faded away, and at last he had lost all traces of his anger, and, bursting out laughing, he ran off again to play, and I heard no more of his troubles.

But these cures, dear girls and boys, are not likely to be very successful unless we also go to the Good Physician, and ask Him, Who is able to heal all the diseases of our souls, to save us from our evil tempers. We may subdue our passions to some extent, but He only can pull up the evil weeds by the root. Let us, then, ask the Lord Jesus to cure us of all that is displeasing to Him; all that is unlike what He was when He was our age; all that can prevent our being followers and imitators of the Holy Child Jesus. E. A.

KITTY KING.

CHAPTER IX.—KITTY AND THE RAIN.

KITTY once went to spend the day with Mrs. Carson. Mrs. Carson had no little girl, and she loved Kitty very much indeed. The sun shone when she went. At noon clouds rose in the sky, and in the afternoon it rained.

"You can stay all night, Kitty," said Mrs. Carson, "your mother will not expect you to come home in this rain."

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"Sleep away from my mamma," thought Kitty, and the thought troubled her little heart.

When Mrs. Carson left the room, Kitty looked out of the window. Rain, rain, rain.

"I wish the rain would stop till I get home," said Kitty; but the clouds did not mind her. The drops only fell faster. Tears filled the little child's eyes.

"Papa," she said, "papa, won't you come and fetch Kitty home?" Her papa could not hear. He was far away.

Then Kitty thought of God. God could hear; God knows. And she prayed to God that, if He pleased, He would tell her mother to send for her. It was a great comfort to think of God. God sent the rain. He knew every drop. God made her and took care of her, and saw where she then was. "If God thinks it best for me to stay here away from my mamma," thought she, "I *can*." But her little heart swelled at the thought, and tears filled her eyes. "I can, I can, if God sees best," and again she brushed away the tears.

While trying, with all her might, to feel contented, who should come to the door but Bridget with a great umbrella to fetch her home! Kitty's eyes sparkled with delight.

"Your mamma sent me for you," said Bridget.

"No, Bridget," said the little girl, with a sweet seriousness on her face, "it was God sent you."

"Maybe," said Bridget, "but it was your mamma that handed me the message."

A BOY'S REPROOF, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

DURING the sudden rise of the Spring River in South-west Missouri on the twenty-seventh of May, 1872, a family were obliged to seek safety on the house-top. The father, in trying to prevent a drifting log from striking the house, used a fearful oath, when his little boy, Charlie, not five years old, looked up earnestly, and said, "*O, pa, don't swear so; you had better pray!*" then turning to his mother, who was also unconverted, he asked her to pray too.

The simple yet powerful reproof of the little boy resulted in the conversion of both the parents, and they are now members of the Church of God.

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"WHAT'S THE USE?"

"WHAT'S the use?" is the common saying with the young in regard to hard, distasteful studies. They mean to do something in life far different from anything that will require their dull, dry studies to be brought into play. But leaving out of the question the mental discipline got from them,—which is, after all, the main object of study,—these very things may be turned to excellent account in after years. "My teacher made me study surveying twenty-five years ago," said a gentleman who had lost his property, "and now I am glad; I can get a good situation by such means, and a high salary." A certain French king used to regret, with great bitterness, the deficiency of his education, when surrounded by men of learning and the highest culture. He reproached the memory of those who had been so indulgent of his idleness, and said, with bitter sarcasm, "Was there not birch enough in the forests of Fontainebleau?" Better a sharp, strict master, who insists upon thoroughness in all that children undertake, than a frivolous, superficial one, who permits them to slip over their lesson in an easy way, which they will regret with like bitterness in later years.

SAY WHAT YOU MEAN.

AN Athenian once said to a Jewish lad, "Here, my boy, is a piece of money; buy *us* some figs and grapes." The boy went and purchased the fruit, and giving half of it to the stranger, kept the other half for himself. "Is it the custom in this city for a messenger to take half of what he is sent to buy?" said the man. "No," replied the lad; "but our custom is to speak what we mean, and to do as we are told." "Well," said the Athenian, "I did not tell you to take half the fruit." "O!" replied the boy, "what else could you mean when you said 'buy *us*'? Does not that word include the hearer as well as the speaker?" The stranger smiled, and was satisfied.

JOHNNIE'S MASTER.

"JOHNNIE," said a man, winking slyly to an apprentice of his acquaintance, in a draper's

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shop, "you must give me extra measure; your master is not in." Johnnie looked up into the man's face, very seriously, and said, "*My Master is always in.*" Johnnie's Master was the all-seeing God. Let us all, when we are tempted to do wrong, adopt Johnnie's motto, "My Master is always in." It will save us from many a sin, and so from much sorrow.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR TALKERS.

1. WHAT two great opposite forces are in the power of the tongue?
2. How should those who desire life guard their tongues?
3. To what is a fool led by his mouth and lips?
4. Where are we told of a little instrument more unmanageable than a wild beast?
5. What law controls a virtuous woman's tongue?
6. What drives away a backbiting tongue?
7. Find texts to show that speech may be either a weapon of destruction or a restoring power.

SHORT SENTENCES FOR YOUNG THINKERS.

CIX. Defile not your mouth with impure words.

CX. On the heels of folly treadeth shame.

CXI. The greatest wealth is contentment with little.

CXII. Confidence is the first instinct of noble minds.

CXIII. Example teaches more than precept.

CXIV. Do what you ought, come what may.

CXV. Anger and haste hinder good counsel.

CXVI. A willing mind makes a light foot.

CXVII. The hand of the diligent maketh rich.

CXVIII. Better to be alone than in bad company.

CXIX. Study to be worthy of your parents.

CXX. Ingratitude dries up the fountain of all goodness.

Answer to Enigma for September.

A	mmihud,	2 Samuel	xiii. 37.
N	achon,	,,	vi. 6.
H	amath,	,,	viii. 9, 10.
O	rnan,	,,	xxiv. 24; 1 Chron. xxi. 24.
U	riah,	2 Samuel	xi. 14.
S	hammah,	,,	xxiii. 11.
E	n rogel,	,,	xvii. 17.
O	bed-edom,	,,	vi. 11.
F	riend,	,,	xv. 37.
C	himham,	,,	xix. 37, 38.
E	lhanan,	,,	xxi. 19.
D	odo,	,,	xxiii. 9, 10.
A	hio,	,,	vi. 3.
R	ogelim,	,,	xvii. 27, 28.

"An House of Cedar," 2 Sam. vii. 2.

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THE FARMER AND HIS MONEY.

KING FREDERICK of Prussia, when he was out riding one day, saw an old farmer, who was ploughing a field and singing cheerfully over his work.

"You must be well off, old man," cried the king. "Does this acre belong to you on which you so industriously labour?"

"No, Sir," replied the old man, who of course had no idea that he was speaking to the king; "I am not so rich as that. I plough for wages."

"How much do you earn a-day?" asked the king.

"Eight groschen," returned the man. That would be about tenpence of our money.

"That is very little," said the king. "Can you get along with it?"

"Get along! yes, indeed, and have something left."

"However do you manage?"

"Well," said the farmer, smiling, "I will tell you. Two groschen are for myself and my wife; with two I pay my old debts, two I lend, and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," said the king.

"Then I must solve it for you," replied the farmer. "I have two old parents at home, who kept me and cared for me when I was young and weak and needed care. Now that they are old and weak, I am glad to keep and to care for them. That is my debt, and it costs me two groschen a-day to pay it. Two more I spend on my children's schooling. If they are living when their mother and I are old, they will keep us, and pay back what I lend. Then with my last two groschen I support my two sick sisters, who cannot work for themselves. Of course I am not compelled to give them the money; but I do it for the Lord's sake."

"Well done, old man," cried the king, as he finished. "Now, I am going to give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"No," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is indeed a riddle

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which I cannot guess," said the farmer.

"Then I will solve it for you," returned the king; and with that he put his hand into his pocket, and pulling out fifty gold pieces, placed them in the hands of the farmer.

"The coin is genuine," said the king, "for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am His paymaster. I bid you good-bye."

And he rode off, leaving the good old man overwhelmed with surprise and delight at the singular interview.

THE TAILOR-BIRD.

YOU have read about the little Miner and the Builder, who make their houses so ingeniously, one under ground, and the other in the water. Now I am going to tell you of another clever little fellow who is a tailor. He is called the *Tailor-Bird*, because he sews leaves together, not to make himself clothes, like Adam and Eve, but to build his nest. But where does he get his needle and thread? He need not go far to find a needle, for, like the mole and the beaver, he has his principal tool in his own body. Look at the picture, and you will see that he has been provided with a long, sharp-pointed beak; this serves him as a needle. For his thread he uses some fine fibres pulled from leaves.

This is how he sets about his work: he first picks up a dead leaf, and then, by means of his wonderful little beak and the fibres, he fastens it to a living leaf, which is growing on a tree, in a way that looks very much like sewing with a needle and thread. The nest is made soft and comfortable by a lining of gossamer, down, and feathers. The house is so small and light, and the bird itself so very tiny, that there is not much danger of the living leaf, which forms one side of the dwelling, being drawn from the branch by the slight weight of the other wall of the house, and the tailor and his family.

But why does the bird build his nest in such a queer way? Because he has many enemies, and his house must be his castle, where he can be secure from their attacks. It is not much like a castle, you think. No; but he is quite as safe in it as you would be in a castle. The tailor-birds live in the jungles and forests of India and Ceylon. Now, these forests abound with

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snakes and venomous reptiles; and, unfortunately, the inhabitants of the jungles are by no means friendly with each other. Of course the tiny bird would have no chance against the great snakes, if its kind and wise Creator had not given it what we call the instinct of self-preservation—which means that he knows how to take care of himself, as his funny little house

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shows us. It would be of no use for him to build his nest near the branch of the tree, for the snakes easily wriggle themselves up the trees; and the apes, too, are continually climbing about in search of prey; but here, half-way down his leaf, he is quite out of their reach, and lives almost as safely and happily as if there were no monkeys or snakes to make him afraid.

E. L. N.

"CHILDREN, OBEY."

(EPHESIANS VI. 1.)

I MUST learn to obey,
My friends are so kind,
The least I can do
Is always to mind
Whatever they tell me,
I know it is right;
I should always obey them
From morning till night.

I must learn to obey,
Though I may not see
That just what they say
Is better for me;
For some things are trying,
And yet they are right,
And God's little children
Are under His sight.

I must learn to obey,
If I happy would be,
For Jesus my Saviour,
Who suffer'd for me,
Has sent me a message,
And, "Children, obey,"
Is in the great Bible
We read every day.

I must learn to obey,
For God is so near;
I will ask Him to help me,
I know He can hear;
And if I am naughty
And wayward and wild,
I'm afraid He won't call me
His own little child.

There's a beautiful heaven,
And angels are there,
With everything peaceful,
And lovely and fair;
Where all little children
Who learn to obey,
With Jesus the Saviour
For ever shall stay.

Dear Jesus, forgive me,
And cleanse me from sin,
That with the bright angels
I may enter in.
O make me more gentle!
And every day,
I ask Thee to help me
To learn to obey.

ETHELWYN.

FLOWERS OFFERED IN THE BUD.

NO. III.—FIDELIA FISKE.

(*Concluded from page* 199.)

BEFORE we go on with the story of Miss Fiske's work, you will like to hear something about the people among

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whom she laboured. Many of them were Mohammedans; and some, strange to say, were called Christians, because many years ago their ancestors had known something of Christ's religion; but at this time they were all living in almost as much ignorance and sin as the worst heathens.

The women and girls especially were shamefully neglected and ill-used. They never thought of teaching girls to read, or to do anything but the merest drudgery; and so the poor creatures would grow up to lie, and steal, and swear, "hateful, and hating one another," without any idea that they were doing wrong, or that there could be a better life for them. The missionaries opened schools, to which the boys were sent, but hardly any of the people could be induced to let their daughters go.

When Miss Fiske came to Urumiyah, she was very anxious to open a boarding-school entirely for girls; and after much difficulty in seeking them, two little girls were sent to her as boarders, and a few more as day scholars. After a while, four more came. The first thing to be done with these children was to wash them, and then to make them decent clothes. "You have little idea," says Miss Fiske, "of the filth and degradation from which we take them. We must first try to make them outwardly clean; and we are glad to do this, asking Jesus to give them a new heart." But it was far easier to make the poor children outwardly clean and tidy, than to correct their bad habits. They were such terrible little thieves that nothing was safe from them, unless it was locked up. Even the pins on Miss Fiske's cushion were constantly being stolen; and if they were found in the girls' possession, the answer would always be, "We found them," or, "You gave them to us."

One evening just before the children went to bed, Miss Fiske put some black pins on her cushion, and went away. Of course, when the girls passed through the room to go to their beds, every pin was taken. When Miss Fiske came in, and found that the pins were gone, she called the little girls back, and asked if they had taken them, as no one else had been in the room. But they declared that they knew nothing about them. "God knows," they said, "that we have not got them." "I think," said Miss Fiske,

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"that God knows you have got them." She looked among their things, but the pins were not to be found. Then Miss Fiske said they would kneel down and ask God to show where they were. So she told the Lord all about it, and just as they were rising from their knees, she remembered that she had not looked inside the cloth caps that the children wore. Sure enough there were the six black pins, carefully hidden in the folds of one of these caps.

The girls were much impressed by this incident, for it taught them not only that God hears prayer, but that He could see whatever they did; and so they began to be afraid to steal; because God was looking at them.

But could Miss Fiske love such dirty, mischievous, wicked children? Yes, for their Saviour's sake she not only pitied but loved them, and did not shrink from putting her hands upon them in order to bless them. "I can and do love them," she writes, "as well as ever I loved children. When tried by the filth and degradation of these girls and their mothers, I am comforted by the thought that Jesus has been in just such homes, and blessed their little ones."

Often Miss Fiske would go into the homes of the women, and sitting down with them on their mud floors, would talk to them about Jesus, or teach them out of the Word of God. Once she read about Adam and Eve. "Who was the first man?" she asked, as she closed the Book. "We do not know," replied the stupid people; "we are women." Then Miss Fiske made them repeat the name *Adam* many times, until they could remember it. They were delighted with their lesson, and afterwards, if the missionary in preaching, happened to mention the name of the first man, their faces would light up with animation, and they would whisper to each other, "Didn't you hear? he said Adam."

At length, by means of very patient teaching and very earnest prayer, these poor dull minds and hearts were opened to understand not only about the first man, but the Second Adam, "the Lord from heaven;" and many were led to know Him as their own Saviour. Brighter days, too, dawned for the schools. All the anxious care, and the wealth of patience and love, that had been bestowed on these children began to bear fruit, and gradually habits of order

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and cleanliness were acquired. The Bible was the principal school-book used, and the children greatly enjoyed their lessons; and better still, its precious truths laid hold of their hearts.

The first Monday in the year 1846 was kept by Miss Fiske and the missionaries as a day of special fasting and prayer for their work. Miss Fiske went into the school-room at nine o'clock in the morning, and told the girls that much prayer would be offered for them that day. All but two passed out of the room to begin their studies with a native teacher. These two dear girls stayed behind, and Miss Fiske saw that they were in great distress. They came up to her, and asked, "May we have to-day to care for our souls?" one of them, named Sarah, saying, "Perhaps next year I shall not be here."

There was no private room where they could be by themselves, so they went into the wood-cellar; and there, among the sticks, on that cold day, they sought their Saviour, and they soon found Jesus, and knew that He had pardoned their sins, and then, O! what a warm glow of joy filled their hearts. Sarah was, as Miss Fiske says, the first of their number to seek the way to heaven, the first to find it, and the first to enter therein. In June of the following year her Heavenly Father called her home.

A few weeks after this, nearly all in the school were seeking salvation, and those who sought in earnest, found it; and what a difference this "newness of life" made in the school! The children learnt their lessons better, and took more interest in their work, than they did before. "They became more gentle, affectionate, and tractable; faults which their teacher had long laboured in vain to correct, almost entirely disappeared."

One of the girls, whose name was Khanee, after her conversion, came to Miss Fiske in great trouble, because two years ago she had stolen some new shoes from another girl. "I was angry with Sawdee," she said, "and I threw them into a well, where no one could get them. What shall I do? Can I go and tell Sawdee to-night, and pray with her, and then go and work to get money to pay for the shoes?" She did pay for them; and she who had stolen, stole no more.

At last the time came when

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many of these young converts had to leave school; but the Good Shepherd took care of His lambs, and kept them by His side, even in their heathen homes. And others filled their places, and they, too, found the Saviour; for those who knew Him would tell the sweet story to others, and many a wave of blessing passed over the school. As the pupils advanced in spiritual knowledge, they always made rapid progress in their studies too. In the year 1849 a great event occurred: the first public examination of the school was held. The girls answered questions in Bible History, Geography, and Natural Philosophy. I think very few English boys and girls could answer so well as they did all the difficult questions about the structure and furniture of the Tabernacle, and the history of the children of Israel, and many other subjects.

For many happy years Miss Fiske continued her blessed work, but at length she became very ill, and was obliged to return to her native land. She hoped soon to be well and able to go back to Persia, but her Lord saw that that was not best for her. For a few years she worked for her Master at home; but instead of recovering her health, she grew weaker and weaker, and her sufferings increased. "As I grow weaker," she said, a few days before her death, "I think less of pain, and feel more the Saviour's arms about me; and it is sweet to feel them." And those "everlasting arms of love" carried her safe "through the valley of the shadow" up to her Father's Home in heaven, to see her Saviour face to face, and to meet very many of her dear girls who had "gone before."

G. E. S.

THE COMBMAKER'S GIFT.

A POOR woman who loved the Lord Jesus was very anxious for His sake to give something to little destitute children, who were even poorer than herself.

She had neither money, nor food, nor clothes to spare, for it was only a scanty living that she and her husband earned by making and selling combs. Combs were the only things that were at all plentiful in their house. The poor woman wondered if they would be of any use to the children. So, one day, when a lady who worked among these children

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called to see her, she brought out fifteen nice new combs, and hesitatingly asked whether fifteen poor children who had none, would care for them. Of course the gift was gladly accepted. How much good was done by that simple action! Fifteen little children who very seldom received a present, or enjoyed a pleasure of any kind, were delighted by the thought that somebody cared for them, and by the possession of something of a kind that many of them had never seen before.

And if the fifteen children began to comb their hair and to try to keep themselves tidy, I am sure that was a good thing. Then the visitor's heart was cheered by the interest shown in her work and her children. But the poor woman herself had the greatest blessing, for the Lord, Who noticed the widow's mites, was pleased with her humble offering; and she proved that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

PERSEVERANCE.

(From the German.)

ISRAEL'S wise king walked
o'er a barren field,
That seemed as though it
naught but thorns would
yield,
Behold! a farmer clearing it of
weeds,
And flinging wide of divers plants
the seeds.

"Hold! you are wasting time, and
grain, and skill."
"Nay, Sire, this only field is mine
to till;
I do the work, and leave to God
the rest."
When autumn came his wisdom
stood confest!

Thus may all do the work that
God has given,
Though hopeless here, the blessing
comes from heaven.

A. E. Bleby.

A MARKED LETTER.

A LETTER was once sent by a certain person who lived in London, to his friend residing in the country. Being imperfectly addressed, it was opened by the Post Office authorities, and returned to the sender of it, after the lapse of a week.

The letter was written in a hurry, and in directing the envelope the name of the town was omitted, through an oversight; but the address written, appeared, on a superficial glance, to be correct.

So this misdirected letter was sent to different parts of the

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country, to see if it could by any possibility find its destination, but in vain. At last it was returned to its sender, bearing no less than fourteen post-marks, besides remarks written across it by the Post Office authorities.

Truly, it was a *marked letter*. Perhaps its history may serve to teach us good lessons:—What was the *cause* of this letter being misdirected, but *carelessness* on the part of the writer of it? and what *results* did it lead to? It occasioned needless trouble to the postal authorities, and merited disappointment to the writer of it, for it had reference to a business transaction which required a speedy reply. What, then, do we learn from this story?

1st. *To be careful what we do*, and always to know and think about what we are doing; never be doing one thing and thinking of another.

2nd. *To be careful how we do it*, recollecting the true proverbs, "A thing that is worth doing is worth doing well," and "A thing well done is twice done."

Let us *bear in mind the results of carelessness*, which are often trouble and annoyance to others, and always trouble to ourselves, sometimes damaging our character, reputation, and prospects. Remember that—

"Lazy folks, to save their trouble,
Often make their labour double."

If our characters are marked, let it be by *carefulness*, and not by carelessness.

R. J. K.

KITTY KING.

CHAPTER X. — KITTY AND GEORGE.

KITTY spun round the room like a top.

"Do stop, Kitty," said her mother, "you will be dizzy."

"It is such good news," cried Kitty.

Her mamma had just received a letter from Mrs. Ashton, saying she was on her way to make them a visit, and would bring her little son George to see Kitty.

"George will be my brother while he stays, will he not, mother? I shall have a brother, like Mary Gray." Kitty was very happy; and she ran to put her baby-house in order. She dressed the dollies in their best things, and charged them to behave properly.

"Mamma, I must be patient, and not keep wishing."

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Kitty's patience was not long put to the proof, for the next day, when she came home from school, she found sitting on the door-step a strange boy sucking an orange. This was George.

When the morning came, George wanted to go to school with Kitty. "If you will promise me not to trouble the teacher, you may," said his mother. George promised. Kitty was much pleased.

On the way they passed Mrs. Williams' front garden, which was filled with beautiful flowers.

"These are pretty," cried George, stopping and looking through the fence. "I wish I had some." He glanced at the windows, and then began to

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climb over the fence to pluck the flowers.

"You must not, indeed you must not," said Kitty.

"Nobody's looking."

"Somebody is looking," cried Kitty, in a distressed tone.

"Who?" asked the boy, starting, and nearly losing his hold.

"God," answered Kitty; "He sees you."

"Pooh," laughed George, halting on the fence; "how do *you* know, Kitty King?"

"Because my Bible says, 'Thou God seest me,' and I know God sees us all the time," said Kitty. "If you take that flower you will be stealing, George, and breaking the commandment; O, please, please don't!"

George said "Pooh," as if he didn't mind, but he did mind, for he jumped down.

They reached school in due time, and went in; and George behaved much better than might have been expected from what we have seen of him. He did not go in the afternoon, however, and Kitty came home at four o'clock.

"Your mother and my mother have gone away, so we'll have such fun," said George, meeting her in the hall.

They went into the garden. At the end of the garden was a brook and a bridge, and on the other side a field and a grove of trees.

George cut a figure in climbing trees, and his bold acts filled Kitty with wonder and admiration. At last Kitty wanted to climb too.

"Try it," said George, scornfully; "you'll be frightened to death."

Kitty had no idea of that, and she begged George to help her. So he piled some stones and sticks against the trunk of a tree, and told Kitty to follow him, taking hold as he took hold, and in case of necessity seizing on him. Kitty thought it delightful; and by dint of much trying and striving, some scratches and a few rents, she succeeded in gaining a large projecting limb, much higher up in the world than she was used to be.

"Now we'll cut squirrel-capers," said George, skipping along on all fours, whilst Kitty timidly crept after.

The limb swayed to and fro under the weight of its unusual visitors. "I shall fall, I shall!" screamed Kitty, in a fright.

George redoubled his efforts to make the branch swing,

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until it cracked quite ominously. "It's breaking, it's breaking," shouted George, wriggling back to the trunk, down which he slid to the grass below.

Poor Kitty was left behind, clutching the limb with a desperate grasp, her face pale and red with terror.

"You can't get down," cried George; "the hunters will take you for an owl, and shoot you, Kitty. The hawks will peck your eyes out, Kitty. And now I'm going," he said, making believe to go. He did it to tease her: ah, how cruel teasing is! It was too much for poor Kitty, and she set up a shriek.

"Didn't I tell you so, Kitty? you'll be frightened to death," cried George, in a tone of triumph, turning on his heel.

"Kitty, Kitty!" It was Bridget's voice. Kitty screamed again. "Why child, where are you?" said Bridget, in amaze, on discovering Kitty's piteous plight.

"Jump into my arms, child," said Bridget, taking her stand under poor Kitty's perch; "be sure I'll catch ye, and ye won't be hurt."

"I can't, I can't," cried Kitty, bursting into tears.

Bridget coaxed, but coaxed in vain. "I'll go and see what can be done," and good Bridget started for the house.

After a great while, so it seemed to Kitty, she saw her father in the distance.

"Papa will save me, papa will save me!" and her little heart fluttered with joy.

"Kitty, my love," said papa, cheerfully, "only drop yourself into my arms, that's all."

She let go her hold, and papa caught her to his bosom. She clasped her arms round his neck, trembling violently. Papa carried her home, for her fright had taken her strength away. Papa kept her in his arms.

"Papa, I wasn't afraid to trust myself to *you*," whispered Kitty, "I was to Bridget."

"Bridget was willing to take you, Kitty."

"Yes, papa, but I was afraid. You were willing, and strong too."

"Kitty," said papa, "do you remember a question you asked me the other day, when the minister told us to have faith in Christ? What is faith? you asked."

"I remember," said Kitty, softly; "and I can tell now what it is, perhaps, papa."

"What?" papa asked.

"It is dropping into Jesus' arms stretched out to take us," she whispered.

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Papa kissed her wet cheek, and believed his little darling must have given herself into those arms of everlasting love.

"Just as I dropped into your arms, papa," added Kitty, "only — only," she stopped and said no more, but nestled down to her father's bosom. It was so sweet to be there.

Ah, if the fright and the danger taught her a precious lesson of faith and trust in Jesus Christ, it was indeed a blessed day in her young life!

THE CUNNING SPIDER.

IF my little readers will look in our August number they will find an account of the garden-spider. I will tell you a story of one which has spun his marvellous little web outside our school-room window.

A great fat fellow he is, with beautiful barred legs and a variegated body. Well, he has fastened one line of his web to the leaf of a fuschia which grows in a pot on the window-sill; and yesterday, a bright, active, little fellow of the same breed, but of more elegant form, began to spin *his* web, joining it on to the under part of the same leaf. So as he worked on vigorously, ever and anon stout Mr. Spider, sitting like a sulky old giant in the middle of his web, felt a pull of the rope attached to the fuschia. "There is no fly," thought he, "what can it be? I will just slip down and see." So, spinning a silken rope as he came, he travelled down to the fuschia leaf, and peering under it with his eight little eyes, saw the cause of his disquiet. In another moment he was hanging by his two hind legs to the edge of the leaf, apparently dead. Our little active friend seemed at first in doubt how to receive his visitor, but after deliberating awhile he capered to it, tapped it lightly, and retreated. As the old one did not move, he repeated his familiarities two or three times—still no movement; so he grew bolder, and at last with a light spring ventured right on the body, hardly believing in the luck which had given him so rich a supper. But alas! in a moment the tables are turned. The savage old fellow has caught him in his grip; the poison from his pincers has stilled the lively little fellow; his active legs no longer move; they are quickly pinioned, and before you can

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call out "Look!" he is being wound rapidly up, and transformed into a white ball of silk about the size of a pea. Then leaving the leaf, the old spider climbs his slender rope, carrying his booty behind him hanging by a little cord; at length he reaches his old spot in the centre of his web, where he is presently sitting with buried head enjoying the supper he has so cunningly caught. Before the day had gone no trace of our poor little friend was left; and ever since the old one has been asleep in the corner, too satisfied and lazy to notice anything going on.

Now, I dare say you feel very sorry for the poor little spider, and very angry with the ugly, big one. So did we. Yet the spider knows nothing of right and wrong. All through nature might is right; it is only man, made like God, who is taught to live by a higher law, to let love govern all his actions. But while we cannot blame the spider for following its instincts, we should rightly blame the man who could act so selfish and cruel a part. Unfortunately in this world there are men who do not follow God's good law, but act on the spider's rule, that might is right; crafty and cruel, like the spider, they too often lure the thoughtless to destruction. We hear sad tales of evil done by such wicked men; they do not think of God, but God is looking on; and the day will come when to Him they will have to give account of all. In the mean time let the little spiders beware.

As some of you may not know Mary Howitt's poem, I copy it for you,—

"Will you walk into my parlour?"
said a spider to a fly;
'Tis the prettiest little parlour that
ever you did spy!
The way into my parlour is up a
winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to
show you when you're there."
"O, no, no!" said the little fly, "to
ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair
will ne'er come down again."

"Sweet creature," said the spider,
"you are witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gaudy
wings, how brilliant are your
eyes!
I have a little looking-glass upon my
parlour shelf;
If you'll step up one moment, dear,
you shall behold yourself."
"O! thank you, gentle Sir," she said,
"for what you're pleased to say;
And wishing you good morning now,
I'll call another day."

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly
little fly,

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Hearing his wily words came slowly
fluttering by;
With humming wings she hung
aloft, then near and nearer
drew,
Thinking only of her crested head,
and gold and purple hue;
Thinking only of her brilliant wings,
poor, silly thing! at last
Up jump'd the cruel spider, and
firmly held her fast.

He dragg'd her up his winding
stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour, but she
ne'er came down again.
And now, my pretty maiden, who
may this story hear,
To silly, idle, flattering words, I pray
you ne'er give ear;
Unto an evil counsellor, close heart,
and ear, and eye,
And learn a lesson from this tale of
the Spider and the Fly.

"BLIND ROBIN."

IF you had known dear old blind Robin, children, you would have loved him as much as the little folks of Trefrecok did. He was a gentle old man, with silvery white hair and beard, which gave him a very venerable appearance.

Trefrecok is a pretty little village in the north of Cornwall, close to the sea; and in the early summer it looks quite gay with cabbage-roses and honeysuckles, which cover the fronts of many of the cottages, peeping in at the windows and climbing up even to the straw-thatched roofs.

In one of these cottages near the bay lived old Robin. He could not see the grand ocean, with its white-crested waves dashing in on the rocks, and breaking into volumes of snow-white spray upon the bright sands, but he *could* listen to its many voices, which spoke to him of the glory of God.

Robin lived in a four-roomed cottage. Two of the rooms were occupied by two old people, familiarly known in the village by the name of Grandfer and Granny Pennant. They had one grandchild, little Annie, a child of their daughter Mary, who died when Annie was a baby. She was a bonnie wee thing, and the darling of her grandparents, and also of "ould Robin." Robin had three other treasures: his mother's Bible, an oil-painting of a beautiful little girl with golden-brown hair and violet-blue eyes, and his fiddle.

Grandfer and granny were true friends to Robin; they watched over him and cared for him as tenderly as a mother could have done. Granny did

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his bit of cooking and kept his house clean, and grandfer and little Annie read to him by turns, and led him to the House of God on Sundays, when the weather permitted, and also on Wednesday evenings, when Robin conducted a little band of Christ's followers in praise and prayer to God, and in speaking to one another of His great love. Little children, too, went there, who were glad to hear again and again,—

"The old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love."

Wee Annie was one of those dear children who loved that story. Those were happy, joyous seasons for both old and young; for they *felt* the Saviour in their midst, and that small, lowly, whitewashed room was to them "a little heaven below."

One warm afternoon Granny Pennant said to her little granddaughter, "Annie, cheeld-wean,* put away thy work, and take ould Robin to the beach, he be seeming wisht† like, and a mite o' breeze will do him good."

Annie, nothing loth, laid aside the handkerchief she was hemming for "grandfer," and put on her sun-bonnet. Robin and the little maid were soon on their way to the beach; she helped him *very* carefully over the rocks, slippery with seaweed, and across the golden-coloured sands, to a small cave, beneath whose shadow they often rested from the heat of the sun. After taking their seats at the entrance of the cave, he asked, "How does the sea look to-day, cheeld?"

"Beautiful! so beautiful! Uncle Robin," she answered, "and so very blue; and out yonder, beyond the great Gull Rock, the water is like silver and gold, and it makes me think of what we read yesterday at the meeting: 'And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire.' And, Uncle Robin," she said, looking up into his face, with a look of simple faith in her dark eyes, "you *will see* that beautiful sea and hear the 'Song of Moses, and the Song of the Lamb,' and you will never be blind any more."

"Yes, deary, I know," he returned; "and we read in the Book, too, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him;' but above all, little Annie, infinitely

* *Cheeld-wean*,—Little child.
† *Wisht*,—Sad, lonely.

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above all that we shall see in heaven — we shall see our Saviour the Lord, the King— the King in His beauty."

The child looked at the blind man and wondered, not at what he had said, but at the exultant look of hope and joy which she saw reflected on his countenance, at the thought of seeing Jesus, Who had loved him and washed him from his sins in His own blood.

After a brief silence, Annie asked Robin to tell her how he became blind.

"But not if it will hurt you, Uncle Robin," she said, as she noticed a spasm of pain cloud the brightness of his face.

"No, cheeld, it will not hurt me to tell it you more than it pains me now," and laying his wrinkled hand on her brown curly head, which was resting on his knees, he began:

"I lived with my parents and four brothers and little sister in an old farmhouse within a short distance of a very lovely valley. The house was old-fashioned looking indeed, with its ivy-clad walls and broad diamond-paned windows; and the inside was as old and queer-looking as the outside, full of nooks and corners. Our dear mother was one of the best of women, and a Christian, so gentle, yet so firm, that although we did not fear her, we could not disobey her. And my father, too, was a good man, but somewhat stern, and we feared rather than loved him. What he expected of us was obedience, and to disobey him was a crime. My brothers were older than I, and little Kaiya younger, the latter was the pet and light of our home. She was a beautiful child, and sweet-tempered, like our mother.

"You have seen her portrait, Annie—the small oil-painting in my room. She was not very strong, and we often feared we should lose her. Mother said, only a few weeks before God took her to Himself, 'I don't know what thy father would do, Robin, if she were to die, he loves her so.' We had an aunt of whom we were very fond, father's sister Margery; she lived in a town a few miles from us. Her husband was a draper, and they had one son, cousin Ralph, who was a sailor-boy. A day or two after he had returned from his first voyage, father received a letter from Aunt Margery, asking Kaiya and me to spend the day with them. He did not like the thought of Kaiya leaving home, even for a day, but she

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pleaded so hard to be allowed to go and see Aunt Margery and Uncle John, that he could not say her nay. Aunt Margery was an invalid, and could not come to see us, and none of the others could leave, as it was the beginning of hay harvest.

"The day we were to go, I got up early to clean Kaiya's pony. I was doing so when father came to me and said, 'Robin, lad, put back Cassie into the stable, you *must* not go to your aunt's to-day.' 'Not go, father, not go!' I exclaimed, in amazement, for he never before retracted a promise after he had made it. '*Yes*, boy, you are *not* to go,' he said again, 'I have a *great reason* for your not going. Tell your mother and Kaiya what I say, and now I'm off to the Rose meadow, and sha'n't be home till night.'

"I watched him until he was hid among the trees, and then I gave vent to my angry feelings. 'I will go,' I passionately exclaimed. 'He doesn't want us to go. He thinks I can't take enough care of Kaiya, and I'll go just to spite him.'

"O, Annie, the Evil One was speaking within, and I listened to the tempter's voice, and heeded not the still small voice which made itself heard in my wicked heart: 'Children, obey your parents in all things,' was its import. Alas, for me, cheeld-wean, that voice spoke in vain! I had just finished cleaning Cassie as Kaiya came running out of the house, dressed in her dark-blue riding-habit and hat, looking so sweet and pretty, her bright eyes sparkling with excitement. 'O, you kind Robin, you have cleaned my pony so beautifully!' she exclaimed. 'Mother says we may go as soon as you can get ready, for she thinks we shall have a hot day. I will hold Cassie, Robin, whilst you go in and brush up a bit.' In less than ten minutes we were off. Kaiya rode the pony, and I walked by her side. It was a beautiful morning, and the dew was lying on the grass and flowers, and hanging on the leaves of the trees in brilliant drops.

"'How beautiful it all is, Robin,' said Kaiya; 'the good God has rained down millions of His jewels to-night. And listen to the dear birds, how sweetly they sing! they are praising God, ar'n't they, brother?' she asked, looking into my face with her clear eyes. 'I suppose so, Kaiya,' I an-

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swered, and turned away my head, for I could not meet those eyes; I had very little sympathy with nature that morning for I had sinned against nature's God.

(*To be continued.*)

Answers to Bible Questions for Talkers.

(*See page* 204.)

1. "Death and life." Proverbs xviii. 21.

2. "What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days..... Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile." Psalm xxxiv. 12, 13.

3. "A fool's mouth is his *destruction*, and his lips are the *snare of his soul*." Proverbs xviii. 7.

4. James iii. 7, 8. "Every kind of beasts..hath been tamed of mankind: but the *tongue* can no man tame."

5. "The law of kindness." Proverbs xxxi. 26.

6. "An angry countenance." Proverbs xxv. 23.

7. "There is that speaketh like the *piercings of a sword*: but in the tongue of the wise is *health*." Proverbs xii. 18.

"Thy tongue deviseth mischiefs, like a *sharp razor*." Psalm lii. 2.

"The mouth of a righteous man is a *well of life*." Proverbs x. 11.

DOUBLE SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

My whole—The noblest brethren of their race and time.

1. The father who could claim them both as sons.
2. One who escaped the death that fell on his brother's rashness.
3. One chosen in the Lord.
4. St. Paul's name for the second of the minor prophets.
5. One who feared to learn publicly of Christ.

Look out the texts referred to.

A. M. B.

SHORT SENTENCES FOR YOUNG THINKERS.

CXXI. Be always at leisure to do good.

CXXII. Empty vessels make most sound.

CXXIII. Evil beginnings have bad endings.

CXXIV. Prudence excels strength.

CXXV. Neglect not known duty.

CXXVI. Every day has its duties.

CXXVII. Lost time is never found again.

CXXVIII. Labour conquers everything.

CXXIX. Industry leads to improvement.

CXXX. Do as you would be done by.

CXXXI. A good cause makes a strong arm.

CXXXII. Study that which is just.

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HOW FRENCH CHILDREN SAVED THE CHINESE BABIES.

IN God's great world there is a place and a work for every one. No one need be idle or useless. Even the youngest of us may find ways of helping others, and of serving the Lord Jesus. It is wonderful how much good children can do, if they really try. I could tell you many stories that would show you what great things have sprung from the efforts of girls and boys. The one I am going to give you now, is about the work of the French children on behalf of their Chinese brothers and sisters. You have sometimes read in the "Juvenile Offering" and "Missionary Presents" about the Chinese and their little ones; and you know that in that country the babies are not cared for as they are in England, but even now infants are often put out into the streets by their own mothers, and left to perish there. Thousands used to die every year in this way, and no one seemed to care anything about it, until a good French Bishop, named Forbin Janson, who had been a missionary for many years, resolved to make an effort to save some of them. He knew that it would be very little use to go and talk to the Chinese about the wickedness of destroying their children; for they did not think it wrong, and would say the little ones were better off dead than alive.

The Bishop therefore thought it would be best to get some ladies to go out to China, and open a large house, in which they might take care of the babies. But this would cost a great deal of money, and where was it to be got? This was a hard question to answer; but at length a very good idea occurred to him. He saw all around him numbers of happy girls and boys, well clothed, and fed, and cared for in their own homes; and he thought that surely they would be glad to help him in saving the poor little Chinese babies.

When the French children heard the Bishop's story, you may be sure they were very willing to help him. Children of all ranks brought their offerings,

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and gave them for the sake of the Holy Child Jesus, that these little lambs might be rescued from such a cruel death. Of course it took a long time to collect the large sum of money that was needed, but it did come at last. Then, just when he had got about two thousand pounds, and thought he might begin the work, the Bishop himself was taken ill, and died. However, there were others to take up the cause of the Chinese babies, and about twenty years ago Archbishop Bonamie sent out a number of missionaries and ladies, with all things needful for the undertaking.

Some years before this, a French missionary had been murdered by the Chinese. His sister, who was a godly woman, bitterly mourning the loss of her brother, longed to be revenged on his murderers. And how do you think she succeeded? She did not ask the Government to send out soldiers to bring the offenders to justice, but when she heard that ladies were wanted to take care of the Chinese children, she volunteered to go, thinking that that would be a good way of taking revenge—the Christian way of rendering good for evil.

And now for many years the good work has gone on, and hundreds of thousands of children have thus been rescued by the missionaries from an early and cruel death; and year after year the French children send their gifts, that the missionaries may be able to feed and clothe the Chinese babies. E. A.

THE SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN.

FAR away in Central Germany, forming the southern boundary of Hanover, stretch the pine-covered slopes of the Hartz Mountains. About the highest of these, called the Brocken, the German peasants tell many strange, wild stories and legends. But the most remarkable, and, to them, terrible thing connected with the mountain, is the race of giants who, as they think, live on the summit, and now and then appear to frighten travellers. Sometimes, too, a beautiful, shadowy palace is seen in the mist behind the hill, and this is supposed to be the home of the spectres. Of course, if we had only the word of the people in the neighbourhood to depend upon, we should not believe all this, for the German poor are very superstitious. But English travellers,

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too, have often seen strange forms on the mountain, and for a long time were much puzzled to know what brought them there. At last it was found out that the dreadful spectres are nothing at all but the shadows of those who see them, which are cast by the sun on the thin cloud behind the mountain. These are only formed under certain circumstances, and that is why the giants are only to be seen on rare occasions. They always make their appearance in cold weather, when the sea is much cooler than the air above it. Then the clouds just over the ocean give out their heat to the water, and the place

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of the heat they have lost is again supplied by heat from the next layer of cloud. As they lose heat the clouds also lose density, or thickness, so that by the time they reach the summit of the Brocken, they have become very thin indeed. Then the rising or setting sun throws his rays on the mass of mist behind the mountain, so that travellers can see their shadows there many times magnified, just as you can see yours in a pond or stream, when the sun is shining on it. And this is the simple explanation of the terrible spectres! But what about the beautiful palace? Upon the mountain-side there is a small, mean-looking inn, called the Brockenhaus. This is the only material out of which the sun has formed the stately mansion pictured on the clouds!

Dear children, before we leave these wonderful spectres and the misty palace, let us try to learn a lesson from them. That mountain-side is like our life-path: sometimes all is bright and clear and beautiful; then clouds arise, everything seems to go wrong, everybody crosses our will. How is it? Ah! there is a gloomy spectre following us. It is the shadow of ugly, disagreeable, discontented self!

Another time we see something in the distance that looks very bright and attractive, and we long to have it, but conscience says "No;" for after all, like the palace on the Brocken-top, it is only the deceitful representation of what is really very paltry indeed. Let us try to follow what is true, and not allow our peace to be disturbed by troubles of our own making; nor let ourselves be deceived by the beautiful pictures that Satan sometimes draws to tempt us to sin. G. M. A.

PRETTY ROBIN REDBREAST.

PRETTY Robin Redbreast
To our window comes,
In the snowy winter,
Begging for some crumbs.
Pretty Robin Redbreast,
Shiv'ring with the cold,
Chirps, and flutters both his wings,
Piteous to behold.

See him on the window-sill,
Tame as tame can be;
Hark! he's tapping at the pane,
"Pray remember me."
See! he's hopping nearer still,
He can understand
When you're kind. He's feeding
Out of Dottie's hand.

Pretty Robin Redbreast,
You may come again,
And if no one sees you,
Tap against the pane;

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Baby laughs and crows,
Screeching with delight,
Come again, sweet Robin,
Morning, noon and night.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

"BLIND ROBIN."

(*Concluded from page* 224.)

"WHEN we arrived at the town it was yet early, some of the shops were still closed. Aunt Margery was delighted to see us, and made so much of Kaiya. After breakfast we asked for cousin Ralph. 'He doesn't feel very well,' she answered; 'in fact, Jane has now been telling me that there are two or three people ill in the town. Ralph will be up presently,' she added, laughing, perhaps because she saw the look of disappointment on my face. 'You are such early birds in the country, Robin.' But as Ralph did not make his appearance, we went up to see him. Little did we think *what* was the matter with him. A short time after we were in the room he had a fit of shivering. He tried to be cheerful, but I am sure he did not feel so. How I passed that miserable day, I don't know. I felt very thankful when the time came for us to go home.

"Dear Kaiya enjoyed her visit very much, for they had been exceedingly kind to us both. Uncle had taken her out to see the sights of the little town, whilst I stayed with Ralph. 'She is a little darling, Robin,' were aunt's last words to me, as we were coming away; 'I wish I had a little maiden like her.' Before we reached home twilight had deepened into night. Kaiya watched the twinkling of the bright stars, which came out one after another in rapid succession in the deep blue of the heavens. At the entrance of the valley she pulled up her pony to gaze in admiration on the fair scene before us. It was indeed beautiful. Even I was touched by the loveliness of the valley. Suddenly my heart began to beat quickly at the sight of three figures crossing the bridge, for I knew who *one* was. My sister's quick eyes saw them, too, and before I could speak she cried, 'Look, Robin, there are father, and Jack, and Harry coming over the bridge to meet us. How thoughtful of them! But, dear Robin, what's the matter? You look quite ill,' she said, in alarm.

"I was saved the pain of

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answering, for at that moment my father and brothers came up to where we were. At first my father deigned no word to me, either good or bad, but went straight up to Kaiya, and in a voice trembling with anxiety he said, 'Thank God you are safe home, little daughter. I have suffered much concerning thee. Are you tired? Are you quite well?'

"'Yes, I am quite well, dear father, only a little tired. Why do you ask?' she answered, in rather a surprised tone.

"Then turning to me, as I stood trembling before him, he said, in a pained, quiet voice, 'Robin, my boy, I could never have believed this of thee. You have sinned against a Holy God, you have sinned against me, and I fear for this thy punishment is yet to come.' The *look* on his face, which appeared almost ghastly in the moonlight, the tone of voice, *the words*, 'Your punishment, I fear, is yet to come,' stung me to my inmost soul. Turning away, for I could not meet my sister's look of wonder, I hastened down the long valley, climbed up the steep hill, and in two minutes more I reached the farm.

"I met no one in the house, but I heard my mother's sweet voice as I passed the kitchen door. Once in my room, I threw myself on the bed in an agony of soul. My father's words still haunted me like a spectre: something, I felt, was coming upon me, I knew not what. I could not pray. I felt too wretched and wicked to be forgiven.

"A long while I had lain there, (for so it seemed to me,) when the door opened, and my mother crossed the room, and put her soft hand on my head. She spoke tender words to me, Annie. She did not upbraid me; but said that although I had sinned against my Heavenly Father in disobeying an earthly one, I could go to Him for the forgiveness of my sins, and that He was *willing* and *waiting* to pardon me. I said that I was too sinful to be pardoned. 'The *more* need, Robin,' she answered, 'for you to seek forgiveness. You have read in the Book that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin;" and "*if* we *confess* our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."'

"Before she left me that night, or rather morning, for the glad stars were already

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fading in the morning light, she knelt down and prayed with me and for me. O, cheeld-wean, I shall never forget my mother's prayer, it helped to strengthen me in the dreadful weeks that followed! Early next day I went to father and begged him to forgive me. With tears in his eyes, he said, very earnestly, 'I *do* forgive thee, Robin, even as God has forgiven me.'"

"But, Uncle Robin, you haven't told me the reason your father did not want you to go to the town," interrupted Annie.

"Mother told me his reason that night," blind Robin continued. "She said the new boy, Josiah Pennant, who had come from the town the previous night, had told father that people were saying there was a case or two of small-pox there, and that he had seen my cousin Ralph going into a house where some one was ill. Of course it *so* frightened my father that consequently he ordered me not to go. He did not tell my mother, because he knew it would frighten her, and it was of no use to tell me, for I should have been sure to let it out.

"That day passed away, and little Kaiya was just as bright and merry as ever; and so our fears began to subside; but towards the next evening they returned, for she seemed far from being well, and a fit of shivering came on. My father knew at once the dreadful symptoms, and a doctor was sent for from the town, but he only confirmed our fears. I must hurry over those agonizing days, Annie, for I cannot dwell on them even now; suffice it to say that in little more than a week the redeemed spirit of my precious little sister was with God in heaven. I, too, was taken with the same loathsome disease. For many weeks I lay there, fighting as it were for life; but God's mercy and a good constitution prevailed; but, Annie, the small-pox *left me quite blind*.

"I can never tell the tender love of my mother and father during those weeks of pain, how they watched over me then and through the long, weary years that followed. They did not forget Kaiya. O, no! Perhaps it was for her sake my father was so kind, for she had said to him before she died, 'Love dear Robin, father, for my sake; love him always.'

"Ten years passed away, and then my father died, and shortly afterwards my mother followed him. Then the old home was

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broken up. The farm was sold, and everything on it; the money and the things in the house which were not sold were divided between us; but the oil-painting of Kaiya we cast lots for. We all wanted it, and the lot fell to me, the *blind brother;* and although I cannot see her bonnie face, I value it almost more than anything I have. Josiah Pennant, who lived with us at the farm from a boy (he is your grandfather, Annie), left his little home, and, with his wife, came with me to this part of Cornwall. God will reward them both for their unwearied kindness to me.

"Now, Annie, my story is finished. I will only add that it was some years before I found peace in Jesus; my sins kept me back from Him; but when that great truth dawned upon me, that He had died for me, even me, my joy was unspeakable, and ever since I have known 'the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.' 'The wages of sin is death,' little Annie; but 'the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.'"

"Thank you so much for telling me the story, Uncle Robin," Annie said. "I am very glad you *did* accept Jesus' love, for it would have grieved Him greatly if you didn't accept His love, after having died for you. Shall we go home now? for there is Granny coming down the Bar to look for us."

AUNTIE NELL.

KITTY KING.

CHAPTER XI.—KITTY AND HER BIBLE VERSE.

WHAT was it? This beautiful verse: "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His Name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

Kitty spelt out all the hard words, and studied and studied it.

"Is this Child the Lord Jesus, mamma?" asked she.

"Yes," said mamma.

"And who does *us* mean?" asked Kitty.

"You and me, Kitty," answered her mother; "He is born for you and is born for me." And her mother, after she had explained it, asked, "Will you not make this dear Saviour, God's beloved Son, *your* Counsellor, Kitty?"

"I don't know, mamma," answered the little girl; "when

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I want counsel, can't I ask you or papa?"

"We are not always near you to give it. We may not be able to tell what advice is best to give you. We often need it for ourselves. Christ is your papa's Counsellor, Kitty. He goes to Him in every difficulty to teach him what to do; and so does your mother. If you do not, you cannot go with us in the narrow road to heaven, for none can walk in that path without God's help."

"I will follow you and papa, mamma," said Kitty, looking up with a sweet and serious look.

She learned the verse, and repeated it perfectly, and many times was heard saying it to herself, as if her little mind drank in the precious truth.

One day Kitty, with her hood, mittens, and cloak on, was playing in the yard with her hoop, and another little girl was with her. The gate was opened, and a very poor child came in.

"Got anything to give me?" said she to the children.

Kitty ran up to her.

"Your fingers are cold, I know," said Kitty, "and they are cracked open, and they look so sore: I'll give you *my* mittens!" and she began to pull them off her hands.

"Stop," said her companion, "perhaps your mother won't let you."

"She will," cried Kitty, hastily; "besides, they are *mine*, and *I* can give them away if I please."

"No," said her companion, "they are not truly yours—not yours to *give away*. They are your mother's, and you have no right to give away her things. She'll have to knit you some more."

Kitty was puzzled. She looked at the poor child's cold fingers, and at the mittens, and at the little girl with her, and what to do she did not know. Her mother was gone away, and she could not ask her, and there was nobody in the house to tell her what to do.

"Wait a minute," said Kitty, and she ran into the wood-house, and going up into one corner, with her face against the wall and her hands before her face, she stood very still. In a little while she came out, and going up to the poor child, said to her, "I don't think my mittens are truly mine to give you without asking my mother. She is gone out. If you will come here at supper-time, when she's at home, she will give you something, I know."

The poor child thanked Kitty,

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and promised to come back. Then the children returned to their play.

When the sun was near setting, Kitty's mamma came home. Kitty told her what had happened; and "Mamma," she said, in a low whisper, "I didn't know what to do, and I asked the 'Counsellor.' I went by myself and prayed a little, asking prayer; and, mamma, *then* I knew what to do."

The poor little girl came at supper-time. Kitty gave her her mittens, and a nice bowl of bread and milk for her supper.

SAYING AND DOING.

"IF ye love Me, keep My commandments," the Lord Jesus says—that is, try to please Me by your *conduct*.

I know a boy and girl in a family where I sometimes visit, whose different ways of showing their affection I will describe.

The boy hangs about his mother, and often says, "Mother, I love you so dearly. Mother, I love you ten bushelfuls;" but he is stubborn and disobliging, and does not go on errands with a willing heart.

His sister, on the other hand, as often says, "Mother, send me. Mother, what can I do for you? Mother, let me do something for you." She thinks it a great pleasure, perhaps her greatest pleasure, to be doing something to help her mother and make her happy.

Which child, do you think, gives the best proof of its love? which comforts its mother's heart most? Saying and doing are excellent when they go hand in hand; but if we can have but one, let it be *doing*, by all means. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." Love, to be worth anything, must show an obedient and willing spirit.—*Sunday-School Times.*

LITTLE DAISY:

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

"I AM sorry, Dr. Morris," said Mr. Grahame, as, leaning over the back of a chair, he stood in his library, addressing himself to the grave looking gentleman sitting opposite him; "but I really cannot afford it; I have already given as much as I could spare, and my purse is not inexhaustible, as you all seem to think. It isn't fair to come to me again."

"I did not think, Mr. Gra-

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hame," replied his visitor, "that at Christmas time, above all others, you would refuse your aid in helping us to provide some little comforts for the poor, this inclement weather; they suffer so much and endure such hardships, rendered more by seeing the rich—"

"But I am not rich," exclaimed Mr. Grahame, interrupting him; "you are very much mistaken if you think I am. When you have a wife and four children, you'll find that money flies faster out of your pockets than it comes in. Now, you are young and

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strong, you have no one to pull you down, and load you with expenses."

"I do what I can," replied Dr. Morris, "but what can one man do, single-handed and alone, in the midst of so much want and misery, when so many, even in this city, are dying of starvation?"

"Well, if they cannot or will not work and support themselves," said Mr. Grahame, fretfully, "they had better die, I suppose. Beggars are no great loss to the world. But you have my answer, Dr. Morris, I cannot afford it. Won't you come in and see Mrs. Grahame?"

"No, thank you; good evening, Mr. Grahame."

Dr. Morris bowed, and left the room.

. . . . . .

"Now, then, child! out of my road; you have been in it often enough, goodness knows!" The words were spoken by a tall hard-featured woman, who was standing at the door of a dirty little house in one of the back streets of the city. "Clear out! or I'll make it the worse for ye," she shouted; "and never let me catch you here again, or you will remember it, mark my words."

Poor Daisy, the child addressed, a delicate little girl, about eight years old, shrank out of sight of the enraged woman, and went slowly up the dirty alley, away from the wretched place which she called home, and from which she had been driven. Her little bare feet were blue with cold, and made tiny footprints in the snow, which, like everything else connected with that place, was dirty and trampled under foot.

It was a very cold day on this Christmas-eve, the eve of the most glorious day in the year, and the child shivered as she plodded her way through the bustle and turmoil of the city, homeless and friendless. Poor little stray waif! her scanty, ragged clothing was a poor protection against the bitter cold; and the old, tattered shawl which was thrown over the little curly head, was very threadbare, and the keen wind was not slow to find out its weak places, as Daisy could have told you. Where was she to go? and what would become of her?

These were thoughts that troubled her very much. Would she be starved to death? This appeared very likely, as she had nothing to eat. What wonder, then, that little Daisy's heart

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gave way under this heavy burden of trouble, and that, sitting down on a doorstep in the court, she relieved her feelings by a burst of tears. But tears will not flow for ever, and Daisy soon wiped her eyes and sat up; for she must be a little woman now, and think what she must do. Suddenly there came to her remembrance her mother's last words to her, when she lay, O! so ill, upon the bed, "God will take care of Daisy," she had said: and then her mother told her of a beautiful home in heaven where she was going, and where Daisy could go too, if she only loved and trusted in Jesus. Yes! she remembered it all, and though she did not understand it at the time, she had never forgotten that God would take care of her. She would ask Him now. So down in a corner of the court knelt little Daisy, and this was her prayer, "Please, great God, Daisy got no home now, so, if You please, take her to the place where mother is."

Ah! dear little Daisy, your prayer, asked in the trusting faith of a child, was soon answered, and you were taken to swell the band of little children "around the throne of God in heaven."

It was growing late and dark, and people hurried past to their homes, laden with Christmas presents, but none had a glance or a thought for the little sleeping child, enveloped in the old shawl, lying so quietly on the doorstep; for Daisy was sleeping soundly, happily, her head leaning against the door; and after awhile the snow-flakes came gently and softly down, covering her with a snowy veil, while she slept on without fear of danger, with the loving eye of a Father upon her.

. . . . . .

"What's the matter there?" exclaimed Mr. Grahame, as, seeing a crowd collected round the door of a house, he hastened up to them. One of the men touched his cap,

"A child frozen to death, Sir."

"O, how very sad, how very shocking! Alas! that it should be the case with any one in England. My dear Morris," he added, as he noticed the doctor standing by, "can we do nothing to stop this kind of thing?"

"O," said Dr. Morris, "it is only a beggar child, you know, Mr. Grahame. 'Beggars are no great loss to the world.'"

Mr. Grahame pressed his hand and answered in a low voice, "God forgive me! I was

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the man that said those words; but, God helping me, I will be a different man from this time."

"I have a little darling at home about the size of this poor thing," said one kind-hearted man, taking the little stiff form in his arms and smoothing the soft ringlets from the little white face, and wiping away a tear as he did so."

"But she looks happy. See! how she smiles."

Yes, little Daisy was indeed happy, she had gone where mother was, and was now joining in the song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

My little readers, there are many "Daisys" in the world; and will you not, for the sake of Him Who does not let even a cup of water, given in His name, lose its reward, try and help these homeless little ones? Then be assured that it will be said of you, "She hath done what she could." O, let us all try to make some one happier, some sad life brighter, this Christmas-time! It will make our Christmas all the merrier; and I think we shall be more likely to have

A happy New Year.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

THE little lambs were lying still,
One bright and starry night;
The shepherds were beside the flocks,
When suddenly a light
Was seen, and music soft and sweet
Rang on the listening ear,
And loving words from God to man
Were echoed loudly clear.

The shepherds then were sore afraid,
They knew not what it meant,
Nor why the glorious light was there,
And the bright angel sent.
But straight from heaven, in light array'd,
In God's almighty name,
To give His message unto man
That holy angel came.

The message was for you and me,
And all the world beside,
And this is what the angel said,
That lovely Christmas-tide:
"Fear not, for now behold I bring
Tidings of joy and love;
For unto you is born this day,
The Lord, from heaven above.
A little Infant ye shall see
Within a manger laid,
Go ye, and find your Saviour now,
And be no more dismay'd."

The angel ceased; and suddenly
A host of angels sang,

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And the sweet strains of joy and peace,
Over the country rang:
"Glory to God in highest heaven,
Peace and good-will on earth,"
Never was such a joyous song
To hail an infant's birth.

Yes, Jesus Christ, the Son of God,
Was born an Infant fair;
And no soft, downy cradle-bed
Pillow'd His forehead there.
But lower than the sons of men,
The Lord of angels came,
Held in His gentle mother's arms,
And Jesus was His name.

It was to lead you up to heaven,
To place you by His side,
To call the little ones to Him,
He came, and lived, and died.
This is the birthday of the Lord,
Then try, my little child,
To make it happy, bright and glad,
Be gentle, loving, mild.

Kneel down to God, for He is near,
He knows each word you say,
He loves to see a little child
Go quietly and pray:
Ask Him to wash your sins away
In Christ's most precious blood,
And make you happy every day,
A loving child of God.

ETHELWYN.

THE LIFE-STORY OF A SPONGE.

BEFORE they read this paper, I want my readers to procure a piece of sponge, and to hold it in their hands, and examine it well, as we try to find out some of the secrets of its history. No doubt you have often handled it before, and used it for many purposes, but perhaps you have not cared to ask its wonderful life-story. Once it *was* alive. What kind of life had it, do you think? Did it grow like a vegetable, always in the same place; or did it run about, like you? Well, it did neither, yet it had the same kind of life as you have. It was an animal! If you had seen it growing on its rock, you would certainly have thought it looked much more like a plant, and for many years it was thought to be so; but it has been discovered that it had three characteristics which no vegetable ever had. In the first place it did not draw its food from the ground through roots, but supplied itself through little mouths; then when it was young, it could move about; and lastly, it showed a will of its own by taking in food of its own accord, just when it was wanted. So after that, naturalists thought it only fair to call it an animal.

Let us go back to the first birthday of the little creature you hold in your hand, and

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how it came into the world. Look at that rock yonder out in the ocean; growing on it is a cluster of sponge, from which falls a tiny, pear-shaped jelly. That is the baby-sponge. What a queer baby, without head, or eyes, or ears, or feet! Yet though it has none of these things it is happy, for it can feel and float. All over its body are tiny bristles, which it moves about in all directions, and with which it draws in food. In this state the sponge is called a *gemmule;* and the little bristles are called its *cilia* or eyelashes.

Merrily the little gemmule floats along, until, far away from its birthplace, it finds some rock which is to be its future home. The narrow end of its body is fastened to the rock, but its cilia go on moving constantly until it is fixed quite secure. Then they lie down on the rock, and it never moves them again. Now, as we watch we can see a great many dark spots beginning to float in its jelly-like body. These will some day become the fibres, which you see in it when it is severed from the rock. They are made of substances which the cilia have drawn out of the water during the short time in which they had the power of motion. In a few days they have done something, the effects of which will last a lifetime! What a lesson for us all to make the most of our time and opportunities while we have them!

The little spots of fibre soon join together into the beautiful network of holes which you can see in it now. Inside this framework the living jelly grows, filling all the holes, and covering the outside of the sponge. Through these holes the little creature sucks in the sea-water on which it feeds, and when this has well soaked through its body, it sends out what it does not want through the larger tubes or holes at the top.

So the sponge lives until it is torn from its rock, and then the living jelly turns into a kind of thick glue and dries up, which is its way of dying. The skeletons are gathered eagerly, some to be employed in various useful ways; others, the more delicate, that grow in all kinds of beautiful shapes, like trees, and trumpets, and even globes, are preserved in museums and collections of curiosities. In the British Museum you may see an exquisite collection of the different forms in which the sponge can grow, and I hope all my readers

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will some day be able to visit and examine these marvellous skeletons. G. M. A.

MERCY WITHOUT CHEERFULNESS.

"PLEASE, Harry, will you get my 'Robinson Crusoe' down for me?" asked little Frank Marshall of his elder brother, who was sitting deeply engrossed in an interesting book. Harry did not rise, nor even look up, when Frank spoke.

"O, Harry," said Frank again, "do give me 'Robinson!' He is up on the very top shelf, and I can't reach him, even standing on a chair."

"Put a hassock on the chair, then, or get the steps," said Harry.

Frank fetched a hassock and placed it on the chair, and then climbed up, but he was not quite high enough to reach the top shelf.

"You might get it for me, Harry," said the little fellow again, piteously, "Jane has the steps upstairs."

Harry at last got up and easily reached the book, which he threw down to his brother, saying crossly, "There, you little plague, you are always teasing me for something."

"And you are always so cross and disagreeable," returned Frank, as he left the room.

"Harry," said his mother, who had watched the scene in silence, "you remind me of a story which I read when I was a little girl. I often think of it when I see you and Frank together."

"Well, mother, what was it?" asked Harry, a little impatiently.

"It was about a man who, if I remember rightly, was riding in a cart along a narrow lane. Just in front of him was a wagoner driving a heavy team. He could not pass it, and feared his horse would have to creep along all the way behind the wagon. But when the wagoner saw him, he stopped, and drew his team close up to the hedge, so that the cart might be able to pass. 'That is an obliging fellow,' thought the man in the cart. 'Why don't you hurry along. I can't wait here all day,' shouted the wagoner. 'What a surly man you are,' thought the carter. And so, you see, the kindly impression made by the action was destroyed by the churlish manner

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in which it was done. Now, I think you are rather like that wagoner. Frank often asks you to do little things for him, and it is natural that he should, as you are his elder brother, and you generally do what he asks, but you do it so unwillingly, and even so unkindly, that you quite lose the credit of it, for he does not think nearly so much about your trouble as about your bad temper; and it costs you far less to do anything pleasantly than unpleasantly. If, when Frank asked you for his book just now, you had simply reached it for him without making any fuss, he would have said, 'Thank you,' and you would have heard no more of it, and have been able to go on quietly with your reading, without your conscience upbraiding you because you had lost your temper and made Frank cross too. And," she added, smiling, "you would not have had the interruption of this long lecture from me. But, really, Harry it does grieve me when I see brothers disobliging and unamiable; I did hope my boys would not be so."

"O, mamma! I am so sorry," said Harry. "I wasn't thinking. But when a fellow is reading he doesn't want to be bothered."

"No, he doesn't; but you see another 'fellow' wanted to read too; and you shouldn't always think only of yourself, my boy. I wish you would remember St. Paul's rule,—'He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; ..he that showeth mercy, *with cheerfulness.*' I think that applies to little kindnesses quite as much as to great ones."

So did Harry, and from that time he tried to carry out that principle. G. E. S.

Answer to Double Scripture Acrostic.
(*See page* 224.)

Aaron. Moses, Exodus iv. 14—16.
A mra M, Exodus vi. 20.
A hi O, 2 Samuel vi. 3.
R ufu S, Romans xvi. 13.
O se E, Romans ix. 25.
N icodemu S, John iii. 1, 2.

SHORT SENTENCES FOR YOUNG THINKERS.

CXXXIII. All good is the gift of God.
CXXXIV. Avarice makes us blind.
CXXXV. Be what you seem to be.
CXXXVI. Good manners engage respect.
CXXXVII. Better to-day than to-morrow.
CXXXVIII. Be mindful of past favours.
CXXXIX. Confidence bestows success.
CXL. Evil gotten, evil spent.
CXLI. Think of ease, but work on.
CXLII. Virtue is its own reward.
CXLIII. Dishonesty leads to infamy.
CXLIV. Aim at a sure end.

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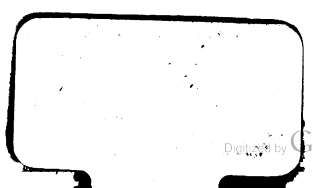
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